

★ PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

July



Buy One of These Bonds Today!

M-M 2/47 3Y R
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

Mrs. Kenneth Bryan Neal, New York City
 "I'm devoted to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," confides
 this lovely bride. "My very first cake of Camay
 brought such delicate new softness to my skin."

For romance...win
**Softer,
 Smoother Skin**
*with just
 One Cake of Camay!*



Actual tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

The magic of a softer, more velvety complexion can be yours . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, you can have lovelier skin as quickly as *that* when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the *first* cake of Camay, most complexions sparkled with fresh new radiance, looked more sweetly soft.

It cleanses without irritation

In these tests, you see proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . proof it can benefit skin!



"Camay is *really mild*," said the doctors, "*it cleansed without irritation*." Surely the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to *your* complexion . . . so start with Camay tonight.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash. With your *first* cake of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.



Precious materials go into Camay—make it last!

Be saving with *all* soap during wartime. To help your Camay last, do this:

- ★GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on Camay.
- ★TAKE CAMAY FROM THE WATER after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.
- ★TUCK CAMAY SLIVERS inside a bath mit. You'll get grand lather!

After Hours—

hearts are drawn to a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush"...use Ipana and massage.

YOU'LL celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you're working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have FUN! That smile, now—how'd it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That's the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you'll notice, most popular girls aren't beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that *your* smile is at its radiant *best*. Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published
in this
space
every
month



The
greatest
star of
the
screen!

This is our Twenty Year Anniversary.

M-G-M was born in 1924. The bells were ringing, the birds were singing and the faint roar of a lion was heard in the nursery.

It is a cause for celebration, they tell us. The greatest gesture towards the entertaining of humanity is symbolized in those three little letters M-G-M.

The stars that have risen from the Culver City studios form a constellation, the like of which has never embellished a trade mark.

The Big Parade, The Merry Widow, Ben-Hur, Trader Horn, Grand Hotel, Mutiny on The Bounty, San Francisco, The Good Earth, Boys Town, Gone With The Wind, Mrs. Miniver, Random Harvest, Madame Curie—all and many more were released under the M-G-M aegis.

Truly an anniversary to celebrate.

And the celebration will reach its flower in June's end when almost every theatre in the land—every theatre—will play some film produced by M-G-M. Feature pictures and short subjects will be scattered onto the screens of all the houses.

As part of the celebration, there will be displayed for first showing, a picture that literally required this twenty years of background to produce.

It is "The White Cliffs of Dover".

Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin, based on the poem by Alice Duer Miller, M-G-M presents—

One of the greatest actresses of our time in her greatest performance—Irene Dunne.

This story of love—Irene Dunne and Alan Marshal—is played on a background that clasps hands across the seas connecting, not dividing, America and England.

The screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel has skillfully translated this poem to the screen, intensifying its realistic drama, imparting a mightiness of action in purely screen terms.

The poem remains, a thing apart, of great beauty. The film emerges as one of the most exciting emotional experiences the screen can provide.

We're twenty and just a little shaver.

Next year we'll be twenty-one!

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOERS

Presents for July

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Coming your way

BING'S BEST PICTURE!

Great Songs...

"The Day After Forever"
"Going My Way" • "Swinging On A Star" • *plus* "Ave Maria" • "Silent Night, Holy Night" and 3 Other Old Favorites



Great Fun...

as Bing tames the toughest gang this side of Sing Sing!



A Little Love!

Jim Brown and Jean Heather, whom Bing gets going together and going his way!



PARAMOUNT'S
"Going My Way"



with

BING CROSBY

BARRY FITZGERALD • FRANK McHUGH • JAMES BROWN
JEAN HEATHER • GENE LOCKHART • PORTER HALL

And

FORTUNIO BONANOVA

Risë Stevens

Famous Contralto of
Metropolitan Opera Association

Produced and Directed by **Leo McCarey**

B. G. DESYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett



Barry Fitzgerald, as Father Fitzgibbon who thought the Bishop had played a joke on him when he sent him Bing!

TWENTY YEARS OF M-G-M HITS...AND



1924 BIG PARADE



1925 THE MERRY WIDOW



1926 FLESH AND THE DEVIL



1927 BEN



1931 TRADER HORN



1933 TUGBOAT ANNIE



1935 MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



1937 GOOD EARTH



1938 BOYS TOWN



1939 WIZARD OF OZ



1940 BOOM

1944 marks twenty years—exciting years—epic years—that M-G-M has been producing your greatest entertainment! To celebrate its anniversary—the studio of hits now pours into one magnificent picture all the mastery at its command—and gives the screen the romance that is destined to be remembered forever!

The White Cliffs of Dover



NOW THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!



HUR



1928 TELL IT TO THE MARINES



1929 BROADWAY MELODY



1930 MIN AND BILL



starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with
ALAN MARSHAL and with RODDY
McDOWALL • FRANK MORGAN
VAN JOHNSON • C. AUBREY SMITH • DAME
MAY WHITTY • GLADYS COOPER • Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by SIDNEY
FRANKLIN • Screen Play by Claudine West,
Jan Lustig and George Froeschel • Based
on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



1932 GRAND HOTEL



1934 DINNER AT EIGHT



1936 SAN FRANCISCO



TOWN



1941 HONKY TONK



1942 MRS. MINIVER



1943 RANDOM HARVEST

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Mocambo meeting: Deanna Durbin who's seeing everything and being seen everywhere now-a-days with producer Felix Jackson



Loy at La Rue: The fabulous Myrna, who's come back West for a comeback, and the also-fabulous Helmut Dantine



Side-by-side scene: Paul Hesse, Photographer's cover artist, sees La Rue with Veronica Lake. Right: Bob Cummings

HIT CHAT: Now it's the Betty Grable doll . . . Designer Rene Hubert started it when he made an exact replica of Betty dressed in her favorite "Rosie O'Grady" frock replete with miniature lace muff and tiny violet corsage and presented it to Betty and Harry James' new infant Victoria James. . . .

Van Johnson is so troubled over those printed reports of his romance with Bette Davis. Van, who has never met Bette but would like to, is afraid the first lady of the screen will think he's seeking publicity . . . Carmen Miranda keeps shaking her turban—non, non, non theese a-way—when her name is coupled romantically with that of Ary Barroso, composer of "Brazil." "My heart, she ees with Alberto Santos in Souse America," the lady says gravely.

George Raft, who looks so pale and wan since his return from the front, should have lost those twelve pounds before he made "Follow The Boys," instead of after . . . Turhan Bey, who has the most beautiful telephone voice in Hollywood, is upset over those "going Hollywood" reports. Claims he's only trying to keep away from the vaudeville-hooper roles the studio wants him to play. My heavens, how awful: And they with a second Valentino on their hands. . . .

Cowboy Red Barry's wife, Peggy Stewart, finally divorced him after repeated threats and Joan Fontaine decided to do ditto to Brian Aherne who acts like a ship without a rudder, poor lamb . . . Everyone in town so sick and bored with the Chaplin cases nevertheless felt, despite his unpopularity, the first verdict a fair one—but imagine the consternation of the natives to glimpse Charlie and his eighteen-year-old wife trotting down the aisle of a movie the very night he was acquitted—and to add to the bewilderment the picture was "Passage To Marseille," which deals extensively with a prison . . . Errol Flynn got himself flattened to the floor by Captain Dan Topping of the Army Air Corps (husband of Sonja Henie) at a gay party, which adds nothing to their credit or prestige. . . .

Hollywood is also bored with Flynn and his episodes and maybe Warner Brothers are beginning to be, too, seeing they've signed Paul Brinkman, handsome man-about-town and Flynn's exact double . . . Brinkman once squired Lili Damita about when Lili and Flynn were fighting and all the papers reported a reconciliation much to Flynn's rage . . . Warners have changed Brinkman's name to Paul Brooks, so who knows—he may be the next big brave hero of the Flynn epics if Errol doesn't soon quiet down.

(Continued on page 8)



Time alone is the measure...

LEEUEWENHOEK, the crotchety genius who first saw germs through the crudest of microscopes, found the world indifferent to his thrilling revelation. Today his name is deathless.

Tireless Pasteur, devoting his life to the study of the "little beasties" that swam before Leeuwenhoek's eyes, fought an uphill battle against ignorance and skepticism to prove that they were a living source of disease and death. Now he is immortal.

The great and good Lister, using antiseptic to control the deadly germs that Leeuwenhoek saw and Pasteur defined, performed his life-saving miracles in surgery before a hopeful few and a doubting many. "An instrument in the hands of God," he is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

As with man so with medicine; the endless tides of Time write the verdict to guide the world. The mediocre are forgotten and fail; the meritorious survive and succeed.

It is a matter of pride to us, that Listerine Antiseptic, named for the great Lister, today serves humanity's needs as

ably as it did more than half a century ago when it was acclaimed an outstanding *non-poisonous*, non-irritating antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic stands ready to aid you in a thousand little emergencies calling for quick germ-killing action with complete safety . . . a delightful, effective solution. Make this a "must" for your family medicine cabinet.

GOOD NEWS!

Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain Listerine Antiseptic in some size at your favorite drug counter.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

In service more than 60 years

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

INTIMATE DETAILS

of the life of a man
of action with a flair
for romance!



He built ships and broke
hearts in a way all his own
... a great guy in a great
film filled with spectacular
excitement!

MICHAEL O'SHEA ANNE SHIRLEY Man from Frisco GENE LOCKHART

DAN DURYEA • STEPHANIE
BACHELOR • RAY WALKER
TOMMY BOND

A Republic Picture



Wife minus hus-
band: Joan Fon-
taine, recently
separated from
Brian Aherne,
has a conversa-
tional turn with
two of the Navy
at Mocambo

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Wife plus husband:
Ingrid Bergman,
flanked by spouse
Dr. Peter Lindstrom
and (right) pro-
ducer David Selznick



(Continued from page 6)

Powell News: By this time, every-
thing should have been settled between
Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, but
did you know that up until the moment
that their domestic troubles actually
went before a judge, these two were
sharing the same house though barely
speaking? Dick, except for occasional
jaunts out of Hollywood on camp tours,
had been occupying the family house
with the children all along; and when
Joan returned to town from her stage
tour in the East, why she just moved
back in there too. It probably wasn't
from choice. She probably couldn't
have found another place to live any-
way. The housing shortage in glamour
town is everything you've heard it is!

Odds and Ends: Virginia Bruce has
certainly pepped up lately. Seems to be
really having fun for the first time in
years. Lots of beaux too ... George
Sanders is going to ask the modest sum
of a hundred thousand dollars a picture
for his services from now on ... You
should see the nifty decor of Carole
Landis's new apartment. Millions of
people showed up for her house-warm-
ing and almost obscured the view of the
drapes ... Dave Rose has just about
decided to give in and let Judy Gar-
land have his permission to get her
divorce. His real interest in Gloria De
Haven may have something to do with
it. ...

That Fontaine Crisis: A really down-
hearted guy after the marital rift made
headlines was Brian Aherne whose do-
mestic fiasco with Joan Fontaine was
denied (at their request) by every re-

porter in Hollywood save one who
knew better. Ironically, the day they
broke up, Brian was to do a radio
show which was full of reference to
his wife—and at the very last minute,
during the final rehearsal for the pro-
gram, all those lines had to be thrown
out and others written in because the
newspapers were already on the streets
with the story. Someone who talked
with Joan next day on the phone re-
ported that she had to hang up in the
middle of the conversation—she was
on the verge of hysteria. But a couple
of nights later she was a guest at a big
party at Lady Mendl's (who does a vast
amount of entertaining) and being gay
as a lark. The gown sensation of this
particular party, by the way, was fur-
nished by Gypsy Rose Lee (imagine
Gypsy's furnishing a sensation by
wearing something!) in an hour-glass
type of long dinner dress, slit to the
knee on one side. Gypsy can't wear
any nail polish for weeks and weeks
while making the period picture, "Belle
Of The Yukon"—and she feels posi-
tively nude, my deah!

Last-minute Flashes: Bob Hutton (he
was so good in "Destination Tokyo"—
remember?) and his socialite bride
Natalie Thompson are trying to decide
whether two careers in a family are
better than one. Natalie, who had a
movie contract before their marriage,
may try again ... You should hear
the gossips trying to link Myrna Loy
with her first husband, producer Arthur
Hornblow, now that she's about to di-
vorce her second mate. Myrna is back
in Hollywood—probably for keeps.

(Continued on page 10)



CALLING ALL CARSONS!

COME ON THE RUN for a riot of fun! See Jack in **HIS FIRST STARRING PICTURE!**



YOU'LL WHOOP AND HOLLER as Jack tops his side-splitting stunts in 'Princess O'Rourke,' 'Shine On Harvest Moon' and 'The Hard Way!' It's a laughter-iffic, fun-tastic festival from **WARNER BROS.**

LAFF-FLASH!!!
Theatres showing this picture reported laying mattresses in aisles — so customers can roll in comfort!



JACK CARSON ★ JANE WYMAN ★ IRENE MANNING
show you how to

"Make Your Own Bed"





They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Mr. and Mrs. corner: The Bob Hopes in an eye-to-eye pose at the Troc ...

... Lt. and Mrs. Barbara Stanwyck Taylor looking serious at Somerset House



(Continued from page 8)

And she's had a couple of dates with the dashing Hornblow. But his interests are elsewhere romantically—and the last time we saw Myrna, she was listening very hard to every word that Helmut Dantine was saying. They were at the swank, new restaurant La Rue, which is right across the street from the famous Mocambo and Trocadero night clubs.

Girls, If You Had a Date With: Bill Eythe—he'd be gay, witty, amusing, but he'd have his mind on Anne Baxter. Turhan Bey—he'd give you the foreign eye and entrance you out of your senses, but he'd be thinking of how to get better roles.

Errol Flynn—he'd pretend he was the little-boy type that needed your understanding and so—

Helmut Dantine—he'd be tense and then flattering and then very Viennese, and then—

Monty Woolley—you'd take the next to the end seat (Monty would have the end one) at Romanoff's bar and there you'd sit and greet the passing world.

George Raft—he'd be polite and gentlemanly unless you didn't want him to be.

Bob Cummings—he'd want to make it a six-some with four other people.

Dennis Day—he'd oblige by singing softly your favorite song across the table.

Edgar Bergen—you'd be "chum" and see a movie at his house.

Boys, If You Had a Date With: Lana Turner—she'd flirt with other men over your shoulder.

Judy Garland—she'd look very pretty and once she smiled at you you'd be hers for the asking.

Anne Shirley—she'd make you run and carry and fetch and bring like a little slave.

Rita Hayworth—she'd never say a word but she'd look so beautiful.

Anne Baxter—she'd be seriously interested only if you weren't an actor.

Betty Hutton—she'd hope you were serious and she might even try to be.

Joan Leslie—someone would have to tell her to put on enough make-up to look at least prettily fetching.

Lucille Ball—you couldn't have your pictures snapped: Desi wouldn't like it.

Katharine Hepburn—she'd scare the daylights out of you with her "full of beans" personality.

Veronica Lake—you could be seltzer water from head to foot before the evening was over, she's that playful.

Purely Personal: Bill Powell always seems to Cal to be a man who, given a reprieve by Fate, is making up for things in the past by deeds in the present.
(Continued on page 12)

SHARE THE REAL THING WITH OUR SUPER-
COMMANDOS! IN *ACTION!* IN *LOVE!*



This is it! The hot-with-
excitement story of our
fighting Paramarines,
who are making our
hearts and our head-
lines sing with pride!
You'll love the way
they thrill you! You'll
thrill to the way they
love!

MARINE RAIDERS

Starring

PAT ROBERT RUTH
O'BRIEN · RYAN · HUSSEY

with FRANK McHUGH · BARTON MacLANE

Produced by Robert Fellows—Directed by Harold Schuster—Screen play by Warren Duff

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

Another of
the great
R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

P
M
M

**LONG KNOWN
TO DOCTORS**

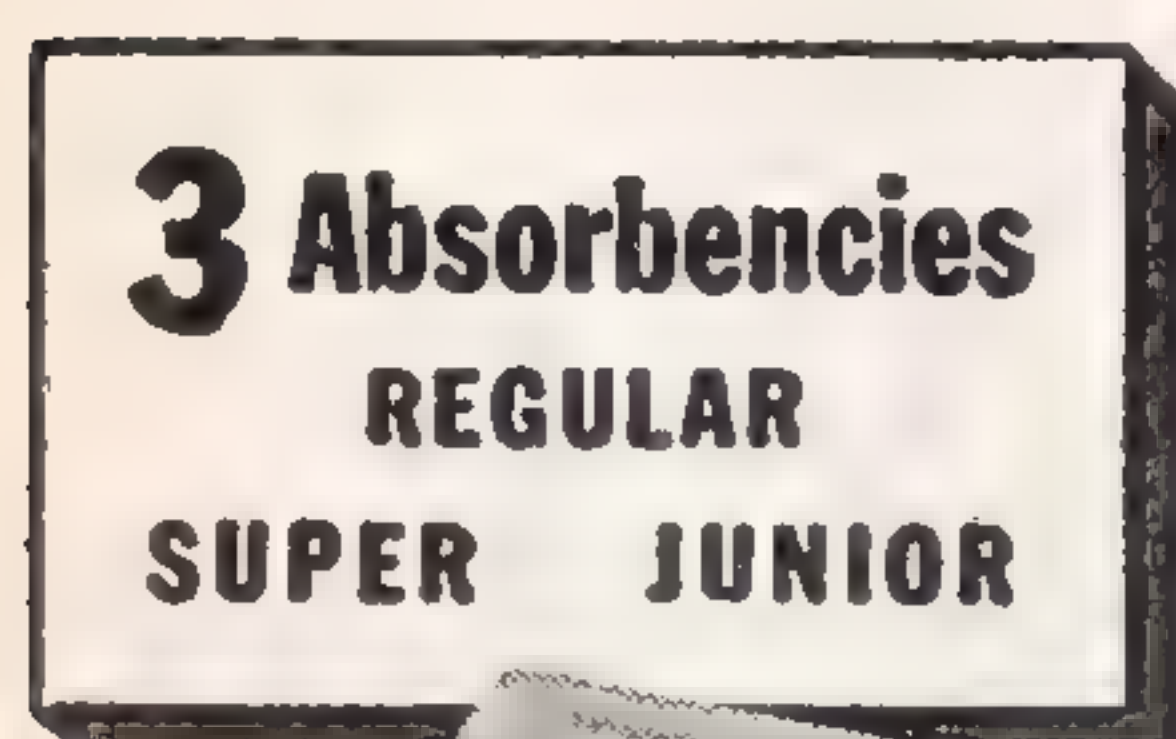


**NOW DISCOVERED
BY WOMEN**

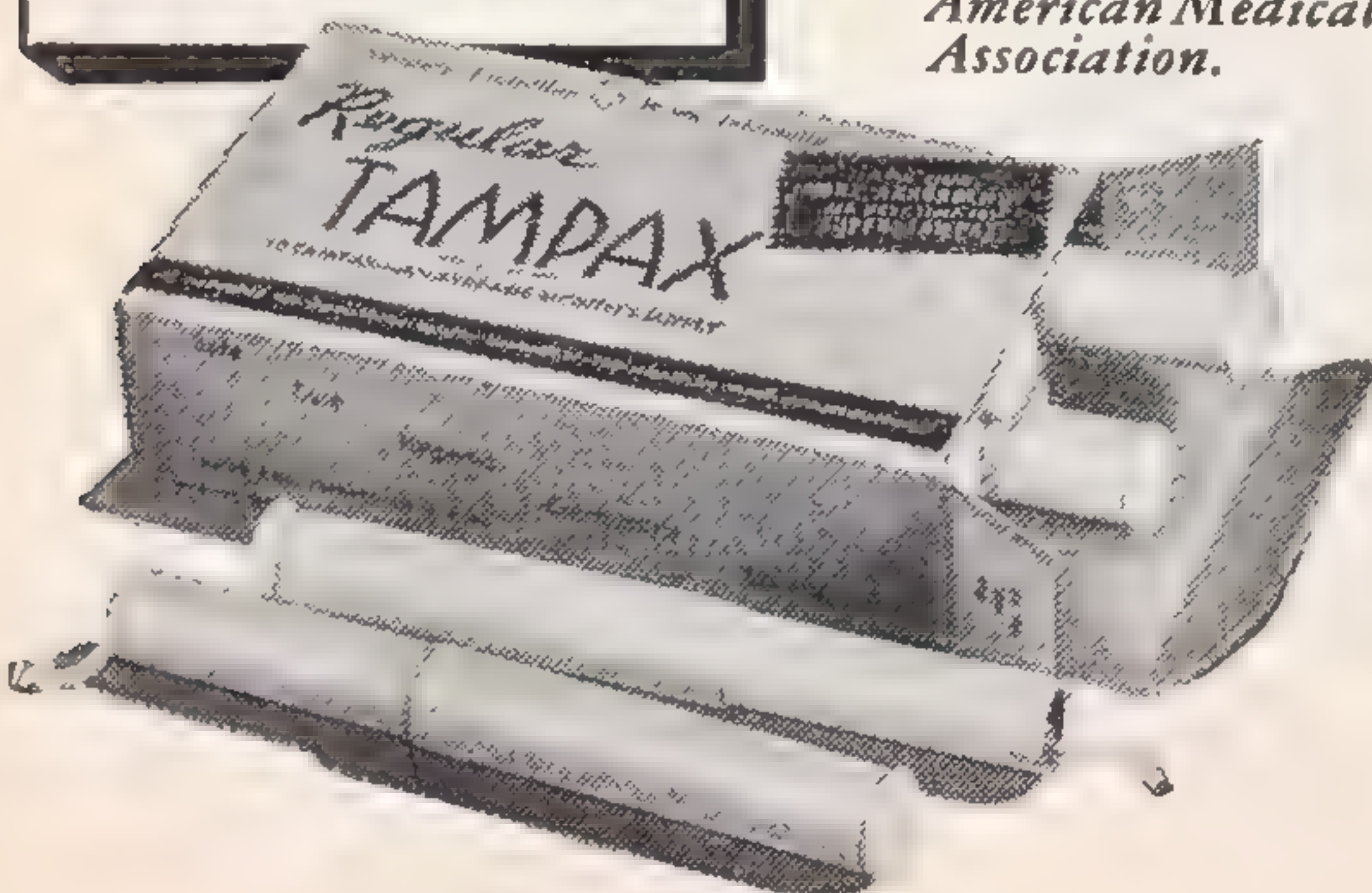
A NEW outlook on the whole problem of monthly hygiene is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle of internal absorption has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for women in general.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or external pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Another advantage: no odor can form. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton and a month's supply will go into an ordinary purse. Each individual Tampax is wrapped in patented applicator. Easy to insert, quick to change—and no disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply costs 29¢—or 4 times the quantity in the economy box for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the
American Medical
Association.



Sampling the
M-G-M commissary menu: Lena
Horne lunches
with General Davis

**CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff**

(Continued from page 10)
ent and getting a lot of soul comfort from it.

If that radio star, oh so big, doesn't listen to reason and forget his infatuation for that so beautiful blonde who won't be interested too long, his whole career will be ruined and a million fans will be stunned out of a year's growth.

Jinx Falkenburg's mother makes all her daughter's clothes.

Bill Eythe's dining room is covered in plaid suiting.

Bob Hutton is so in love with his wife he forgets everyone else around him.

Turhan Bey wears the best-looking sport clothes in town.

Evelyn Keyes worries herself silly over her wide hips.

Robert Walker can't read a menu without his glasses.

Betty Hutton was none too popular with the cast and extras of "Incendiary Blonde."

Baby Talk: Alice Faye's second daughter, newest First Baby of Hollywood, was born while Papa Phil Harris was away. He tried to reach the hospital in time, but plane priorities prevented it. Probable name of the personable new Miss Harris—Phyllis.

All That Glitters: Girls, if you sometimes give up in discouragement after looking at the divinely gowned stars—don't. Take old Cal's word for it, they have their little problems and their little deceptions, too. For in-

Two-time at Mo-
cambo: Red Skel-
ton tries out a joke
on Marion Graham



stance, at a gala party recently Alexis Smith made a terrific entrance in a lamé gown that seemed to have floated from some dream world to this.

"You look wonderful, Alexis," Anne Shirley said. "That is a heavenly dress."

Alexis laughed. "Don't tell anyone, but I wore this dress in a movie I made over two years ago and I just borrowed it from the wardrobe department. But you look pretty elegant yourself there, Anne."

It was Anne's turn to giggle. "Look, know why I don't dare cross my feet? Well, I borrowed these divine gold sandals from the wardrobe, too. Look on the bottoms." And holding up her feet Alexis saw printed on each sole in white crayon, "For Linda Darnell."

Come Uppance Comes to Rooney: He saw her once and that was enough for Rooney, the Mickey. With all the confidence of the old boy himself, he dialed her number.

"Is this Marjorie Jackson? Well, this is Mickey Rooney."

"Oh, yes."

"How about a date?"

"Thank you, no, I'm busy."

There was a slight pause, not for station identification but for embarrassment. Rooney isn't used to turn-downs. But nothing daunted, he tried it again. And again. And even again and again. Marjorie, who was busy at work on "Irish Eyes Are Smiling," remained adamant. Mr. Rooney and his date were out.

He couldn't stand it, so, dressing up in his best red and green sweater with the plaid stripes, he called at the house, hat in hand.

Mrs. Jackson met him at the door. He looked at her, swallowed his Adam's apple three times and asked to see Marjorie. She wasn't home from the studio but Mrs. Jackson asked him in. He sat on the edge of the divan and waited.

"Now, Mickey," Marjorie began when she found him waiting there, "you might as well know why I won't go out with you. For one thing I understand you either show up hours late for a date or else don't show up at all and offer no explanations. Well, you couldn't do that to me, Mickey, so we might as well understand each other now."

"Well, will you just go out to dinner with me tonight and give me a chance?" he asked.

Marjorie agreed. "He was a wonderful little boy," she told a friend of Cal's afterwards, "and couldn't have been sweeter. He opened the car door for me at all times and proved himself a gentleman."

Result—Marjorie is still working in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and Mickey is still phoning and things are just where they are.

More results—He's going into the Army (last heard of he passed his physical) the most baffled lad in all Hollywood, for at last *Andy Hardy* has met his Waterloo.

The Red Skelton Case: We called Edna Skelton on the telephone.

"For heaven's sake, what's all this about Red?" we asked.

We referred, of course, to the mad scramble of Red and the girl friend Muriel Morris to obtain a marriage license and then defaulting on the marriage at the last minute.

Thirty-year-old Muriel, a model known as the typical California Sweater Girl, has been Red's girl friend since his divorce from Edna over a year ago. Recently after a misunderstanding with Red she went to Mexico. Upon her return Red popped the question and the two rushed down to the City Hall for a license. "Now who takes the blood?" Red asked facetiously, but the joke was his undoing.

"Haven't you your health certificates?" the clerk asked in astonishment.

"Nope—never even heard of it," Red said and so the license was denied. By the time it could be obtained again Muriel was issuing statements to the press—to wit, she was in love with a prominent and wealthy businessman in Mexico and, besides, she wouldn't be happy with Edna around, Red's former wife, who writes most of his radio material. Or so the papers had it.

"When Red tells me to get out of his life, I'll go," Edna said. "But not until he tells me."

"Edna, Red needs you," we said. "He really does." We felt privileged to say this in view of our friendship.

"No." Her voice was unemotional

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and your charm is safe for hours — through busy day or dancing date. Use Mum every day, after every bath . . . Mum's quick!

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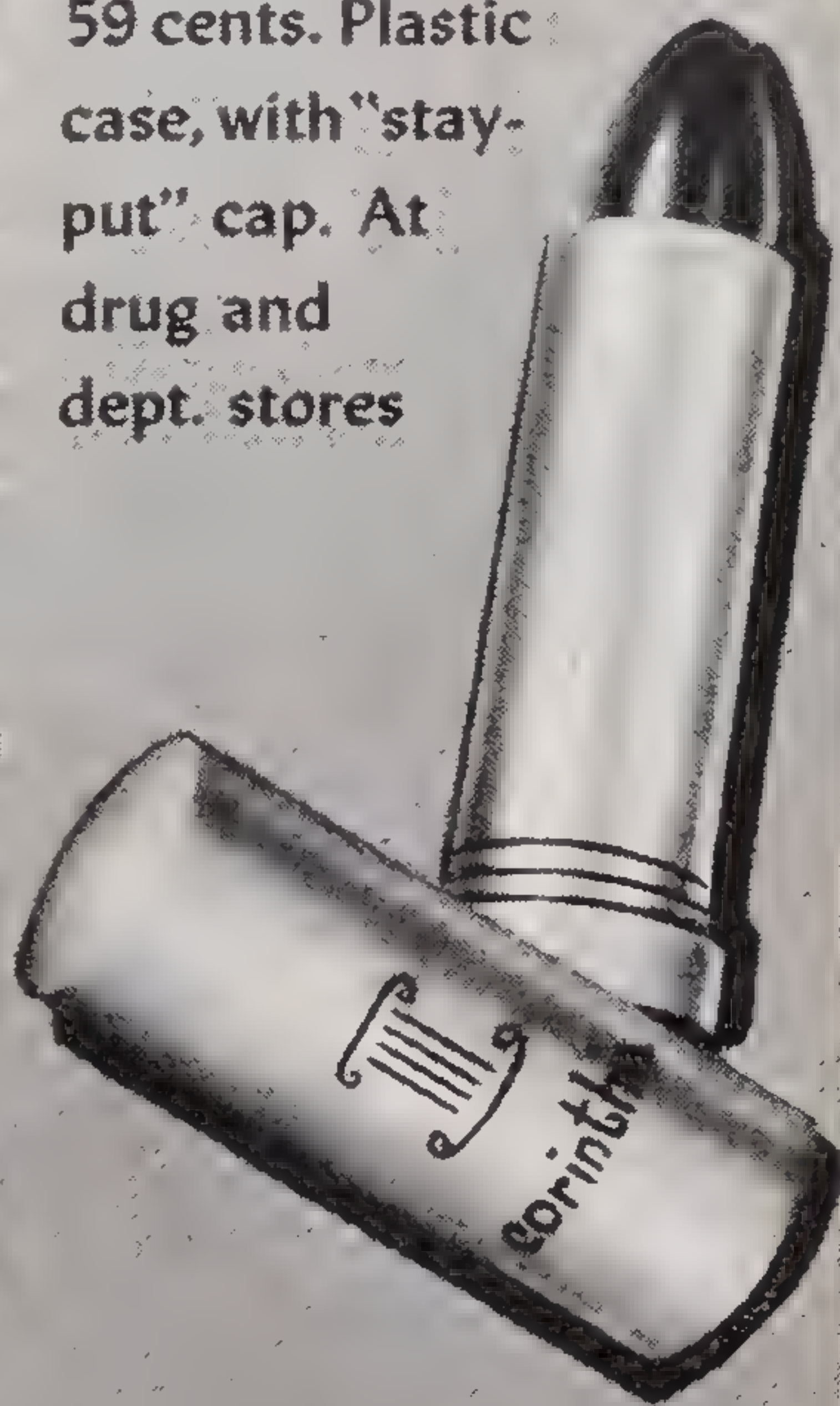
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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Two ways to have a good time: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hutton show off their dance technique at the Troc ...

but low. "Not any more he doesn't need me. He's rich and can buy anything. Writers—anything he needs."

But Cal doesn't agree, for only recently at a party for soldiers at the Masquers Club we watched the two work together on the stage. We liked the camaraderie between them, the way Red looked at her as he led her onto the stage and said,

"Fellows—I want you to meet Edna Skelton, who writes my material and helps me so much." And then the two went through their act together—friendly and informally chummy.

"I feel in a circumstance like this there is little Red can say," Edna told us. "What can he say?"

We agreed that in this case silence was indeed golden.

"You know," Edna said, "Red and I practically raised each other. We're all the close family each other has."

"Edna, why don't you go back and marry Red?" we asked.

"Because, don't you see, it wouldn't solve anything. I'd be right back"—she broke off and changed the subject.

"You don't know how hard Red and I have tried to go overseas for a year now," she said, "and now with this new twenty-six-year age limit and Red being thirty-one, maybe they'll let us go. We want to go so badly. It would mean as much to Red as the boys, for I feel he's so mentally upset by all this. At least I know this, I'll never walk out on him as long as he needs me."

She laughed, but we wondered. In fact, the longer you live in Hollywood the more you're aware the greatest stories, the greatest tragedies, the com-

edies, farces and dramas are lived by the stars behind the cameras rather than before.

Our Boys in Service: Ensign Richard Ney came to town on a brief leave from duty overseas to find his wife Greer Garson deep in the production "Mrs. Parkington." 'Twas ever thus when service men and their movie-star brides get together for a short time.

Sergeant Tony Martin, who was thought to be overseas, slipped into town almost unnoticed. Very few people glimpsed the handsome singer.

Dickie Moore is a handsome young private in the Army stationed at Camp Seibert, Alabama. Seems only yesterday Dickie was playing those little boy roles.

Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero is now stationed in Honolulu and on shipboard is a perfect gob, Cal hears, performing all his duties with the same old Cuban charm.

There were many farewell parties for Captain Clark Gable (who saw much of the beautiful Ava Gardner, but so very quietly) who is off to Washington, D. C., and possibly another overseas assignment.

German Peter Van Eyck, now a naturalized American who did so well as the hysterical German officer in "The Moon Is Down," is off to Fort MacArthur as a private in the Army. Odd, remembering Peter's brother is a Messerschmitt pilot, or was when the war began.

Captain Louis Hayward of the Marines is showing signs of recovering from the illness that has kept him in

the Corona Naval Hospital for weeks and wife Ida Lupino is so pleased she doesn't even mind her broken ankle bone.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, who enlisted in the Army under his real name of Ragnar Lind, is now a staff officer of a Mitchell Squadron based in Italy and doing a swell job.

Captain John Huston arrived in New York from a long overseas trek to find his girl friend Olivia de Havilland still in the Aleutians—entertaining the soldiers. Friends hope they'll see each other before Captain Huston goes back.

John Payne, having completed a long strenuous course, is now a full member of the Ferry Command flying the world over.

Corp. Russell Gleason has graduated from the Signal Corps School at Camp Crowder and is now specializing in the use of radar.

Robert Preston, First Lieutenant in Combat Intelligence, is now overseas coaching fliers in his Marauder group what to expect from the Germans in way of opposition. Preston enlisted under his real name of Robert Preston Meservey.

Eddie Norris, due to a bad appendix, has been honorably discharged as a flight instructor and is making pictures at Universal. Forty-seven of his students are now in active duty overseas.

Lieutenant Tyrone Power has been promoted to first lieutenant in the Marine Corps and is finishing his Navy flight course at Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Kathryn Grayson Case: Three times in the three years they've been married Kathryn Grayson has gone to the divorce courts to rid herself of husband John Shelton the actor. And each time she has relented and called it off.

What has happened to this couple and especially Kathryn and her promising career is really a tragedy. Tears, too many tears; aches, too many heartaches; words, too many bitter utterances have passed between them and yet—he holds her with love and will and this time by law; no woman being permitted to divorce a man in service without his consent.

Feeling the matter needed considerable clearing up—we telephoned Lieutenant John Price (his real name) at the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle where he had undergone a minor operation and received a warm invitation to call.

We found him young—he's twenty-eight—and handsome, sun-tanning himself beside a captain on the deck of the hospital.

"Is it true you refuse to give Kathryn a divorce?" we asked when we found a secluded corner.

He smiled a little. "Yes, it is." And then he proceeded to tell us why.

"Movies have never been conducive to emotional stability. Motion-picture people seem to make it a habit to separate, I guess, but this time it has really been my fault. I simply got irked and packed up my things and



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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Best candid of the
Hymie Fink month:
Kathryn Grayson or-
dering lunch at M-G-M

left. Kathryn's pride was hurt and first thing I knew she was seeing lawyers. I have cause to regret my actions. And I believe I have learned my lesson."

We didn't say anything about those telephone calls during her caravan Bond tour that left her numb with pain or the tears she shed at his recriminations. We didn't mention them because we felt we understood what was behind them—Kathryn's youth (she's six years younger than John) her popularity and his love and jealousy and all the things that go with blind love which can be a relentless master.

"Has she been to see you out here?" we asked him.

"Oh, yes. She came to tell me she wanted a divorce. But I refused. You see, underneath I don't believe she does. Underneath I think she loves me. I won't believe she doesn't." A touch of panic came into his voice. "Why, I have no plans ahead without Kathryn. You see, I love her. What would I do with my life? Things can't change unless they were phony from the start.

"I can tell you this." He was grim now. "I'm not going to spend the rest of my life carrying a torch. I'm going to work at getting her back.

"We'll outgrow these quarrels if we're let alone," he said. "Everyone has them. And I give you my word there has actually been no important issue at stake between us. We get mad over nothing, don't speak and I get rash and move out. But," (and he repeated himself) "I've learned my lesson. The one thing we must do is not to take our anger out on each other."

Someone, we thought to ourselves, has been advising young Shelton. Someone wise.

We spoke of her youth and beauty and success in her latest picture, "Thousands Cheer." We spoke of the beautiful pink satin dress she had worn in that picture.

"Yes, she wore that in New York while we were there," he said, "and she was a sensation."

John Shelton is an actor in service now, unable to forge ahead. Could he, we wonder, resent Kathryn's forging ahead to stardom while he remained behind having to begin, perhaps, all over again?

Certainly Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios feel she has been retarded in her career. They make no bones in saying so. At any rate, it all adds up to heartache any way you put it.

"I'll sign no papers," John said stubbornly but quietly when he glimpsed Kathryn's mother coming up the walk. "No papers."

But Cal wondered at that and we were right in our doubts, for a few days later Lieutenant Shelton phoned us at our home. "I'm going to give in," he said. "Kathryn's family have assured me her future happiness rests in our separation. They say she is nervous and unhappy and I'm the last one to want that. So, now that I am sure there's no hope, there is nothing to do but give her the necessary permission."

And so another chapter is written to still another Hollywood marriage. Too bad it couldn't have had a happier ending, but who are we to look within the hearts of others and know what is really written there?

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The Boy Situation: Twentieth Century-Fox seems to have a market on the young eligibles. Bill Eythe is a swell guy and handsome, too, but something tells Cal Bill has his heart set on Anne Baxter. Still you WAVES, WACS, SPARS, and Marines might see what you can do about it. No harm trying.

Give a thought to Stanley Prager out there, too. Stanley is the lad who left the cast of "In The Meantime, Darling" with a heart ailment from which no one else in medical history has recovered. A rare drug did the trick and now Stanley is back, has finished his picture, and is deep in the heart of "Take It Or Leave It."

Give a long look at Frank Latimore when you see "In The Meantime, Darling." He's cute. Twentieth Century-Fox thinks he's so good they gave him a new contract before he left for war.

John Hodiak, around thirtyish and Lana Turner's beeg moment in "Marriage Is A Private Affair," is the Gable of the hour. What a big hunk of thing as some one put it. Married? Certainly not, girls. M-G-M is his studio.

Eddie Ryan, the youngest of the Sullivan boys and now in "Take It Or Leave It" (we'd take it), is a lad we'd go daffy over if we were a pretty WAC or WAVE. Kinda young, around twenty, but what a lad! Single, too.

Turhan Bey of Universal leads the foreign contingent in popularity and is looking around for a love life.

A dashing young Englishman is this Peter Lawford of M-G-M; kinda buoyant and twenty-one. His father and mother, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford (both over here), didn't like the idea of Peter in the cin-e-mah too well but after seeing him in "The White Cliffs Of Dover," they were charmed, my dears! To tell the truth, so was old Cal.

Well, girls—give you any ideas? If you follow through, keep us posted.

The Girl Situation: Louise Allbritton, Susan Hayward, Grace McDonald, Betty Hutton, Anne Shirley, and other Hollywood beauties are feeling the man shortage. Have no steady regulars and—well, fellows, take a hint!

Jacqueline White of M-G-M is a lovely, dignified little lady, blonde and beautiful as well, who is heart-free.

But about Anne Baxter over at Twentieth. Anne grows prettier and more important by the minute, but Cal feels Anne's too career-conscious to care much.

If you like a girl so honest and frank she'll rock you back on your heels, consider Susanna Foster of Universal. What a honey and so heart-free, fellows. Honest, we wouldn't kid you.

But here's the surprise package of them all. Gloria Jean, also at Universal, has grown up into a perfect honey, cute and sweet and sooo attractive. Wait till you see her in "The Ghost Catchers," and tell us if we're right or wrong.

And all this is for the very thought of you fellows in service.

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Cousin Betsy was bored 'n' blue!

Always selling wedding presents—never getting any. Then one day Mommy 'n' me stopped in at the shop. "That baby's luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet," sparked Cousin Betsy. "Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?" Mommy winked at me. "Try our doctor. He'll put you wise!"



So she saw the nice man who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. "You see," he went on, "Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That's why it's so safe even for baby's tender skin!"

Now see who's getting gifts... wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that "Ivory Look" now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant's heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says my beauty tip is still the best gift she's had. Bet she'll always think so—if she always sticks to Ivory! 99 44/100 % pure... It floats

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The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ The Story Of Dr. Wassell (Paramount)



Film tribute: Carol Thurston, Gary Cooper in "The Story Of Dr. Wassell"

A HERO of this war, an unassuming man whose adherence to duty could not be swerved, is glorified in typical Cecil B. DeMille style with Gary Cooper doing a good job in the title role.

That America produces men such as this Dr. Wassell of Arkansas, middle-aged (movie imagination was stretched a bit in the age and romance of the hero), almost inexperienced in military matters, defying orders to save his handful of crippled sailors, is thrilling just to think about. There is no losing the war, no lowering the standards of this great democracy with the Dr. Wassells of this country on the job. What more heartening message could any movie hope to project?

Attracted by a circular concerning the efforts of doctors and nurses in China to

combat a plague that is wiping out thousands of natives, Dr. Wassell takes himself to China and succeeds in locating the germ just too late. Another had also found the germ and received the glory. At the outbreak of the war we next find him in Java caring for the wounded from the crippled U.S.S. *Marblehead*. When the Japs take Java, all walking cases are ordered home with stretcher cases remaining. His rescue of these Americans, his tenacity and courage make a thrilling climax.

Laraine Day as the nurse whom Dr. Wassell loves. Carol Thurston as *Tremartini*, the Javanese who gives her blood and her heart to sailor Dennis O'Keefe, Signe Hasso, as the Dutch nurse, Carl Esmond and Elliott Reid as the men who love her are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A fitting tribute to a great but simple man.

✓✓ Home In Indiana (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE heart appeal of this story, the Technicolor beauty of the countryside, the warm tender performance of Lon McCallister, render this a picture lovely to see but hard on the emotions. The fact the story lags in spots and is dullish in others is more than balanced by its good points.

Lon McCallister—and incidentally, this is only his second film—(the first having been "Stage Door Canteen") proves his mettle. The boy's an actor, rest assured. As a homeless boy, Lon comes to the farm of Walter Brennan, a former successful horse breeder. The boy learns to drive and handle the one remaining horse on the farm and even secretly manages to

breed her to the stallion of Brennan's neighbor and enemy. The colt is carefully trained to sulky racing with Lon driving and eventually Brennan is brought back to prosperity and happiness again. But not without that lump in your throat for the beauty and tragedy of the favorite horse.

Jeanne Crain and June Haver are two newcomers who are here to stay. June is a beauty and Jeanne radiates naturalness and a certain naivete that is most appealing.

Charlotte Greenwood, Charles Dingle and Ward Bond are splendid in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Easy on the eyes, hard on the heart.



Deep emotion: Jeanne Crain and Lon McCallister in "Home In Indiana"

✓✓ The Adventures Of Mark Twain (Warners)

MARK TWAIN, nee Samuel Clemens, comes to life on the screen in the finely etched performance of Fredric March. To those who have read and laughed with the great humorist, discovering the human weaknesses and the humble greatness of the man will be a joy to be cherished always.

Reared in the small town of Hannibal, Missouri, little Samuel and his pals, inspired by Sam's imagination, pirated on the lazy current of the great river. Later he worked in his brother's printing shop, ran away to become one of the best pilots on the Mississippi and later journeyed into the raw West in search of gold. He failed to find the metal but in his job as reporter on a little newspaper he found his fortune in writing.

Lecturing in the East he finally meets the girl he'd dreamed of, Alexis Smith, and after a courtship greatly opposed by his sweetheart's father he marries and settles down to write the immortal "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." He amassed a fortune and lost it, he attained dignity and lost it, but never that magnificent humor or little-boy quality.

There are times when the story is slow, but on the whole it's as pleasant an experience as reading a warm, friendly volume by Twain himself. To repeat, March is wonderful.

A word of praise goes to make-up man Perc Westmore, to Alexis Smith for a truly beautiful performance, to Donald Crisp, Alan Hale and Robert Barrat for interesting performances.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-told tale of a great American.



Good story: Fredric March, Alexis Smith in "The Adventures Of Mark Twain"

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 118

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70

✓ Cobra Woman (Universal)

MY doodness gwacious, here comes still another of those mythical, out-of-this-world tales with that fabulous stock company of fairy-tale actors including Maria Montez, all draped, or undraped rather, in high priestess chiffon, who gets kidnapped on the eve of her wedding to Jon Hall. Sabu, as Hall's devoted friend, aids him in tracing his missing bride to the Cobra Isle, a place of horror to which no stranger is ever permitted by the snake-worshiping natives. As it turns out, Montez is actually the twin sister (you get two Montezes for the price of one this time) of the cruel High Priestess of Cobra Isle and has been taken there to replace the wicked sister as ruler.

Now, of course, you know as I know, unless we're both running a terrible temperature, that no such nonsense goes on, but that's why it's such fun and really enjoyable, like reading a fantasy of old.

And Maria is loovley. Edgar Barrier, Lon Chaney and Lois Collier get all bound up in the mystic hysteria.

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense—but it's fun!

✓✓ Show Business (RKO)

GET on the band wagon, folks, for a ride from burlesque to the Ziegfeld Follies and if you don't enjoy every minute of its umpety-bumpety ride you should have your head examined. Even those who are averse to Cantor and his Cantorisms will laugh despite themselves and how good it will seem—that laugh—with no Nazis, no drama of broken hearts, no nothing but fun, songs and nonsense all the way.

It begins when Cantor wins an amateur night contest and teams up with the es-

tablished star George Murphy. Later the pair join up with a sister act, comprised of Constance Moore and Joan Davis, and love hits out in all directions. Murphy marries Constance only to separate over the usual motion-picture misunderstanding of the "other woman" Nancy Kelly. Joan sets out to win Cantor and kills the audience doing it. We can see right now that this is a story that can't be explained, for after all it's the spirit, the gaiety, the songs, oldies and newies that lift "Show Business" right into top place.

Joan Davis is a riot on wheels. That girl could wring guffaws from a marble statue. So go see it and forget your troubles.

Your Reviewer Says: Whoopee!

Tampico (Twentieth Century-Fox)

HARD-BOILED sea captains who get all mixed up with Nazi agents are beginning to weigh heavily on our movie-minded shoulders. Here we have Edward G. Robinson, same old tough sea dog of movie lore, rescuing a ship-wrecked damsel at sea whom he marries to save her being held at Tampico because her papers were lost at sea. And why wouldn't they be, pray tell? Who carries passports about in a foaming Pacific?

Anyway, when the captain's ship is torpedoed shortly after he leaves her ashore, he suspects his bride, who is Lynn Bari by the way, of espionage. He is aided and abetted in this belief by his pal and second officer, Victor McLaglen. Furious, Robinson denounces his bride only to discover later that McLaglen is the rat.

Fur flies and so did we.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's all take a nice boat ride.

✓✓ Address Unknown (Columbia)

HAD "Address Unknown" been made immediately after the release of the exciting magazine story from which it was taken, it undoubtedly would have been the masterpiece it now attempts to be. But its message of hate and disintegration of character through Nazism has by now been told so often from the screen even the brilliant characterization by Paul Lukas (and what an actor) fails to lift it to the heights at which it was aimed.

Regardless, it's a fine picture, beautifully done and expertly acted by Lukas as the man who becomes so imbued with Nazism he turns from his door the daughter of his former partner in San Francisco, knowing it means her death. K. T. Stevens, as the daughter of the non-Aryan partner who suffers through Paul Lukas's fevered Hitlerism, is an accomplished performer.

Drama and suspense are injected into the story when messages in code, unfavorable to the Nazi cause, begin to pour in upon Lukas in Germany from San Francisco. His inability to explain them or to halt their flow causes Lukas to be seized by the Nazis as a traitor. It's only when the final message is returned to America marked "Address Unknown" that it is revealed the trick messages which have led Lukas to his death had been sent, not by the non-Aryan father of Miss Stevens, but by her fiancé and Lukas's own son. Peter Van Eyck as the son is an actor that shows great promise.

Mady Christians as the wife of Lukas is a brilliant actress. Morris Carnovsky as the bewildered partner of Lukas and Carl Esmond as the German who leads Lukas into his hell of hate are both good.

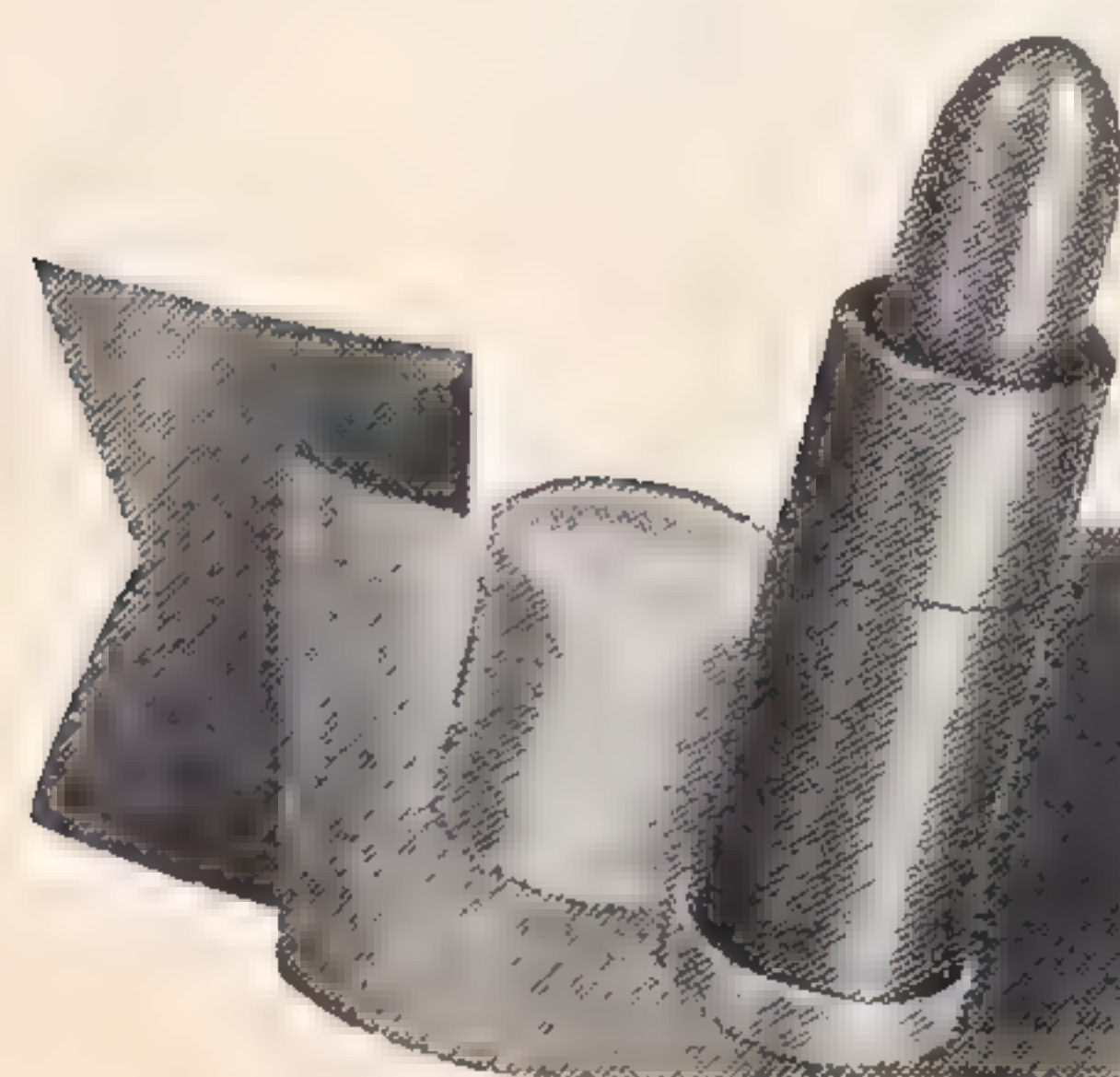
Your Reviewer Says: We recommend it.

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Strong motion picture: Poldy Dur and Robert Watson in "The Hitler Gang"

✓✓ The Hitler Gang (Paramount)

THE rise of Adolf Hitler and the men who forced and kept him in power as their Führer is told with such convincing straightforwardness that the film takes on tremendous authority right from the start—a start that goes back to the very inception of Nazi hoodlumism.

That the story holds itself to a steady level, sidestepping the rug-chewing hysteria of Herr Schicklgruber for the sake of adhering to facts (obtained after exhaustive research) lends an even grimmer, more horrible aspect to these men, unmindful of civil codes and decency. Our one complaint is the abrupt ending, but come to think of it, Hitler's life chapter hasn't reached the finis yet, has it?

The events include that fatal putsch of November 9, 1923, that failed to come off and instead landed Hitler and his gang in jail; the burning of the Reichstag; the unspeakable blood purge and the maneuvers that prompted it; the self-deification of Hitler as the messiah of the world. These are clearly and fascinatingly set forth, exactly as they happened. It's as if the pages of history themselves had come to life.

As the foreword suggests, for the first time in any film it presents these men not only as they appeared to the public but also as they appeared to one another. Suspicious of each other, hating, double crossing, double dealing are Joseph Goebbels played so well by Martin Kosleck—and Hermann Goering, brought to the screen by Alexander Pope. Also expertly characterized are Captain Ernst Roehm by Roman Bohnen, Rudolph Hess by Victor Varconi, Heinrich Himmler by Luis Van Rooten, Julius Streicher by Alexander Granach, General von Hindenburg by Sig Ruman.

But it remains for Robert Watson, the man who plays Hitler as if he were imbued with the very evil spirit of the man himself, to walk off with honors. Not only does Watson take on the physical, but the spiritual (if he has one) likeness of the man, never overplaying or overacting the role by an inch.

To Poldy Dur, the niece Hitler loved and killed, and Helene Thimig fall the two feminine roles and each do justice to their assignments. Very good, too, are Tonio Selwart as Alfred Rosenberg and Reinhold Schunzel as General Ludendorff. In fact, the cast, the producer and director and all concerned deserve endless praise for bringing to us this almost documentary film of the men who rule Germany.

Your Reviewer Says: It should be a "must see."

Ever hear the 3 secrets of summer daintiness?

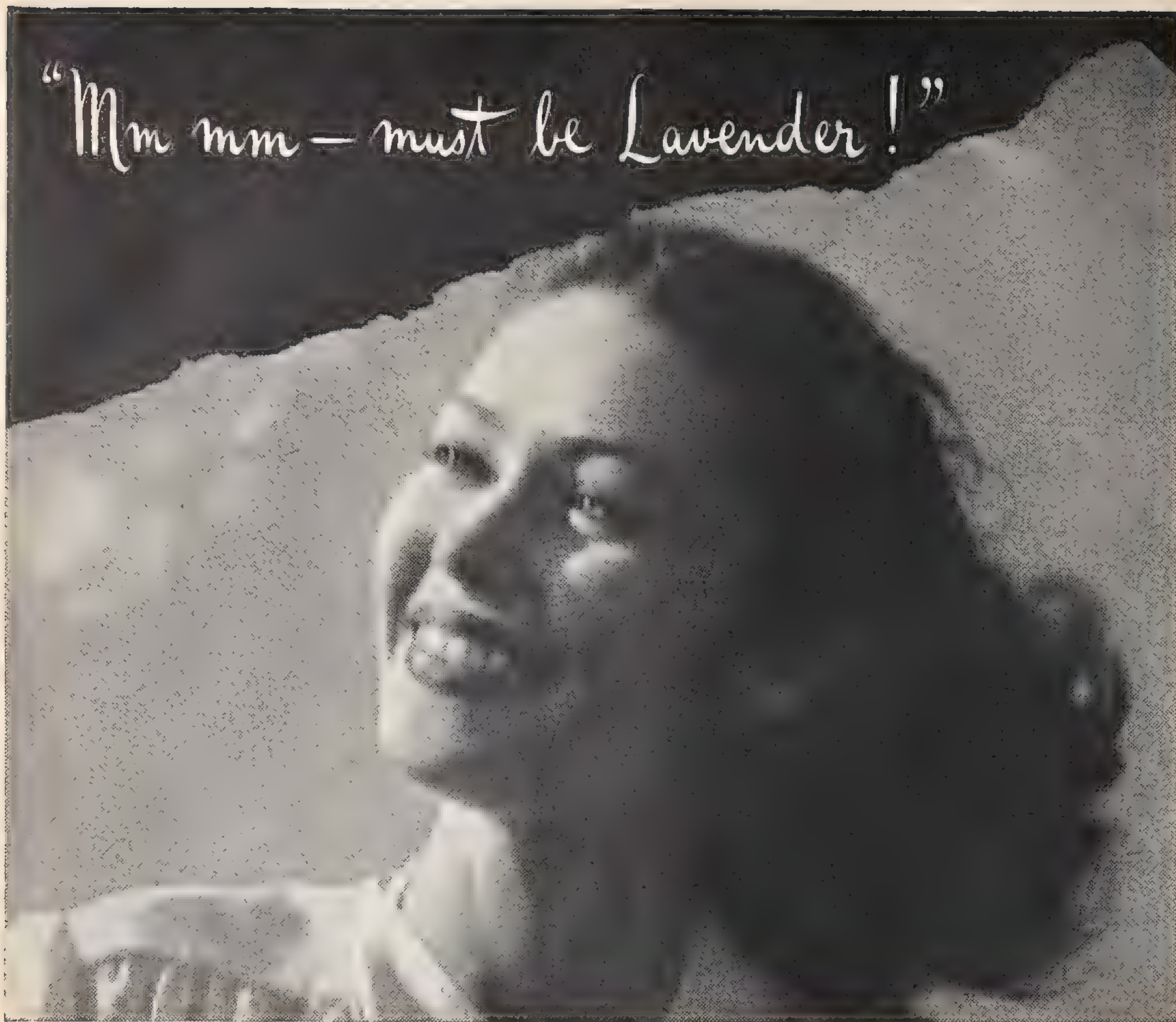
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N. W. AYER & SON

Slightly Terrific (Universal)

BROTH-ER! Why must Leon Errol be forever cast in a double role? Why, the guy doesn't even look like himself.

And take Eddie Quillan and Anne Rooney, now, who are trying to stage a big-time revue. Don't they know Rooney and Garland, to say nothing of Jane Withers, have been using that gag for years? Well, after all, it isn't their fault!

The musical numbers, which go on and on and on, are strictly from the breadline despite the efforts of Richard Lane, Betty Kean, Ray Malone and Lillian Cornell.

Your Reviewer Says: That "slightly" is an exaggeration.

Pin-Up Girl (Twentieth Century-Fox)

A CONGLOMERATION of unhappy songs, ridiculous circumstances and Betty Grable approaching motherhood has been built around Twentieth's famous bathing-suit pin-up picture of the lovely Betty. It isn't worthy of her, let us yell that right out in print and her many fans will join us in our complaint.

The story is as wispy as that now famous swim suit and tells of Betty traveling from her home in Missouri to become a stenographer in Washington, D. C., with a stop-over in New York. It doesn't seem too illogical to the Twentieth bosses that Betty should wow New York night-club audiences her first night in the big city in an unrehearsed but intricate song and dance number; or that she should meet up with the hero of the day, home from the wars; or that he shouldn't recognize her just because she puts on a pair of spectacles. It's things like this, you know, that give the impression around the country that Hollywood is nuts. A couple more

Best Pictures of the Month

The Story Of Dr. Wassell

The Hitler Gang

Show Business

The Adventures Of Mark Twain

Home In Indiana

Best Performances

Gary Cooper in
"The Story Of Dr. Wassell"

Robert Watson in
"The Hitler Gang"

Paul Lukas in
"Address Unknown"

Fredric March in
"The Adventures Of Mark Twain"

Lon McCallister in
"Home In Indiana"

like this and we'll believe it ourselves. John Harvey is the hero and he looks pretty cute, too, but *that* attractive man who dances the modern Apache with Betty is Hermes Pan, dance director. We tell you in advance because we know you'll be asking. And the roller-skating scene is pretty lovely, too. In fact, the Technicolor is divine if only it had something to color.

Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye are so wasted and Eugene Pallette and his own second front take up more space than the law should allow. The Condos brothers dance well.

Your Reviewer Says: They forgot to pin up the story.

✓ Seven Days Ashore (RKO)

EVERY once in a while a little picture, minus star names or publicity ballyhoo, creeps in upon us with a package of happiness under its arm and the resulting pleasure is doubly welcome because of its unexpectancy. Such a movie is "Seven Days Ashore," with RKO's team of comics Wally Brown and Alan Carney, to say nothing of Marcy McGuire, Dooley Wilson, Gordon Oliver, Virginia Mayo and Elaine Shepard to sow their little seeds of amusement. And guess what comes up? Onions? No. Radishes? Never. The crop, my friends, is a pleasant evening's entertainment.

The plot of this oldie is too familiar to rehash, it's been done so often, but we liked best the shipmating of Brown and Carney, the Romeing of Gordon Oliver, the comedy of Dooley Wilson and the pleasant little songs.

There is nothing breath-taking about the production, you understand, and even if you missed it, you'd hardly notice it. But still—

Your Reviewer Says: If you go, you'll like it.

✓ Lumberjack (Harry Sherman-U. A.)

HOPALONG CASSIDY really hops along this time in a gallopy little number that generates more fast action than an egg in an electric fan. Things really spatter all over the screen with *Hoppy* and his pals riding out to head off an eloping couple. They fail to stave off the ceremony, but when the groom is shot almost immediately after the marriage and the murderous schemers set in to defraud the young widow of her rights to valuable timberland, my oh my do things happen. This is the kind of Western we like, folks. Lots of rootin' tootin, ornery cusses, heros, stubborn heroines and wide-open spaces. Nothing like it for stirring up the liver. Andy Clyde is a cute old codger as *Hopalong's* (Bill Boyd) side-kick. Ellen Hall is the purty gal.

Your Reviewer Says: Look at those guys ride!

✓ Uncertain Glory (Warners)

THE trouble with "Uncertain Glory" is no one, actors, producer, writer or director seemed to be able to make up his mind whether the story should be told dramatically, farcically, lightly or just not told at all. The result is a touch of comedy, so-called, when one expects drama, as in the church confession scene and drama when one hopes everyone is surely kidding the pants off us and themselves. It needed a stronger goal, a clearer perspective and a man such as Gable to put it over.

There are several good moments in this story of a French (Continued on page 115)

Are You in the Know?



In writing your soldier, do you —

☐ Rave about your dates

☐ Tell him your troubles

☐ "Talk" to him as you always did



What is she doing?

☐ Playing with dolls

☐ Studying Fashion Design

☐ Learning puppetry

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with *miniature* models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingiest creation with nary a telltale line!

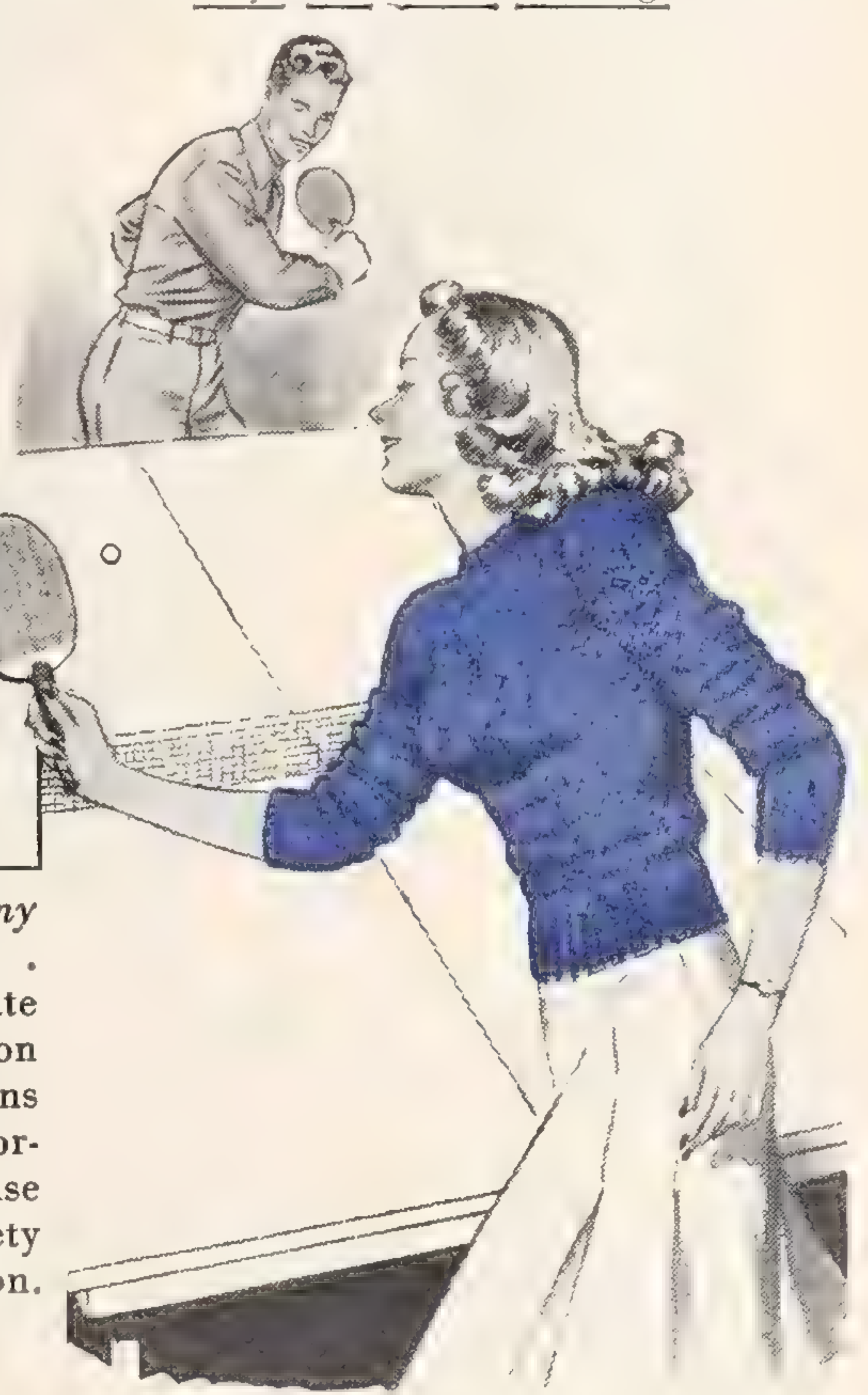
Should you try this if you are —

☐ Shy

☐ On the prowl

☐ A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. *Any* active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.





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Speak FOR YOURSELF



Helmets off to Randy Scott from a gang of jungle-weary soldiers

\$10.00 PRIZE Let's Share Their Peril

THERE seem to be many people these days who don't like war pictures. I'm not one of them, especially since just having seen "Destination Tokyo."

I am the wife of a submarine man, one who has been on eight war patrols. He was in Cavite when the war started and has only been home once since then. He was here for two and a half months last spring while his ship was in overhaul at Mare Island. He told me many things; how once they were subjected to seventy-two depth charges in five hours. So when the picture showed the *Copperfin* undergoing the same treatment, I felt almost as though I were seeing my husband and his shipmates and as though I were sharing in their dangers. If a woman loves a man she wants to share in his work, his adventures and yes, his peril, too. I'm very grateful for the privilege of seeing this fine picture. I've seen most of the war pictures, but for perfect directing and acting, this one seems by far the best. Cary Grant was superb as the skipper.

I say give us more pictures of war action. It doesn't hurt any of us here at home to know a little of what our service men and women go through.

Mrs. Zelma Ziel,
San Diego, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE A Miracle?

I WANT to tell you how a motion picture, "The Song Of Bernadette," through its touching beauty and soaring inspiration changed the course of my life. . . .

I went overseas in pre-Pearl Harbor days and drove an ambulance for the British. As my sight is poor, I was unfit for combat service but was considered a more-than-competent driver. The fragment from a bomb which exploded near me in Africa grazed my eye and gravely reduced the vision in it. I returned to the States and saw distinguished eye specialists. "There is nothing that can be done—you must wait for time to help you,"

was the verdict of every one of them.

I knew despair—days of self-pity and destructive bitterness. Then a neighbor took me to see "The Song Of Bernadette," and though the light on the screen hurt my eyes, I could follow the story and was entranced. I left the theater with hope in my heart and faith in the future for the first time since my return from the war. Today, one month later, my vision is clearing and the pain in my eyes is going away.

Call it a "miracle" or any other name—it's just wonderful and incomprehensible to me.

Paul Bates,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE Protest

I JUST heard Jennifer Jones got the Academy Award and believe me it sure burns me up. I'm not a critic, but at least they should have given the public a chance to see the picture before giving her the Award. The picture didn't get here until two days after the Award was given. Well, maybe she deserved the Award, but what about Joan Fontaine for her performance this year? And let's not forget Ingrid Bergman for her performances, or Greer Garson for her magnificent portrayal in (Continued on page 97)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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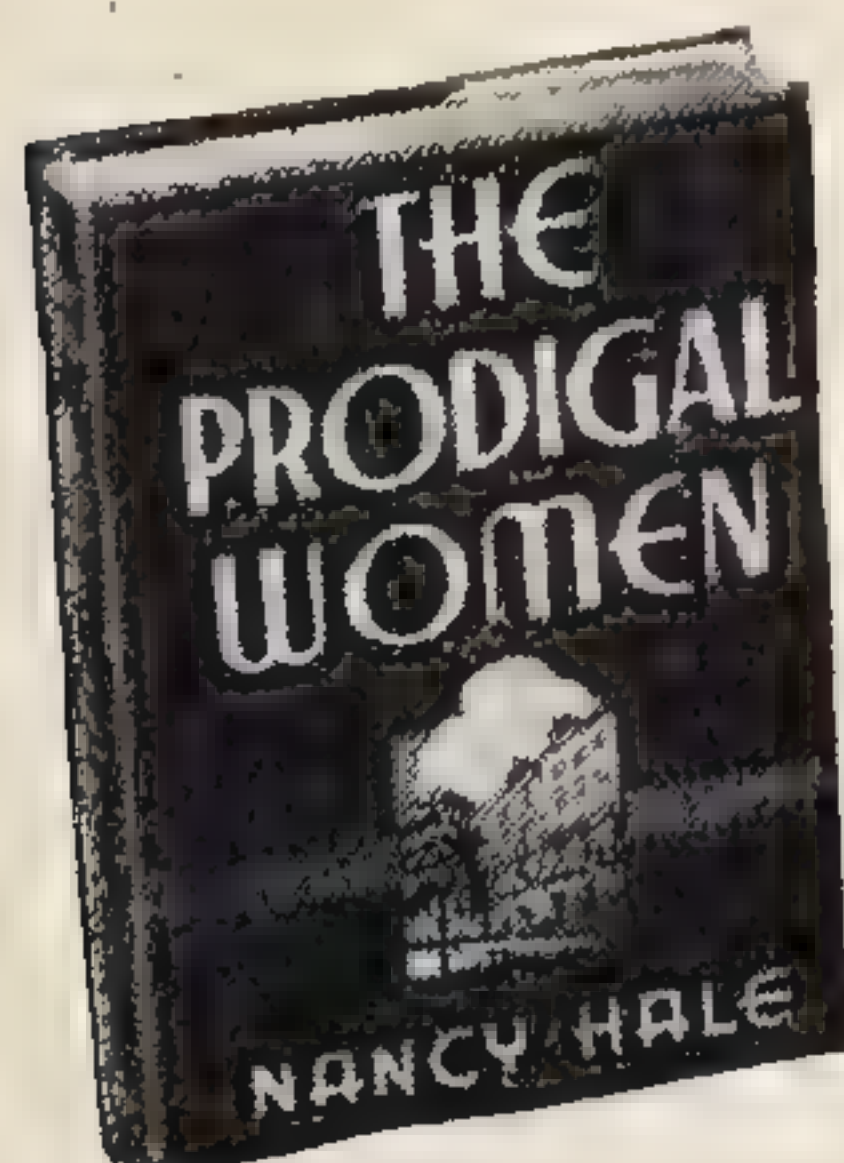
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CONGO SONG

By Stuart Cloete

In a jungle "Garden of Evil," nine men fight for one beautiful woman

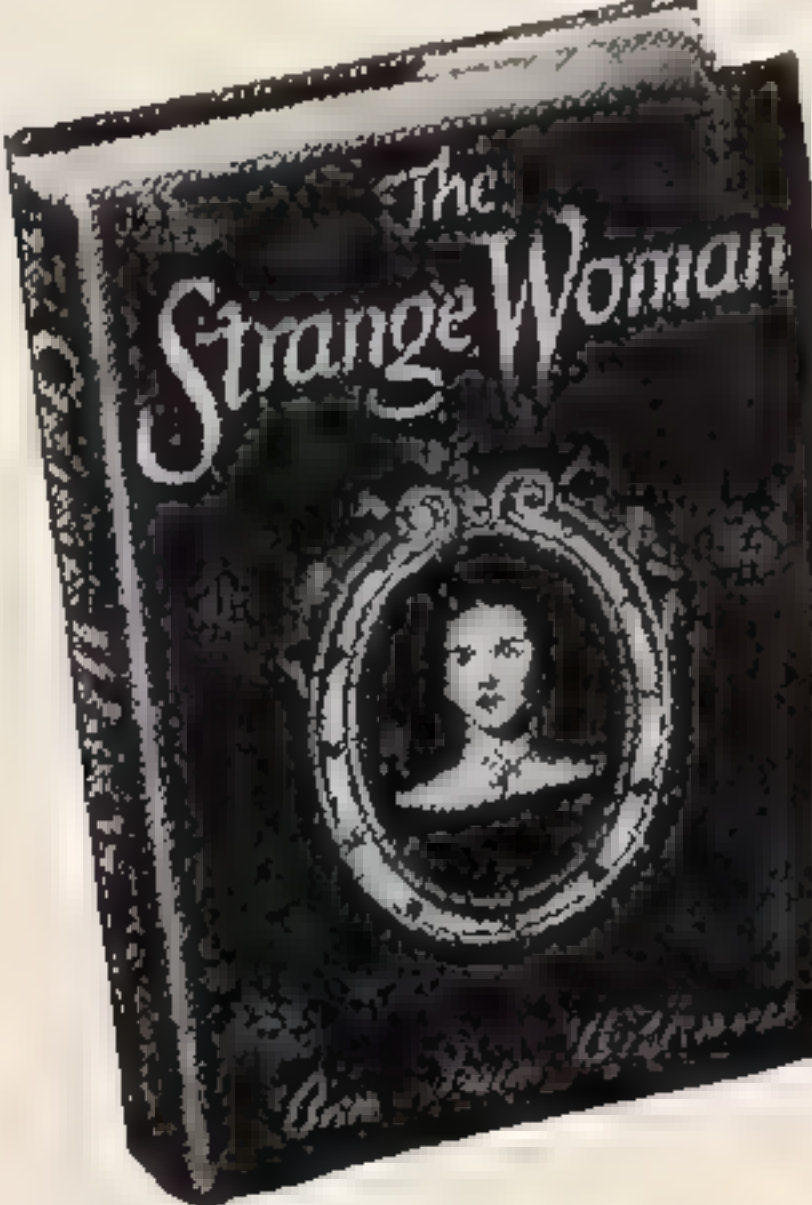


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SCREEN PLAY BY WINSTON MILLER

ANOTHER WINNER FROM 20 CENTURY-FOX!

Lana alone

... reacting just as Hollywood thought she would to her recent divorce from Stephen Crane

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE marriage Lana Turner fought long and hard to save has ended. Lana, with new reserve and maturity, doesn't talk about it, or about Steve Crane whom she is divorcing. Heretofore she always has been willing—even eager—to talk of whatever she was doing or thinking or feeling. She has followed her impulses with a child's lovely and reckless impulsiveness, caring nothing about vague tomorrows, interested only in the same bright hour.

Years in themselves do not bring maturity, a philosopher has said, it is what happens in the years. . . . This being true, bringing Cheryl into the world, planning to equip her to face life and coming, at last, to the end of her rough, uncertain road with Steve, all these have been more important to Lana than anything that ever happened to her before. And it is, after all, understandable that this should be so.

Lana is aware that she is different. "I've changed a lot," she said not long ago. "People used to call me impetuous. How I hate the word! Maybe I was impetuous once. But no longer.

"My mother—my pretty mother who is a grandmother at forty—can be found, any fine day, buying out the toy department at Saks. She is living with Cheryl and me in my little house in West Los Angeles and we manage beautifully.

"I'm so lucky to have my baby. She's getting so cute. She's going to be musical, I think. Already she beats her hands in time to rhythm and turns her head in the direction of any music she hears, and listens intently. She's naturally a good little girl and I want her to grow up that way. I'm really not spoiling her."

Lana has come a long way from the little high-school girl a talent scout discovered at a soda fountain in Los Angeles. She wore red then—red shoes and red dresses and red hats. Sometimes you could scarcely see her for her clothes.

She knows better than that now. The other day, for instance, she wore a heavy white crepe dress, cut low of neck, and white high-strapped slippers but no hat or stockings or gloves. Her whitely gold hair was piled high in provocatively tumbling curls. Her flawless complexion glowed like pink carnations and her arms and lovely legs were browner than Russian mink.

Only a few weeks earlier, on April 8, Lana had begun her suit for divorce from Stephen Crane, charging that he caused her "great pain and anguish from which she continues to suffer." She had asked the right to the exclusive custody of baby Cheryl Christiana, born last July 25, conceded the right of visitation to the baby to Steve and waived alimony claims. (Continued on page 79)



The Mystery of



Judy of the velvet voice, soon to be seen in "Meet Me In St. Louis"

Judy Garland

Smashing, once and for all, the rumors
that have been plaguing this girl's life

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

THE persistent gossip that Judy Garland is dying of some mysterious disease can now be put away along with those moth-eaten old whispers that Shirley Temple was a midget and Mickey Rooney was a grown man made up as a child!

Judy is *not* dying! If she was ill last year, she has thrown off the sickness that caused her friends so much anxiety and has emerged a new girl—happy and healthy.

She is now sleeping at night and within the last month she has put on five pounds of much-needed weight. I want to say all this in a hurry because I have never known a rumor to sweep so malignantly over Hollywood in the usual behind-hand whispers.

At my listening post at the office I admit I had even wondered myself about Judy. I had known her since she was a plump little thing of thirteen actually fighting weight like mad and trying to diet because her studio told her she was too fat. I had watched the round little songbird grow up, marry Dave Rose and then day by day seem to become a mere shadow of her former robust self.

"It's an unhappy love," said some of the gossipers. "It's a grave illness that is dooming her to a life of tragic

sickness," said others. When I tried to make an interview appointment with Judy and it was twice postponed, the rumors began to sound true.

The only thing to do was to keep on until I got to Judy and found out the truth. The truth of the situation, when she finally came to see me at the house, was almost an anticlimax. She was carrying along an ice bag for a swollen cheek as an antidote for a wisdom tooth that had been pulled the previous day. In spite of the ice bag, she looked marvelous but, nothing daunted, I decided to put the question straight to her.

"Are you very ill, Judy?" I asked her. "What does your doctor say?" Even as I put the question to her everyone had been whispering, I was thinking I had never seen her look better. But maybe it was that swollen jaw giving her the look of plumpness.

"You too, Louella?" she laughed. "I'm getting so weary of all this talk that I'm wasting away and of people pitying me because I'm so thin. Why, just a few days ago I picked up a newspaper with a picture of me taken at one of the cafes. My eyes were closed and I did look bad—but not half as bad or half as mad

as I felt after I read the caption. It said: 'Judy Garland is a very sick girl and looks it!'"

I asked: "Judy, was it your unhappy marriage to Dave Rose that caused you to lose all that weight?"

"No," she answered. "Dave and I had no terrific scenes during the time we were married. Of course, there is always an emotional upset when a marriage is finished.

"I honestly believe what caused me to lose weight is that I have worked, and worked hard, since I was two years old. As you know, I've been on the stage since I was a baby. Perhaps I didn't build up enough reserve strength, due to making so many pictures during my adolescence. For in the past few years, I've been so weary and tired. I couldn't ever seem to shake a feeling of fatigue and weariness.

"And I had terrible trouble sleeping," she went on. "I had to take something, a sedative, each night and even then I would awaken more exhausted than when I went to bed.

"But recently I have been sleeping like a baby. A few nights ago I slept twelve hours around the clock. Right then and there I threw the sleeping pills out the window. I know now that I am on the road to getting (*Continued on page 106*)

(Left) Judy, still the little girl in the early days of her marriage to Dave Rose, now (right) quite the night-clubber, with English Peter Lawford



I GO TO WAR

What do boys think about on that first day
away from home? Their girls? Their families? Here's
the answer—with a punch

BY *Farley Earle Granger*

I SAT looking quietly out the window . . . hearing the sound of the train as though it were unreal . . . watching the trees, the telephone poles, the warmly beckoning homes in the distance roll by. I watched a life fade behind me with each passing mile, a life I had known and loved. I waited with each new moment for the life that lay ahead.

And as the many thoughts rolled through my brain like patterns in a kaleidoscope, it seemed that the train kept repeating, "This is it . . . this is it . . . this is it. . ."

Yes, this was it. The day so many of us young fellows have to face. The day when our country gives us a chance to repay our debt for being Americans. . . .

I've thought back to that day many a time here in the barracks. I've shared the feeling of countless boys who looked out a train window and perhaps brushed a tear or two away from their eyes. But I know

those tears weren't signs of weakness. They were tears of a young boy growing up. Maybe growing up a little early. Maybe missing a lot of youth because of the sudden need for manhood.

. . . The barracks are full of men tonight, but each of us is alone. And lonely. It's the time when you can't help remembering. Remembering so many things. Little moments that once seemed so unimportant, big moments now because they are a part of the life that has slipped away for a while. San Jose, California, where I was born . . . school-rooms where I wrestled with physiology and civics. Boy! how I detested those subjects . . . Meeting Ingrid Bergman, who has that naturalness I like in girls and being so embarrassed before her loveliness I could hardly speak at all. . . .

That day when my letter came. I remember that. All it said was "Greetings." The rest I knew. I

had been waiting for it for weeks, ever since the first of July on my eighteenth birthday. I was working on "The Purple Heart" at the time. I remember feeling how lucky I was to have been able to finish two pictures before the time came. Sure I had regrets. I loved acting. Ever since I was a kid and had my first circus fever I've wanted to act—if you don't count one brief spell of wanting to be a veterinarian. I could never honestly say I didn't mind giving up the life that meant so much to me.

I remember when I began acting in a couple of Little Theater plays in Hollywood I could feel something inside of me growing, something satisfying, a lot more satisfying than clerking in a grocery store in Universal City. And the day when Mr. McIntyre, an executive at Samuel Goldwyn studios, came to see me after a performance of "The Wookey" in Hollywood and asked me to come to Samuel Goldwyn's for a screen test for the juvenile lead in "The North Star" . . . The awful expectancy as I made the test . . . the thrill as I was told I had won the part.

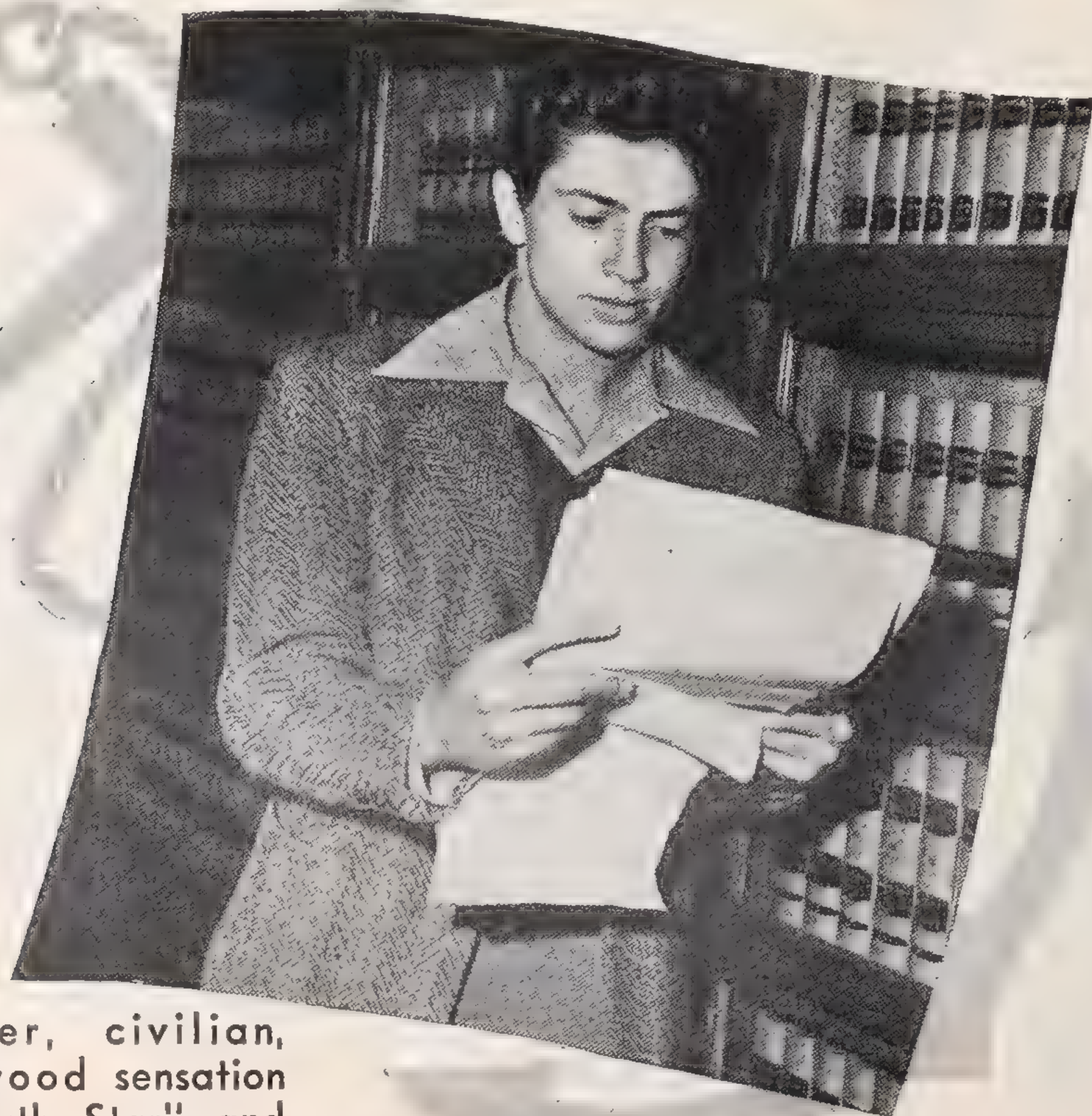
Then "The Purple Heart" with its further progress. And director Lewis Milestone's request that I appear in a third straight picture with him, "Guest In The House." That was swell even if it was something I couldn't do because of my induction. And yet I feel at times as though I had done it.

. . . Those are some of my thoughts as I sit in the darkening barracks. Those are the thoughts that make me alone in a crowd of young Americans.

What are they thinking about, these other fellows around me? Their girls? Their mothers? Their fathers? Their homes? The jobs they left behind? The hopes they had?

They're alone too.

I think once a boy knows he is going, he looks forward to that day when he (Continued on page 72)



Granger, civilian, Hollywood sensation of "North Star" and "Purple Heart"



Granger, American
fighting man in
the U. S. Navy

What a good many women would give a great deal
to know—a behind-the-scenes picture of
married life with the Fabulous Frank

IT ISN'T ALL ROSES

BY NANCY SINATRA



Mrs. Sinatra with
small Nancy and the
newest Sinatra rave
—son Frank Junior

WHEN our doorbell rang two hours after midnight one time last April I was a little alarmed.

We were all women in the house except for three-months-old Frank Jr. who could not be expected to rout any nocturnal prowlers.

I had urged Frank to stay in New York overnight to avoid seeing our home in the last stages of dismemberment.

The storage and shipping men had been there all day and now most of our furniture and possessions were on their way to our new home in California. The house was desolate. No rugs, no draperies. The beds were left for a later day's packing, and so was the kitchen stove and

a few storage boxes—but the place was anything but the restful retreat a man deserves who has to snatch six hours sleep between a midnight benefit performance and an early morning rehearsal.

The bell rang again, insistently.

My sister Tina came into my room and grumbled sleepily:

"I suppose those school girls who had a picnic on the lawn today are back for breakfast. Don't Frank's fans ever go to bed?"

"I'd better answer it, I guess," I said. "It might be a telegram." And I struggled into my robe and slippers and ran downstairs to the door.

But it wasn't a fan, and it wasn't a telegram. It was my husband, grinning sheepishly and apologizing

for not having his key with him.

"I thought I warned you to stay in town," I said. "The house is a mess."

"I'm tired of town," he said. "And I like messes. Is there anything in the ice box?"

No matter how late Frank comes in, he loves to raid the ice box.

There was some cold spaghetti, left over from the impromptu supper Tina and I had fixed for ourselves when we finished the packing. I put it on the stove to heat and made some toast. I poured two big glasses of milk. Frank was busy in the living room.

"I've built a fire," he announced after a while. "Come sit by it."

"On what?" I asked.



Sinatra, en route to Hollywood and more fame

"On boxes," he said. "What else?"

So we sat on storage boxes beside the roaring fire and ate the spaghetti and drank the cold milk. Frank told me about the day in town and I brought him up to date on the goings-on at home: How our daughter Nancy and her best friend Mary Ann from next door had "helped" the packing men so efficiently that our bill would be four dollars more; how Frank Jr. had slept through his carriage ride in the park and missed the first spring robins; how my father had telephoned to report that he had gone carefully over the plans of our new house in California and was convinced Frank had made a good buy. (Daddy is a builder and is always afraid Frank and I will buy a house without checking things like insulation, foundations and roofing. He doesn't know Frank as well as I do.)

Frank untied his shoes and stretched his stockinged feet to the fire.

"Boy," he said, "it's good to be home."

It's at moments like that when I'm happiest, being Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

We've *never* had enough time together—from the day we were married. At first it was because Frank worked at night and I in the

daytime—an awkward arrangement which we put up with because it netted two \$25 checks a week instead of one and balanced the budget.

Then, when Frank went with Harry James' orchestra he was frequently on the road and even when I went with him on those cross-country jaunts it was more like being smuggled into a fraternity house than having a home and a normal life like other young married couples.

WOMEN whose husbands go to work in the morning and come home in time for dinner, and can be counted on to be on *hand* in case of emergency, don't know how lucky they are.

It has been gratifying to me to see Frank succeed at his career, because it means so terribly much to him. I would have been as disappointed as he if his persistent ambition and daily striving to improve himself and his work had had any other result.

But, if he had been less successful—or if he had been a successful lawyer instead of a singer—he would have been at the hospital when my babies came, pacing up and down in the waiting room like a normal father, instead of checking anxiously

by telephone from a broadcasting station, the last time from a broadcasting station three thousand miles away.

Does that sound petulant?

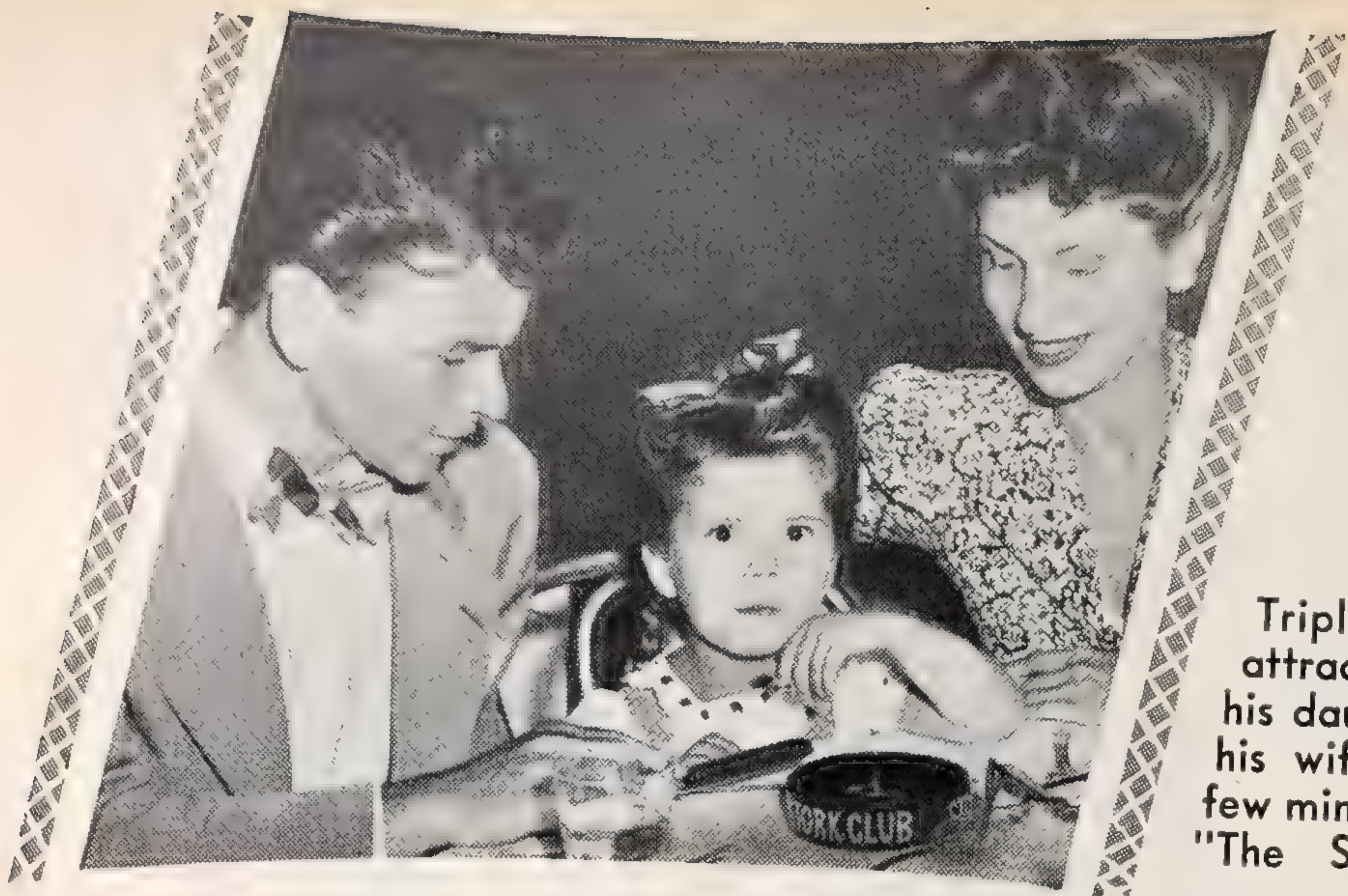
I don't mean to be.

I'm proud of my famous husband and content to share him with the Schedule. But I don't pretend that being the wife of the current sensation is all roses and I am triumphant when we can outwit the Schedule for an hour and sit in front of the fire and talk together, even if we do have to use storage boxes for chairs and warmed-over spaghetti for supper as we did that night last April.

We make a game of Outwitting The Schedule. One evening not long ago I was dining in town with some of my girl friends. I didn't know where Frank was, except that his afternoon appointment with his business manager would probably go right on through the dinner hour.

When my friends and I emerged from the restaurant we saw a cluster of young girls staring in the windows of another cafe across the street. They had autograph books and they wore bobby socks.

"That can mean only one thing," I said. "My husband!" Then I had an idea. "I think I'd like some more coffee and dessert." I winked. My



Triple center of attraction: Frank, his daughter and his wife steal a few minutes from "The Schedule"

friends, getting the point as good friends always do, thought they would rather go on home.

I left them and crossed the street and broke in on Frank's business dinner. His business manager got the point, too, and left us alone. We had dinner all over again—and got reacquainted. Of course, the swoon-struck girls at the window watched every bite we took and hung on our every inaudible word, but that isn't so bad when you get used to it.

Frank and I no longer require privacy, in the usual sense. It's enough if the talk can be about ourselves and the children, instead of movies and the radio for a while. The Schedule loses.

AS for those wonderful, if omnipresent kids—we don't expect to be without them, *except* in the middle of the night. They ring our doorbell from daylight until dark. They write us—yes, me, too, and Frank Jr. (who had fan mail and presents before he was born) and Nancy—copious letters.

They're as much a part of our life as our brothers and sisters . . . more: They don't wait to be invited. But we know how much their support has contributed to Frank's meteoric rise and we love the darlings—nearly always.

Last summer Frank had a week's vacation for the first time in five years and we made happy plans for a holiday—with Nancy—at Avon Beach. We wanted to relax, to swim and lie in the sun and wear our oldest clothes. We planned to do nothing more energetic than take in a neighborhood movie after the baby was in bed.

We forgot about the kids. They swarmed about Frank on the beach and in the water. They ferreted out the location of our little apartment and looked in the windows. They followed us to the movies. They would have helped put the baby to bed except for the police who finally flung a cordon around our house to discourage them. It wasn't exactly the sort of rest we had counted on.

In Hollywood, things are a bit less

hectic. Frank leaves for the studio almost before light and our dinner hour is moved up to eight o'clock so that he can spend a little time with the children after he gets home. But he is *home* for dinner. That in itself is a drastic step toward a normal life.

Our house, backing up on Toluca Lake, isn't elaborate but it is quiet and secluded and this summer Frank and I have discovered for the first time how nice it is to have a picnic of our own out of doors.

Our family is growing. Tina came west with us and helps me with Frank's business affairs and correspondence. I used to handle the books, pay the bills, the salaries and run the household myself, but when the Post Office appointed a special mail man just to deliver our mail it got to be too much.

I have help with the babies, too. I didn't know until Miss Hewitt came how much time I had been spending over formulas and orange juice. I fought the step: I had managed formulas and orange juice when Nancy was little and was secretary and cook and bottle washer, too, and I loved every minute of it. But Frank finally convinced me that all of my jobs had been multiplied by two since then and I was running out of minutes.

AM still cook and bottle washer and Frank won't argue that point—for the very good reason that he thinks no one can broil a steak or make a stew to suit him except me. My mother and father are wonderful cooks and I seem to have inherited their instincts in that direction. Which is a good thing to inherit when you are married to a man who—despite all the jokes about malnutrition—is *always* hungry.

I'm glad Frank likes my cooking and my housekeeping. I'm glad I went to business school so I can help him with his financial affairs. It makes me feel that I am an important factor in his life, that I am contributing to his successful career.

I will quarrel to my last breath with those proponents of the "eman-

cipation" of women who say homemaking is *not* creative.

Give a man a home he wants to come back to and no matter how much glitter gets in his eyes it will not blind him and he will come home.

I wish I could convince the people, particularly the young people, who have been envious as Frank attained artistic and financial success, that the best thing we have, our rich and happy life together, is something any young couple in love can attain. Money hasn't anything to do with it, or fame, or the many opportunities that we have to go to the chic places and be seen with important people.

We still have our marriage, despite the money and fame, because it was a good marriage when we had nothing.

AM always sad when I read in the papers that the marriage of some famous couple has gone on the rocks. They didn't plan it that way. They wanted it to work. They wanted to be happy.

But their fame—the Schedule—demanded too much time for the chic places and the important people and they never found the necessary moments to be alone together, to get to know one another well, to get the roots of their marriage deep into the ground.

We almost never entertain. When Frank has a few hours to relax, he wants to spend them in the nursery, playing with Nancy and Frank Jr., or puttering about in his study, with his record collection and his ship models. He doesn't want to put on his best clothes and his best company manners and make small talk. He gets enough of that during working hours.

We eat in the kitchen if we want to, and we often want to. We go to bed at seven o'clock if we feel like it, or sit up half the night talking if we're in that mood.

We spar with the Schedule and win a few rounds. Enough to be happy, at any rate.

I wouldn't change a thing in our lives if I could. Frank has the success he worked so hard to attain. I have the proud conviction that I've helped him do what he wanted to do. And given him what he wanted even more—a home that is a home and a family.

Okay, it isn't all roses. But it's a good life.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES

Frank Sinatra



Pagano

Serenader Sinatra, who makes sweet music in RKO's "Manhattan Serenade"

EVERYTHING'S JAECKEL



Dick is a backgammon enthusiast. Soon he hopes to forsake pictures for the U. S. Merchant Marine

Dick is a morning-paper reader. He's "L.K." (Lotion King) to pals for the many pomades he uses

A surprise meeting with a "surprise" star, Dick Jaeckel, the baby Marine in "Guadalcanal Diary"

BY DOROTHY DEERE

WHEN a producer walked up to Dick Jaeckel, mail boy on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, and asked him if he'd like to be a movie actor, young Dick answered with what is best described as a hoot.

"Me—act? I'll bet you I could dive through a keyhole quicker!"

The producer, knowing no more about keyholes than what he had gathered from Winchell's column, didn't want to bet. He was willing, however, to place his money on young Jaeckel as the "baby Marine" in "Guadalcanal Diary." That "Marine" part was what helped him sell the deal. After due consideration, Dick thought maybe he could act like a fighting man, since he expected to be one someday. They had to be careful with that "baby" stuff, though. Going-on eighteen, he regarded playing the role of a sixteen-year-old as strictly character work.

There were things about acting, when he got into it—and especially when he got into the Marine's tin hat and mud-caked boots—that were not bad at all. There was the day when he lay in a jungle setting, a Marine rifle in his hands, and showed the world how a young American

can die—if he has to. There was a bayonet slash that looked real on his chest, sweat and grime on his face, and the tragic un-complaint of youth cut down, in his eyes. After awhile even the other actors—seasoned troupers like Lloyd Nolan and Preston Foster—forgot they were on a sound stage where the slime and dankness and choking growth sprang from a set-builder's magic, rather than from a lonely, blood-soaked Pacific isle. . . .

Dick liked this, because he likes proving he can do something worthwhile, and even though he didn't realize how *really* worthwhile his pretending was, he liked the commendation on the older men's faces.

On the other hand, he didn't care much for the sequence in which he had to pretend to lose his nerve during the bombing.

"I'm not saying I wouldn't be scared," he said, "but I'll bet I wouldn't yell around about it."

Looking at his well-slung jaw and squared young chin, you're inclined to agree with him. But it happened to be part of the story, and he gave every scene the best he could. And later, when audiences began leafing through the celluloid pages of the

"Diary," they watched those scenes, and he made them know just how it was with all those other fighting-hearted kids who have had to go out and learn to be men—the hard way.

When the picture was previewed, Dick sat laughing at himself through most of the reels. He thought he was "awfully funny"—and he didn't mean as in comedy. Without even waiting 'round the studio to see what the score was, he went out and got himself another job. Frantic casting executives who wanted him for "Wing And A Prayer," found him working at a soda fountain with some of his former high-school pals. He went into the second picture, but next time, he says, it won't be so easy. If he has his way, the next time anybody comes looking for him they'll find him in the U. S. Merchant Marine.

All of which brings us up to date on Dick Jaeckel, the actor, and gets us started on the rather amazing story of Dick Jaeckel, the boy. The most significant characteristic we can set down to begin with is the fact that he is going to be totally unimpressed with this account. So far as he is concerned, the data contained (Continued on page 86)



Richard Jaeckel

Sensation at Seventeen: Richard Jaeckel of Fox's "Wing And A Prayer"

Schoenbaum

That's Hollywood

Another report from the typewriter that has helped make Hollywood famous . . . from



WHENEVER I get ready to pay my check in any restaurant, I recall James Cagney's remark to me: "Always tip big. Never be afraid of over-tipping. You can never tip a person whose living depends on tips too much. I know. I used to be a bell-hop" . . . I have been out with Hedy Lamarr many times and often as I sit across the table looking at her beautiful face I am surprised to hear her say, "Look at that pretty girl sitting over there in the corner." I turn and look and generally it is some movie fan who is just staring at the beautiful Lamarr, who also admires beauty.

Do you sometimes wonder what happens to the Oscars after the winners take them home? I know that Ginger Rogers has her Oscar on the soda fountain in her den, that Greer Garson has hers standing proudly on the mantelpiece and that Katharine Hepburn used her Oscar for a door-stop. Mike Curtiz, who won his Award for the direction of "Casablanca," has been known to stand near his Oscar and say, "Mike, don't think too much of yourself. You have yet to make a picture like Michelangelo or Rembrandt."

I always like to wander into the offices of the movie executives and observe the fixtures, such as the signs and autographed photographs on the walls . . . Arthur Hornblow Jr. has on display in his tastefully furnished office a James Montgomery Flagg drawing of Greta Garbo which is autographed by Gee Gee. . . . Buddy De Sylva, in his Paramount office, has a printed sign which tells of a conversation between Clark Gable and an interviewer. The large cardboard quotes the interviewer asking Gable to what he attributes his amazing record as a box-office champion for many years. Gable's answer is: "Any success I may have achieved is due to M-G-M's wisdom. The studio picks my stories, casts my pictures and selects my directors." The interviewer then asks, "Without any help from you?" And the Gable answer is, "Without any help from

me." This sign is prominently displayed so that any actor or actress who enters De Sylva's office to complain about a scenario can read it. Buddy De Sylva claims that it has saved him from many big arguments.

I have never seen Cary Grant in any picture that he wasn't entertaining and didn't give a good performance. And that goes for when I meet him in person too . . . I think that Joan Bennett would be one of the biggest stars in pictures if she



Personal to producer
Arthur Hornblow Jr. from
Gee Gee (Greta Garbo)

were as alluring on the screen as she is when she dances at Mocambo. . . . Akim Tamiroff is considered by many a fine character actor, but to me he could be billed as "The Man Of A Thousand Faces And One Dialect" . . . One of my great pleasures in this village is to take a walk along the side streets of Hollywood and note the old-fashioned bungalows, the cheap cars and the extras who gather on the porches. Some of the extras are old and tired and some of them are young and their eyes look toward Beverly Hills and charge accounts.

My favorite place to visit, and in this I am not alone, is the Schwabadero. To make it clear to you, the Schwabadero is the pet name given to Schwab's Drug Store. And its

particular allure is not the fact that celebrities congregate here, for you can find more celebrities at Chasen's or Romanoff's, and those who do come to the Schwabadero come because they have heard and read so much about it that they want to see "what makes."

And "what makes" is the fact that a group of people who are representative of Hollywood congregate here, but not strictly for the purpose of being seen. Writers, directors and up-and-coming actors and actresses get their mail and phone calls here, they get checks cashed and they read all the magazines, for free, at the soda fountain. Every night there is, as it has been called, "the eleven o'clock floor show" and the minute you enter the store you are part of that floor show. Albert Hackett, the writer, who recently joined the cast of characters, aptly described the place when he said: "I asked a friend did he go to the Schwabadero and he replied, 'Go there? Why, I live there!'"

The other night, very late, the phone rang. Leon Schwab answered and the voice at the other end asked: "I would like to know if the drug store across the street from you is still open. I'd hate to make the trip if it was closed." Leon said, "Hold

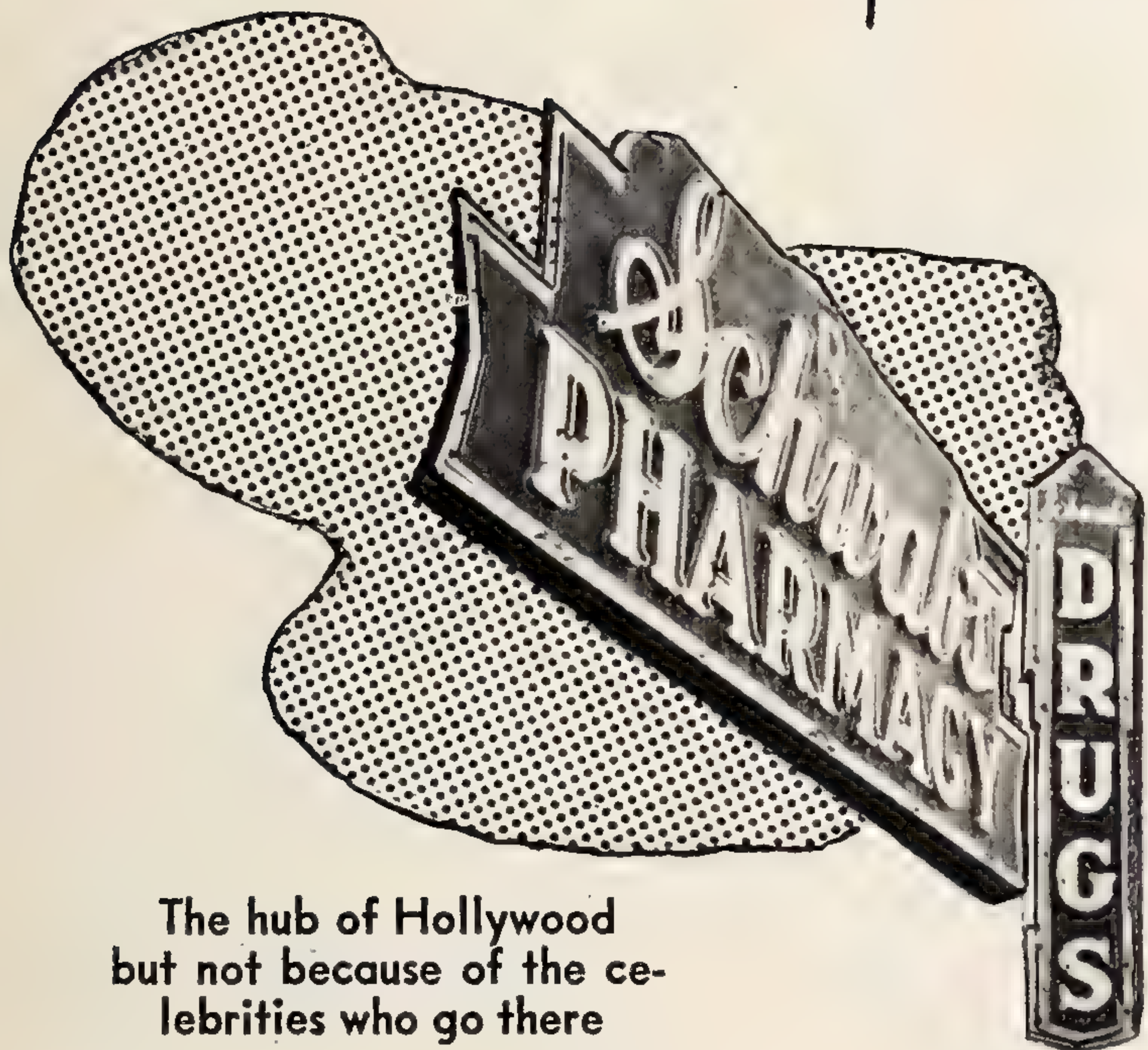
Joan Bennett at Mo-
cambo doing what should
make her a big star



For You!

star tips on tipping to ermine-trimmed Christmas trees!

BY *Sidney Skolsky*



The hub of Hollywood but not because of the celebrities who go there



Sidney Skolsky with his friend, Jimmy Cagney, picking up some valuable tips

the wire," walked to the front, looked across at the rival store, returned and said, "Yes, it's still open. If you hurry you'll make it."

"Thank you," said the party at the other end.

"That's okay," replied Leon. "It's just part of the Schwabadero service."

* * *

I never hear the name Tyrone Power without wondering what would have happened if Darryl Zanuck hadn't imported Annabella to play a role in a picture . . . You can have your Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour (and how you wish you could) but if I had my choice for a date tonight I'd take Judy Garland . . . There are only two shows on Broadway that I give a tinker's dam about seeing and they are "Oklahoma" and "The Voice Of The Turtle." The song, "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top," I don't hesitate to predict will become an American classic. I read "The Voice Of The Turtle" and still get a chuckle from this bit of dialogue between Margaret Sullavan and Audrey Christie. They have

both seen a musical comedy the night before and Miss Sullavan asks Miss Christie what she thinks of it. Miss C. replies, "I thought it stank." Miss S. asks, "Oh, why?" Miss C. says, "I don't know why I thought it did. If I tell you that a piece of fish stinks, you don't ask why, do you?"

* * *

There is no actor on the screen, or for that matter on the radio, who can sing like Bing Crosby—and if that be treason, you Sinatra booby socks can make the most of it . . . I am always a little amazed when I read that Marlene Dietrich is romancing with Jean Gabin, for I know that Miss Dietrich is a married woman. And the amazement is no less when I read that I have written it myself. But there never have been any objections, not even from husband Rudolph Seiber . . . No matter how well I get to know Paulette Goddard, I feel that I want to know her better, despite the fact that she once decorated her Christmas tree with ermine tips. And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END



"The Groaner," otherwise known as Bing Crosby, gets an honest rating

Phyllis Brooks





Betty Grable

... Betty Grable who rightfully earns the title in "Pin-Up Girl"

Ginger Rogers has a pet "don't" involving Marine husband J. Briggs

Don't mention it!



There's a big surprise in what gets the brush-off from Errol Flynn

Rita Hayworth still blushes if you refer to a certain era in her life



Don't mention it!

Don't mention it!

"DON'T mention it!"

You've said it! We've said it! Everybody's said it! For haven't we all something in our lives we would like to forget? The Hollywood stars, however, rarely are permitted to forget their sore spots, sensitive points, Achilles heels, or whatever else you choose to call them. For the minute a mystery is built up around any given point in their spotlighted lives it becomes the question everybody most frequently asks them.

Betty Grable is a name which makes George Raft wince; although George, as you might imagine, is not the wincing kind. He wishes Betty well in her marriage and motherhood with trumpeter Harry James. But he cannot forget that the Num-

ber One Pin-Up Girl gave him the air before he got around to giving it to her, which was possibly the first time any such thing had happened to him. Betty liked George but liked a home and husband more. It's doubtful if George will ever entirely recover from this unexpected reversal.

Raft isn't the only one in Hollywood who wishes "the one before the last" might forever be a tabu subject. Rita Hayworth blushes—charmingly—every time she is reminded that she was once in love—to put it mildly—with that magnificent specimen of man, Victor Mature. At the time the non-talkative Rita could be positively voluble when discussing Vic, whom she swore to Fearless she loved and would marry.

Before Orson covered her horizon, of course.

There's Jinx Falkenburg, too. Jinx used to rave about her love for Major Tex McCrary and about Major Tex McCrary's love for her. If he didn't come back soon, she said once, she was going to Europe and marry him there. It was, she insisted, dewey-eyed—and Jinx dewey-eyed is a delightful dish—the real thing in her life. The Major, however, seems to have lost his mood for marriage. But don't mention that—to Jinx.

Often in love but never a bride, is enough to get any girl down, including Olivia de Havilland. "When are you getting married?" is a question not to ask Livvie. She goes icy, especially if you question her con-



Broach the subject of caste to Franchot Tone and he'll turn on his heel and leave



Don't expect kid-glove treatment from John Wayne if you bring up that special point



Irene Dunne is devoted to her husband, Dr. Griffin, but isn't so fond of those anniversaries

Being an eye-opening list of tender topics which you'll do well not to mention to these particular stars

cerning a certain director who now wears the khaki of the Signal Corps and has acquitted himself magnificently under fire. We suspect this gentleman really has Olivia's heart and don't, for one instant, blame her for doing everything in her power to keep the scorching light of publicity from blighting this romance as it has done before.

Before Jennifer Jones won the Academy Award for her performance in "Song Of Bernadette" those who talked with her were curious for details about her marriage with Robert Walker. Jennifer always was distressed when this subject was introduced. She ducked it like a weaving boxer. Everyone thought, at the time, that she did this because she feared it would hurt her budding

career to be publicized as a wife and mother. Nothing of the kind. Jennifer knew her marriage was on the rocks. She and Bob Walker already had separated, planning divorce, several times. Although their status is no longer secret, it is still unwise to mention B. W. to J. J.

Likewise, if you want to remain friends with John Wayne, never make the mistake of mentioning his broken marriage. This handsome

actor, very sensitive about his separation from his wife and four children, can be curt and rude to tactless questioners.

Mickey Rooney has two Achilles heels—one romantic, one physical. Every time Mickey sees his ex-bride, Ava Gardner, he sees red. If Mickey is in a night club with some cutie and Ava walks in Mickey promptly asks for his check and leaves in a huff. Maybe this is because when he tried to talk Ava out of a divorce she wouldn't listen. Maybe it's because, following their divorce, Ava wouldn't give him a date.

Mickey's other burr is his height—or rather his lack of it. He dislikes being a little guy. If you look closely at the living room of Judge Lewis Stone in the (Continued on page 83)

BY "Fearless"



My Commandments for my Children



Ronnie and Donnie, the
eldest, military geniuses

Would you tell your children to
laugh, make up their own minds, have
secrets? Here's one dad's views

BY DON AMECHE



Tommie, the studious one
of the Ameche quartette

WHEN I use the word "commandments" in the title of this article, I do so for want of a better one to describe the means of pointing out a pattern of life and character which I hope my children will follow. For I do not believe any human being has the right to give commandments to another under normal times and circumstances. Parents can only plan for their children, hope for them, pray for them, counsel and guide them. This, rather than an arbitrary laying down of commandments, is what Honore and I try to do for our sons when we say:

THEY must laugh. This may seem a trivial thing to put first in the raising of children. But it isn't. For the spirit of joyousness, the quality of being merry about things is the most important one we can wish for those we love. The very sound of laughter is a heartening, healthy thing in your house, or mine—or in the house of life. After all, what distinguishes a happy from an unhappy person, an extrovert from an introvert, is the ability to laugh—at himself as well as at, or with, others.

I feel sorry for people who can't laugh and I mistrust them a little, too. There is something slightly warped, I believe, about those who do not relish the laughter-provoking aspects of life and living, the antics of their friends—and of themselves. Nor am I referring to a sense of humor. That is important, too. But a sense of humor can sometimes be

an ironic thing, even cynical. No, I mean laughter—spontaneous, rib-splitting honest-to-goodness laughs. Honore and I go out of our way to make our children laugh. We encourage in them the habit of laughing by pointing out to them things that are amusing, saying, "That's good for a laugh." We often clown, make zanies of ourselves in order to get the laughs. And we laugh *with* them.

THEY must move often. By this I mean that I hope they will not live all through their childhoods in

Lonnie, last but not least
of the energetic Ameches



this one farmhouse we call home, in this one town or even in this one state or country. Basically, I am all for the "old homestead" idea. There is something rooted and substantial about the ancestral home in which you were born, and your children after you and their children after them. Children need a base, a sense of permanence, a sense of security.

But it can be carried too far—and too long. I believe that roots struck too deeply in one soil bleed when they must come up. I believe that one environment, without variation, from infancy to maturity, makes it difficult, painful and sometimes downright impossible for people to adjust to change when it comes, as come it must, especially in our world today. For life, tomorrow, is going to be a very flexible thing, with all the nations of the world practically our next-door neighbors. After the war, England will be an overnight trip. A week-end jaunt to China may not be a dream.

It is not possible for Honore and myself, or for most families, to gypsy about from place to place in order to make it easy for our youngsters to adjust. But we are sending the two older boys, Donnie, aged ten, and Ronnie, aged seven, away to boarding school. Military school. Later, we hope to send them to Eastern or mid-Western colleges and for as many visits and trips, far from home, as possible. Our hope is that if they move about often enough they will be at home, not only in their immediate neighborhood, but in the world. (Continued on page 95)



Shirley Temple

Tip-Topper: Shirley Temple of "Since You Went Away," Color Portrait Poll winner

Humie Fink

Getting Personal

On Your Personality

Combining two irresistible attractions—one, a quiz, two, a chance to find out all about yourself from an expert

BY LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.

Consulting Psychologist

Does your personality cut a good figure?

Are you the well-rounded type, mentally streamlined to get the most out of life? Or is your personality on the awkward side, like a dress that doesn't quite fit and so hides the comeliness of the figure beneath?

Perhaps you don't know.

In that case, this test will help you find out by analyzing what goes on behind the scenes in your head. Watch your answers—yes or no—for a silly answer would get you a silly rating—and that would be a pity!

Now—after this dire admonition—let's begin!

* * *

1. Have you always had a definite idea or plan of what you want to do and be?
2. Do you usually meet people more than halfway when the occasion demands your co-operation?
3. Do you usually have a set place for everything in your home?
4. When someone takes the trouble to criticize your actions do you listen quietly and not say much or do you rise to your defense?
5. Do you almost always contribute something to official collectors for charities?
6. Do you have a reputation for being neat, trim and fussy about your personal appearance?
7. No matter what it is—are you happy in your work?
8. When you act the good sport about something is it usually because you like the people involved in the incident?
9. Do you almost never criticize people—leaving that chore to others more willing to take the risk?
10. When you have an appointment are you usually on time or there ahead of time?
11. When you daydream, is it about things that can't ever become possibilities and realities?
12. Do you have an outdoor hobby such as a Victory garden, golf, sailing, hiking club, riding?
13. Once you start anything do you usually like to finish it as quickly as possible?
14. Even in the heat of an argument do you usually manage to keep your voice down and under control?
15. Do you feel yourself capable of doing things most other people do?
16. Are you usually the one calm and collected person when everyone else is "up in the air" over some happening?
17. Do you usually admit your mistakes and forget them as readily as you admit to them?
18. Do you like an occasional evening or week end all to your lonesome?
19. When someone does you an injustice do you usually try to forget it or do you wait your chance to pay back in kind?
20. Can you truthfully say you never put on a "holier than thou" act with salesgirls, doormen, waiters, or other people you may feel are beneath your walk in life?



Now turn to page 82 for an Inner Sanctum reading of the real you.



Joseph F. Pinkas and Raymond L. Erwin (above) of the Naval Repair Base, San Diego, California



Joe and Ray, who work in the Print Shop at the San Diego Naval Repair Base, asked to see these two sprightly gals, Jacqueline White and Julie Bishop, dishing out ice-cream cones across the counter just for them at the Hollywood Canteen. Hope you enjoy the ice cream, boys!

Private George Russell of Santa Monica, California, now in Alaska



George sent word down from the tundras that he wanted to see his sister drawing some of her clever cartoons for him. And who is Sis? She's none other than pretty Gail Russell, Paramount's newest star in "The Uninvited" and a very talented young lady, as you can see. Here she is, George!

Photoplay's

COMMAND

Here's your chance—all you boys and girls in uniform—to ask your favorite star to pose for you and then see your own camera request come true on these very pages



Private Muse F. Grissom, now at Pine Bluff, Ark.

Private Grissom, who has seen service in North Africa, writes (and we quote): "I would like to see Hedy Lamarr as she naturally is around home. No fancy clothes or jewelry. Just plain and sweet as she is." Here's Hedy—no fancy clothes or jewelry. Just plain (well, she could never be that)—and sweet—but definitely!



Sgt. Bill Sully
who is at Shep-
pard Field, Tex.

Up from the Lone Star State came Sgt. Bill's request saying that since Joan Crawford was one of his favorites and since "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" was another, he'd like to see the two combined. So Joan obliged by recording "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" for Bill



Jack David
Wollard at a
Naval hospital
off in the Pacific



By V-Mail came a cheery note from Jack (he's not a patient, he's on the staff) saying he'd like to see his favorite, Jane Withers, done up for some fur-trimmed swimming. So, Janie, who works her feet off for the boys, hied herself right out to the pool. Like it, Jack?

PERFORMANCE

This is an invitation to the men and women in our Allied armed forces to take part in Photoplay's Command Performance. Write the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star do.

Our cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star if the star is available; it will be reproduced, together with your picture, in Photoplay and the original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you at the address you give the Command Performance Editor. A copy of the issue in which your requested picture appears will also be sent you as a gift from Photoplay.

Be sure to give your rank, complete name and address, the name of your home town—and enclose a picture of yourself if you can.



Coast Guard In-
vader Joseph
Kriss, Bloomfield,
Connecticut, lad



Joe, who has been in every theater of war, from North Africa to Singapore, asked to see Ginger Rogers, all done up beautiful, autographing a picture for him. Ginger, who has a fighting man of her own out there somewhere, couldn't refuse. She did more than merely autograph a picture. Just look at that smile. It's for you, Joe!

BIG JIM



James Craig in "Marriage Is A Private Affair": rancher by choice, actor by determination, attractive strictly by nature

There's charm in his brawn
and breadth and a love of
living things in James Craig

BY JANET BENTLEY

TWO tall men, separated by several housewives, stood in the line before the check stand of a Beverly Hills market.

Anywhere else on earth those men would have created a romantic panic. But Beverly Hills residents are accustomed to movie stars in their midst.

The line moved along with that slowness encumbent upon women holding bundles and trying to fish out three red tokens from the bottom of littered purses. Watching the female fumbling, the two men grinned at each other.

"I'm trying to buy a quart of milk," whispered Joel McCrea, giving off with a comedy moan.

"And I'm trying to get a pound of butter," whispered back James Craig. Whereupon the two of them, who produce plenty of milk and butter on their country ranches which they adore, laughed uproariously and every woman in the market joined in and had a wonderful story to tell her husband that night at dinner.

It's not strange that Joel McCrea should love ranching. His grandparents came across this great country of ours in a covered wagon and cleared themselves a homestead only a jump and a holler from where Joel has his cattle ranch today.

But it is an acquired love of the golden hills and the ranch lands of the West that makes Jim Craig sing the new song:

"I'm going to settle down and never more
roam,
And make the San Fernando Valley my
home."

That's what Jim, born in the dear old Southland, at Nashville, Tennessee, intends to do, by the grace of M-G-M in the event the war doesn't call him. It is all part and parcel of his plan of life, but nobody is giving it to him on a piece of old Sèvres china. For several reasons he's having to work for it.

There's the business of his having to learn the trade of acting. Hollywood, mesmerized first by his rapid rise from bit heavies in Westerns to his romantic appeal in "Kitty Foyle," then by his sincere performance in "The Human Comedy" and his sympathetic role with Margaret O'Brien in "Lost Angel," still consistently misunderstands him. Some people in the movie colony will tell you James is money-mad, an error that James abets by explaining why he became an actor in the first place. (Continued on page 92)

SWEET SUE

There's a lilt to the girl
known as Susan Hayward,
who proves that luck is pluck

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

AN old apartment house on Church Avenue in Brooklyn stands only a nickel's ride from Broadway. It is only 3,000 miles (unless you count struggle) from Hollywood. Yet one sunny spring morning that house seemed a whole eternity away from fame and close as a whisper to tragedy.

A small girl's face, with amber eyes under soft red hair, pressed against a window-pane of the third floor front to watch the running children below. Above the children bits of white fluttered, rose and fell, followed along.

Six-year-old Edythe Marrener whirled. "Mother!" she cried, with an intensity that would never leave her. "Please give me three cents!"

The child ran down the stairs, darted out the door and over to the corner candy store. In twenty seconds she ran out again, looking back over her shoulder to admire the newest toy novelty swooping up and down—a paper airplane at the end of a string.

There were no yards for play in that block, so Edythe headed for the excited children in the street. At that moment an automobile shot around the corner.

Edythe went down, trailing the paper airplane in the dust. A front and a rear wheel rolled over her body. The atmosphere in laughing Church Avenue changed, as if by dark and frightening magic.

When the ambulance came, an interne said, "It's well you didn't try to move her—both thighs are fractured." A neighbor, among the crowd that had gathered, told a reporter: "What a terrible thing! Her mother has been putting out a dollar a week, for two years, to give the youngster dancing lessons."

Newspaper readers and Flatbush neighbors responded to the story of the little would-be dancer whose career would never bloom, for doctors at first thought she would die, then feared she would never walk. Presents poured in in such numbers that Mrs. Marrener, not a mother to spoil a child, held them back, turning them over one at a time each morning for a pleasant surprise to the shattered child.

Edythe fooled the doctors and walked in six months. During every day of that half year in bed, she received a new, "wonderful" present!

Today little Edythe Marrener, known as Susan Hayward, has just co-starred simultaneously in two (Continued on page 108)



"Don't try to change me!"
says Susan Hayward, who
stars in "The Hairy Ape."
And who would change
that pretty redhead?



McCREA, INC.

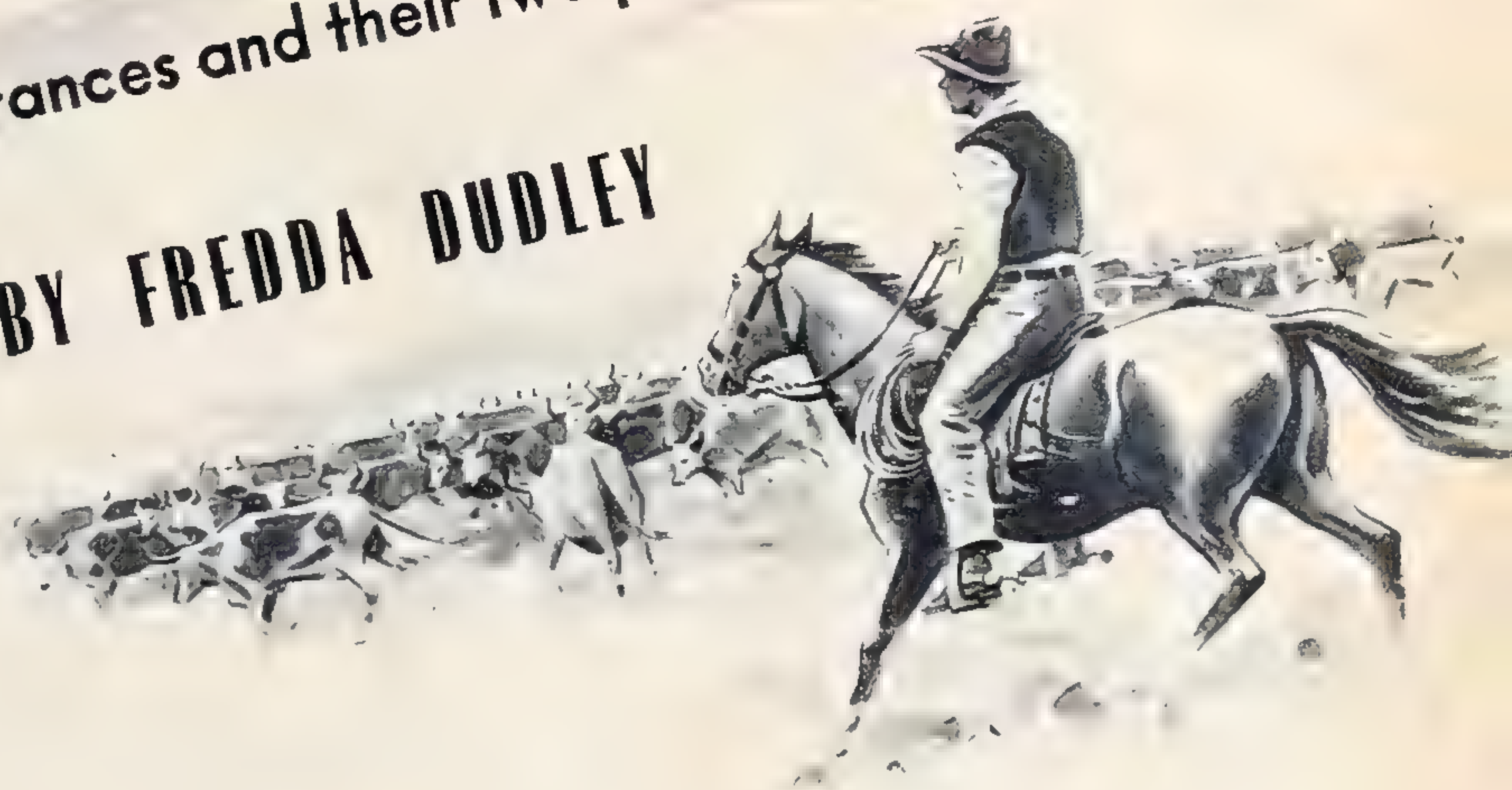
Ranchers Frances Dee (Mrs. M.) and Joel McCrea, who is at home in his role of Bill Cody in "Buffalo Bill"



Joel at an American air base in Africa on his recent War Department tour

They're a closed corporation
with wide-open hearts—Joel and his
Frances and their two junior Macs

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



A TALL, rugged man approached an apartment building in a southern city, checked its street address with the scrawled note in his hand and climbed the stairs. He proceeded to an apartment and rang the bell. A small, pretty girl answered.

Her initial expression was inquiry—the polite look reserved for Fuller Brush men and the census taker. Then she did the world's biggest double-take as she recognized her famous caller.

"May I come in?" the tall man asked in his beautifully inflected voice.

Could he come in! Could you use a million dollars!

"I've seen your husband and talked with him," the tall man began. "He is at Natal, Brazil, doing a splendid job for his country. . . ." He talked on confidently, earnestly. He described the hardships, the responsibilities, the loneliness, and the homesickness intrinsic in such work. He explained that the man to whom he had talked was broken-hearted because his wife had written to say she was considering the termination of their wartime marriage.

He made out a splendid case for the absent husband and when he left, he had the wife's promise of a reconciliation.

This twentieth century cupid had just returned from a series of special missions for the War Department. It had been when his plane had come down at Natal that he had been pressed into peace negotiation service for one lonely, miserable boy in khaki. The emissary's name was Joel McCrea.

The story is typical of him. In his quiet way the man McCrea accomplishes pretty nearly anything he sets out to do, largely because when his mind is made up even Gibraltar could scarcely withstand his gentle but relentless determination.

It all began years ago when Joel, a tousle-headed, grimy-pawed, freckle-faced kid, sold newspapers on a Hollywood street corner where the opposition sheet was peddled by another kid. The boys vied for customers among the then-great Hollywood stars who lived on the cream of the land.

"When I grow up," Joel's competitor always said, "I'm going to have a big house and about ten big cars that can go a million miles an hour. I'm going to have an air-

plane, too, and lots of swell clothes. Boy, that's for me."

"Not for me," Joel said firmly. "I want a ranch."

The other boy's eyebrows and relaxed jawline questioned Joe's sanity. "Sagebrush and rattlesnakes!" he jeered.

"And blue sky and sunshine and rain. Of course," Joel added, staring determinedly into space to disguise his embarrassment, "I want a family, too. If a guy has some land, some cows, some horses and a family—well, that's all there is."

Several years later, when Joel was first trying to crash pictures, he lived at the Hollywood Athletic Club with George O'Brien and Charles Farrell. Late at night, hungry sometimes—if none of them had worked for a while—they used to gather in someone's room and talk of the future. One of the group was going to buy—once fame and money were achieved—a cabin cruiser big enough to cross oceans. One was going to have a fifteen-room house with a hot and cold running swimming pool. Another, having scored a series of complete telephone zeros in attempting to make a hit with the lady he loved, ruminated on the pleasant prospect of being a playboy from coast to coast with a different dream boat every night.

Joel always broke up the meeting with his tagline. "I'm going to buy a ranch where I'll own my own sky and sunshine and grass."

"The guy," they said, feinting at Joel's jaw but never taking any serious chances with his celebrated right, "is a hayseed at heart. He just ain't got no imagination."

George O'Brien got the first break and, for a time, fed the rest of them. "When you strike it rich, Joel," he said, "I expect to get paid back in T-bones."

"I'll be running Herefords," grinned Joel. "And you'll really get your share." (Any resemblance of this conversation to any red points, living or dead, is purely coincidental and has nothing to do with the present situation.)

Somewhat later Charles Farrell made "Seventh Heaven" and was in the chips, so he signed the checks. "In return for an eventual week end on your celebrated ranch, Mac," he laughed. (Continued on page 80)

PORTRAIT OF A

Painting in words and phrases that colorful guy, Dana Andrews, who

HIS sleeping hours are frequently bedevilled by a recurring dream—that he is on the stage, before a huge audience, and cannot remember his lines.

He was born in the sleepy little country town of Collins, Mississippi, which was formerly known as Don't, Miss.—an impersonal admonition he is determined to heed.

He drinks three quarts of raw milk every day.

He is classified 1-A and may be in the service by the time this is published. He sings an excellent bass baritone, never wears a hat and doesn't know if he would ever be seasick because he has never been on a boat.

His friends dub him "the late Mr. Andrews" due to his penchant for never being on time. He blames this on the fact that he was five days overdue when the stork brought him.

He was baptized Carver Dana Andrews.

He is superstitious about three lights on a match and has one sister and seven brothers, all living in Texas.

He is an avid movie fan and believes that an occasional matrimonial vacation strengthens the marriage tie. He has a special fondness for little green onions.

He used to bite his nails but corrected the habit.

His father, Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Baptist minister who died in 1940.

He is six feet tall, likes marinated

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

herring and if he were not an actor would have made his living as a landscape designer.

He likes hunting quail and deer.

He has never been to Europe and has an aversion to short socks. His long socks are always sagging because he won't wear garters. He is married to Mary Todd of Santa Monica, California.

He is a graduate of Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas, and plans someday to learn the tango. He dabbles in amateur photography, specializing in still life and character studies. He seldom eats candy and is nostalgically affected by Lee Sims' piano recording of "Contrasts And Improvisations."

He was born on New Year's Day, 1912.

He is an excellent swimmer, rates Director Lewis Milestone his best friend and has a son, David, by his first wife who died in 1935.

He loathes crowds and his father was Scotch-Irish. He studied eight years for the opera and is a follower of "Li'l Abner" and "Red Ryder."

He likes popcorn, tinkering with tools, and old-fashioned cocktails.

He dances a good rhumba, suffers no allergies or phobias and credits his philosophic attitudes to two college teachers—Professors Montgomery and Aydelotte.

He was born on his grandfather's plantation.

He likes caviar and worked in 1930 as an accountant with the Gulf Oil Company in Houston, Texas.

Dana Andrews has an inordinate weakness for rare roast beef, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, the paintings of Van Gogh and if he had life to live over again he would do nothing differently.

He doesn't like cats but never tires of listening to Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor.

He is always showing off his personally trained and perfectly behaved cocker spaniel, which he got out of the city pound.

His cigarette and pocket money is budgeted at \$10 weekly.

He gets very moody at times.

HE HAS had measles and mumps and firmly believes that snobbery comes out in people as a "cover-up of their inferiority."

He weighs 168 pounds and is inclined to finish everything he undertakes. He likes sleeping until eleven o'clock Sunday mornings and thinks San Francisco is the most completely beautiful city he has ever been in.

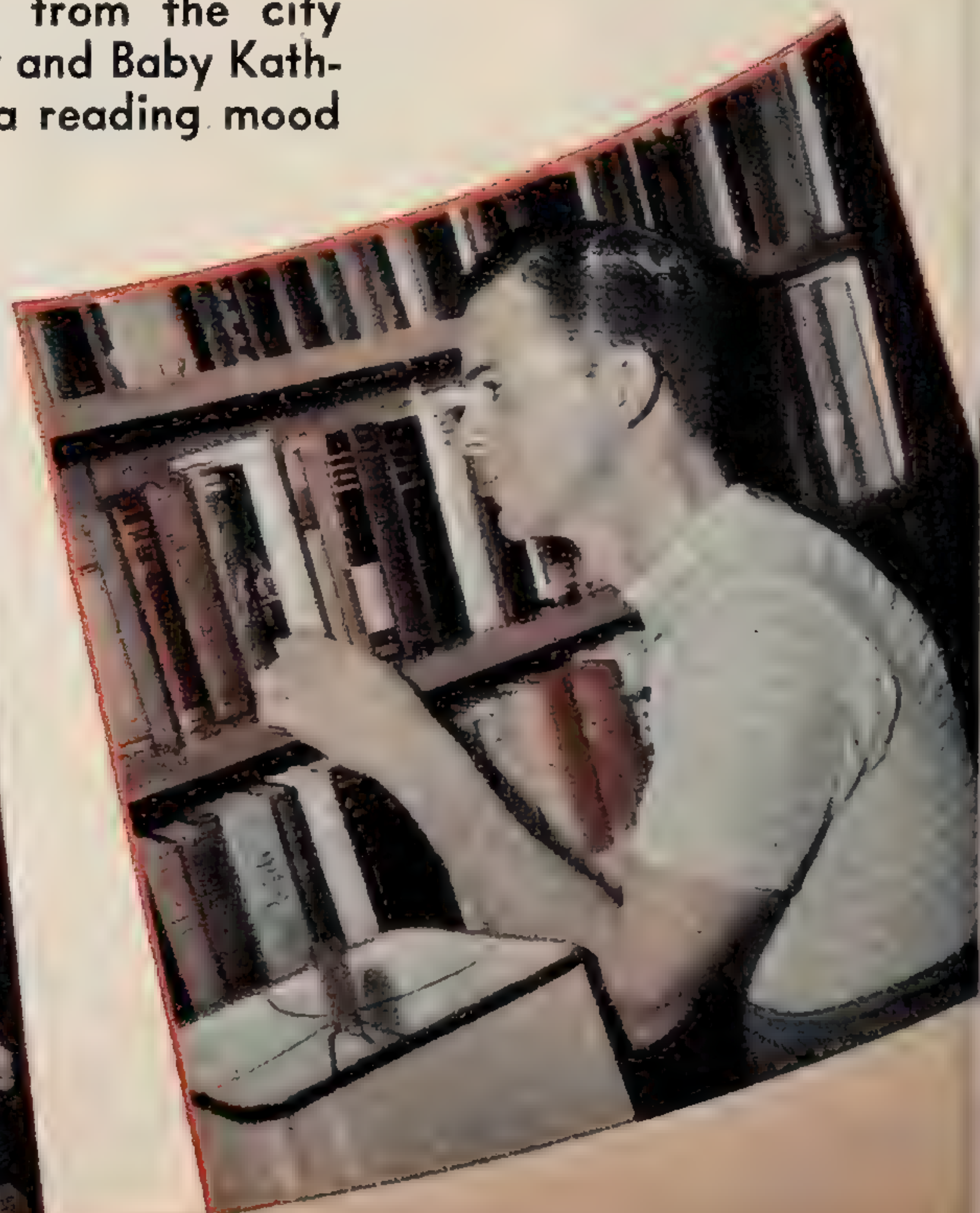
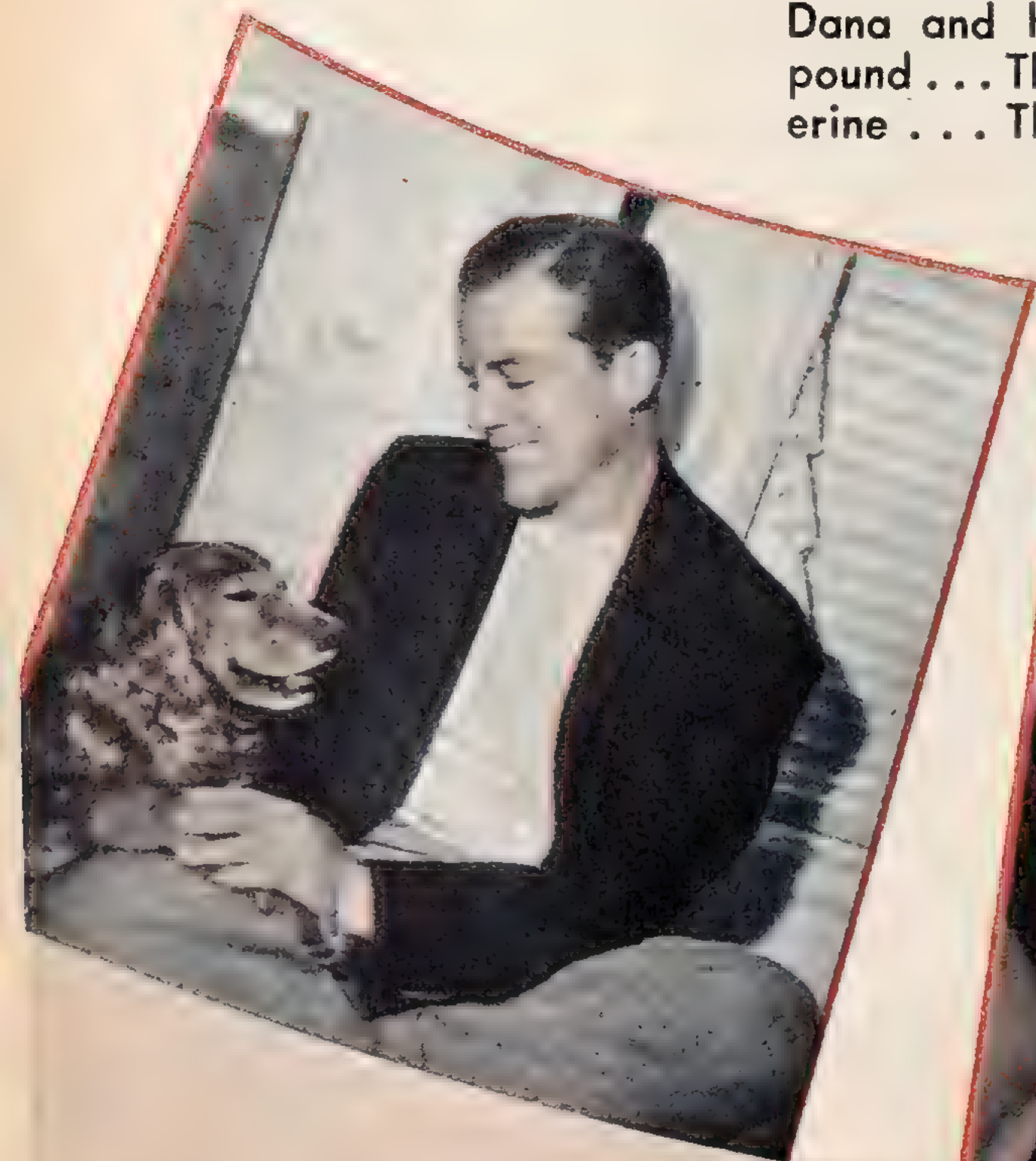
He tried desperately to get the role of *Father Chisholm* in "Keys Of The Kingdom," which is one of his favorite books.

He used to play hooky and go fishing, and has never attempted painting or modeling.

He is a Sinatra fan.

His father nicknamed him "Hoddy," an outcome of Dana's childhood pronunciation (*Cont'd on page 89*)

Dana and his personally trained cocker spaniel from the city pound . . . The Andrews family, "Pop," Mama Mary and Baby Katherine . . . The Andrews library and its master in a reading mood

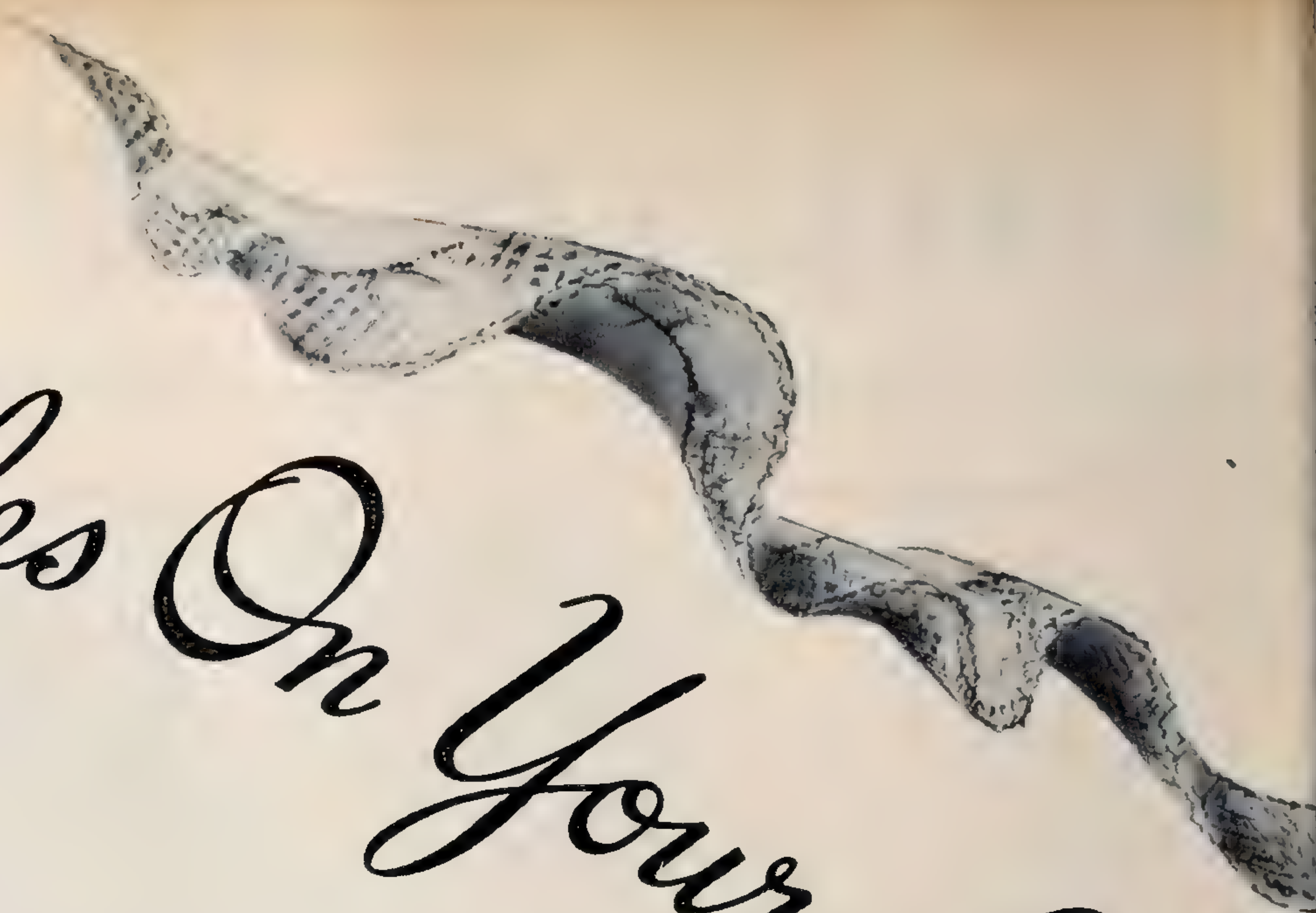


MINISTER'S SON

remembers friends, names, underdogs and what it meant to live in a parsonage

Dana Andrews, nicknamed "Hoddy" by his father for the way he said "Howdy" as a youngster, will be seen in "Wing And A Prayer"





Put Ruffles On Your Life

If you think they're unnecessary in

these urgent days, see what this star

has to say and answer her—if you can!

BY

Loretta Young

WHEN I was young and money at our house was none too plentiful, Mother used to keep a "treat box" on the table in the front hall. Into it went all the pennies that came into the house—change from the milkman, the grocer, the paper boy and so on. The rule was that not one of those pennies was to be spent for anything "useful" or "everyday." They were for birthday ice cream and funny little presents, especially for "disappointment presents." If anyone had a disappointment—got an unexpectedly low grade at school, wasn't invited to "the big party" or had hurt feelings for some other reason—the rest of us plotted to open the treat box.

Out of it would come a bright new scarf for the disappointed one or a silly pottery animal to make us all laugh or maybe just a bottle of olives to make us feel festive at dinner.

The best present I remember having from the treat box was a couple of yards of pink ruffles! I had wept because I was to attend a children's party and "all the other girls would have ruffled dresses." Out of the box came the pennies for the ruffles to bedeck the old dress. They were wonderful ruffles!

I remember that Mother said, "Ruffles are important—on a dress and on our lives." At the time I thought it was funny to talk about ruffles on our lives. Now I know what she meant.

For right now we have to make

use of the little things to brighten drab wartime, to keep alive the habits of gracious living and to keep our faith in the fact that we shall have that kind of living again one day.

The girl in a factory who wears dungarees needs a rose-colored housecoat for the hours when she is resting at home. She needs to do fragrant things to her face and hair and bright things to her nails. She needs a touch of frivolity on her date dress and most of all, probably, she needs a silly hat to make her feel giddy.

Not so long ago Mrs. John Wayne bought the most impudent hat. Every time I saw her wearing it, I burst out laughing. Not because it was ridiculous and ugly, you understand. But because it was pretty and amusing and perky. The day before I was to leave for my last Army camp tour a large box with a bow on it arrived at my door. Inside was The Hat. Mrs. Wayne had sent it to me "for luck." I discarded the hats I had bought to wear on the tour and wore that one every day that I was gone. I know my tour was more successful for that friendly, funny wisp of millinery. It made me feel gay and made me able to spread gaiety. And the boys, too, commented on my mad little topper.

Such little things give us a lift these days! Don't discount them. They're important!

Of course, our "ruffles" can't be

extravagances. We need our money to buy War Bonds. So, since we can't create many bright spots with things we buy, we'll have to create them with things we do. This takes ingenuity.

Do you know, I think eating is one of the most important things we do for fun nowadays. I've always adored meal time. Dinner time is the nicest time of the day at our house, with the whole family assembled, relaxed and amused. I like to draw it out as long as possible and I always hope someone will have a funny story to tell. I'm a pushover for funny stories and if I hear a good one I'll find myself laughing aloud at the mere memory of it. Funny stories make good trimmings for a family meal.

IT'S especially important to make occasions of dinners now that we can't have many "occasions" of other sorts. This is particularly true for the girl who lives alone or shares an apartment with one or two other girls. Don't fall into the drab feminine habit of eating "just any old thing" in the kitchen. Put up the bridge table in the living room. Lay it with a bright cloth. Light some candles. Put the family geranium on the table. Tuck parsley around the scrambled eggs to make them look pretty. And put some powder on your face and a bow in your hair for the same reason. If you think this last gesture is silly because there is no one to (Continued on page 76)



Lady with ruffles:
Loretta Young, of
"Ladies Courageous"



Jane Withers speaking.

ONE of the *unenjoyablest* evenings I ever spent was when, about a year ago, I went on a chi-chi date, all done up in orchids and satins. Attempting to swish into a swanky night club, I found myself surrounded by Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and some other glamorous stars. Which made me look silly and feel sillier. I don't smoke, don't drink, was simply out of place and my escort was simply out of money.

Which reminds me—one of the biggest mistakes teen-age kids make is spending too much money. A fellow can take a girl out and have an awfully good time on three or four dollars—maybe less. There isn't any need to put on a big show by spending twenty-five. I've got smart enough to know that I can have better fun by going to a movie and enjoying a soda afterwards than I can by going to Mocambo or the Cocoanut Grove. I've learned there isn't any point in rushing things.



June Allyson speaking:

FEW teen-agers make my particular mistake, but enough of them do, I think, to make a warning worth while:

When I was a "middle-aged" teenager, I wanted to become a doctor. So I started to study hard towards that end. While other kids of my age were having fun at football games, dances and parties, I was a bookworm. When I graduated, I had the highest average in my class. So what? So I wish I'd had a high average of dates, beaux, romances—which makes a better basis for living later on. For when I stepped out of my ivory tower in my senior year and went to my first dance, I was shy, gauche, unpopular. My escort gave me the brush-off as soon as he could. No one cut in on me. I was a wallflower, a desperately unhappy one. The result was, I had to work like a stevedore for what should have been a natural course of teen-age events.



“My Teen-age

Who says modern youth doesn't give with the truth?



Virginia Weidler speaking:

MY worst mistake was never wanting to be *me*. I was forever copying and imitating older girls, especially movie stars. One day I posed around like Katharine Hepburn; the next day, Joan Crawford; the day after that, I was Bette Davis all over the lot, and so on.

The result was that I've had quite a time finding out what *I* am all about; what I want; what I'm best fitted to do in life and why.

I've had to develop a style of dressing, a way of doing my hair, and it had to be my own style and way, not Claudette Colbert's or Veronica Lake's.

It's all right to be a chameleon if you were born a chameleon... it's very confusing to be a chameleon when you were born a girl.



Shirley Temple speaking:

A GIRL I know was in love with a young flier. He wanted to marry her. But she was only sixteen and her parents advised against it. She didn't marry him. Then a few months ago, he was killed in action. Julie (which is not her name) says that although she realizes now their marriage would have been a mistake, it is one she will never stop regretting she didn't make. For she had a chance to make that boy happy for a little while and didn't take it. She is quite bitter about it.

Teen-agers should learn by their own mistakes, I believe, and not by taking the advice of their elders. And from sixteen on, kids should have dates, romances, experiences. If we have them, we won't abuse our freedom. When we're teen-agers, our instincts are good. Kids, like animals, can tell what people are like, whether they are to be trusted or not.



Peggy Ryan speaking:

GOSH, what *haven't* I done wrong! So what? So that's all right 'cause it's a mistake *not* to make mistakes during the teen-age. They're a part of the fun and frenzy of growing up. You learn from them, so they save you a lot of grief later on. Like I don't smoke, but I tried it once, took a puff and turned a chartreuse green. My beau of the evening took one look at me and I never saw *him* again. But as I never pulled that little boner again, it—see what I mean?—saved me many a beau in the future.

I'm sentimental—plenty. And proud of it. It's a mistake not to be sentimental during the little-lambs-eat-ivy teens. For oh, it is not always May, and all that!

Anyway, I have a hope chest for my "firsts"—first corsage, first love letter, even a memento of my first kiss, which same is a handkerchief stained with the lipstick I prudently rubbed off for the Occasion.



mistake...

”

Here's the proof supplied by some candid teensters

Susanna Foster speaking:

DONALD O'CONNOR and I recently finished a picture called "Top Man." During one of the love scenes, we spoiled the take because Don burst out laughing when I muttered, under my breath, "Are you kidding?"—on account of the dialogue was pretty icky and teen-age kids don't talk that way any more. Why not? Because, thanks to the war, we haven't time for dalliance and those "sweet nothings" in the moonlight we read about. Which is a pity, for I'm sure they *were* sweet. Suddenly I realized that I, like so many kids today, have been thinking of love as something off the assembly line. So now I've decided that I will not allow this war to blitz my youth but that I will, come Hitler and high water, be pre-war and old-fashioned, about romance.



The Private Life of



Robert Walker: You saw him last as Private Hargrove. You'll see him shortly in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo".

INDEPENDENT is the word for Robert Walker—and almost the only word you can use for him without changing your mind the next minute. For he is a thousand contradictions; and only the fact of his independence shines out sharp and clear. Perhaps in this lay the curious bond of sympathy between Bob and Private Hargrove that enabled him to portray so memorably the gentle individualist in "See Here, Private Hargrove."

"He's shy and quiet," say Bob's friends, who are the Keenan Wynns, the Gene Kellys, Van Johnson and Mickey Rooney. "He never talks much; he sits in a corner by himself or he sits in a movie by himself. Guess he's the home-body type."

"He's all over town, talking and friendly," say the headwaiters of Hollywood, who watch life in their night clubs and restaurants. "He's like mercury—rushing around our places, table-hopping; in several spots in one night. Guess he's the night-club type!"

Contradictory? Completely! And then, of course, if you want to go back a few months to his arrival in Hollywood, there were those other opposite statements:

"He's the happiest husband and father in the West," said all the columnists and magazine writers. Then: "He's a bachelor again!" shrieked the newsboys. For presto! Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones had separated, without a word of warning or, in fact, a word of any kind. One minute they were living under one roof; the next Jennifer and the two babies were under that roof, but Bob was in a three-room apartment a few miles away—in Beverly Hills. They were going to get a divorce.

Even his appearance is contradictory to his independent record in life—he looks like a quiet, skinny, bashful six-footer, with blue eyes behind spectacles in a bony face . . . the face that has become famous in "Bataan," "Madame Curie," "See Here, Private Hargrove," and now "Since You Went Away" and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." He has brown hair above a wide forehead, slim and active hands, and a grin as engaging as a friendly dog's tail. Behind the trailing smoke of his pipe he looks like anything but a man who lives entirely by his own rules; and yet he is that man. His life has been a struggle, too—the first sixteen years

Private Hargrove

A lively look at the life of Robert Walker, whose

"Hargrove" is the symbol of G. I. Joes everywhere

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

for attention, and the last few years, but one, in the aching need for food. Yet always he's been independent—and contradictory. Just look and see:

He was born on Friday the thirteenth in Salt Lake City, Utah, of a Mormon family. His father was editor of the Deseret News at the time Bob put in an appearance, and three sons had arrived before him—Wayne, Walter and Richard, who were admittedly the most attractive boys in town. Bob was immediately stamped as the only insignificant member of the family. He was hardly walking before adults were saying in his presence, "Isn't it a shame he's not handsome like his brothers? So skinny and nervous—and wearing glasses too. What a pity!"

Well, Bob didn't like pity—nor insignificance. So he began rebelling in his crib and by the time he was out of it he was the problem child of Salt Lake City. At school the only way he could get attention was by fighting, breaking windows and pulling hair—and he did all of these with such tenacious energy that he was expelled at the age of six from school. Then his family moved to Ogden, with his worried parents hoping aloud that in a new city Bob would become a new character. But he didn't. Again he was the terror of the school; and added to that he formed the habit of running away to another town—where he supported himself by selling papers until he was yanked home again.

THE Walkers were finally desperate. They scraped together enough money to send him to a really disciplinary school—the San Diego Military Academy in California. But discipline was perfume to Bob's nostrils and he was fast becoming the hoodlum of San Diego—when he was stopped in midstream by the first woman who influenced his life, Mrs. Virginia Atkinson. She was the drama coach of the school and in this proudly arrogant, sensitive boy she was sure there was acting talent, if she could induce him to show it. Bob belligerently tried out for a play under her persuasion—and for the first time in his life found solid ground under his feet. He was a superb actor. The realization that he could excel in something changed his personality overnight—and by the time he graduated



Above: Bob, the star, relaxing between scenes at the studio. Left: Bob, the father, playing with his sons, Michael, aged three, and Bobby (about to hurdle the high fence with his daddy's help), aged two

he was the most popular boy in school, the leading actor and scholar and president of his class. The stage had solved his problems of adjusting himself to life.

But worse problems were only a few months away. Again they were tied up with a woman—and they were to create memories which he could hardly escape, a few years later. She was Jennifer Jones (though her name was then Phylis Isley), and she was a warm, friendly, graceful girl whom he met the very first day he attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City, where a wealthy aunt had sent him after hearing his acting record at the San Diego Military Academy. Above his tuition she'd given him nothing—so Bob's courtship was conducted on a financial shoestring.

When they were married, a year after they met, it was in her home town of Tulsa, Oklahoma, on the vast sum of \$200 which he'd saved from a contract with a local radio station. Their one other asset was a blue convertible, which was a wedding present from her parents. But neither of them cared: They were in love, they were young, and no doubt the world would soon awaken to their joint acting talents. They drove off toward Hollywood, where they thought the studios would probably fight for them.

Five months went by in Hollywood, with their larder getting emptier every day. Then one evening after Bob had driven them both back to their ramshackle cottage after another fruitless day of job-hunting, he sat down in the living-bedroom and told himself bluntly that they had only ten dollars left. He was still digesting this fact when he became aware that Jennifer (who'd been acting mysterious all day, anyway) was standing in the kitchen doorway staring at him—and managing to look mysterious even now, with a frying pan in one hand. She finally revealed her mystery. "Bob," she said gently, "we're going to have a baby."

That galvanized Bob into terrified action. The next morning he went quietly out and sold their beloved car—and that very afternoon they left on the cheapest train available

for the City of New York again.

All he could say to Jennifer was, "I'm sorry, dear," when they stood in the New York quarters they'd rented until he could find a job. They had two small, dark rooms in Greenwich Village, for which they were paying \$16 a month.

Months dragged by, while their small capital got lower and lower. Bob had long since given up his adored habit of smoking and every morning he hurried past newsstands

change, I know it! So I've already done a few things. . . ."

He grabbed her wrist and dragged her down three flights of stairs with him again. At the curb before their rickety dwelling was a dilapidated old coupe. Bob pointed it out proudly. "I put a down-payment on it—it'll cost \$75 altogether!" he was shouting. "And I also put a down payment on a miserable little cottage out on Long Island. If we're going to be parents, we should be in the country. Let's pack, right now!"

They did, and they left that night for "the country," which was Long Beach. Jennifer bumped and rattled all the way out to their new home in their very old new car and winced involuntarily when she saw it. Bob winced too. It was a ramshackle little clapboard house and cold winds blew through every crack, and outside the wet fog sat over their roof. About four in the morning Jennifer prodded him awake. Even before she spoke he knew by her face what she was going to say. The baby was on its way—brought on before schedule by that wild ride out there.

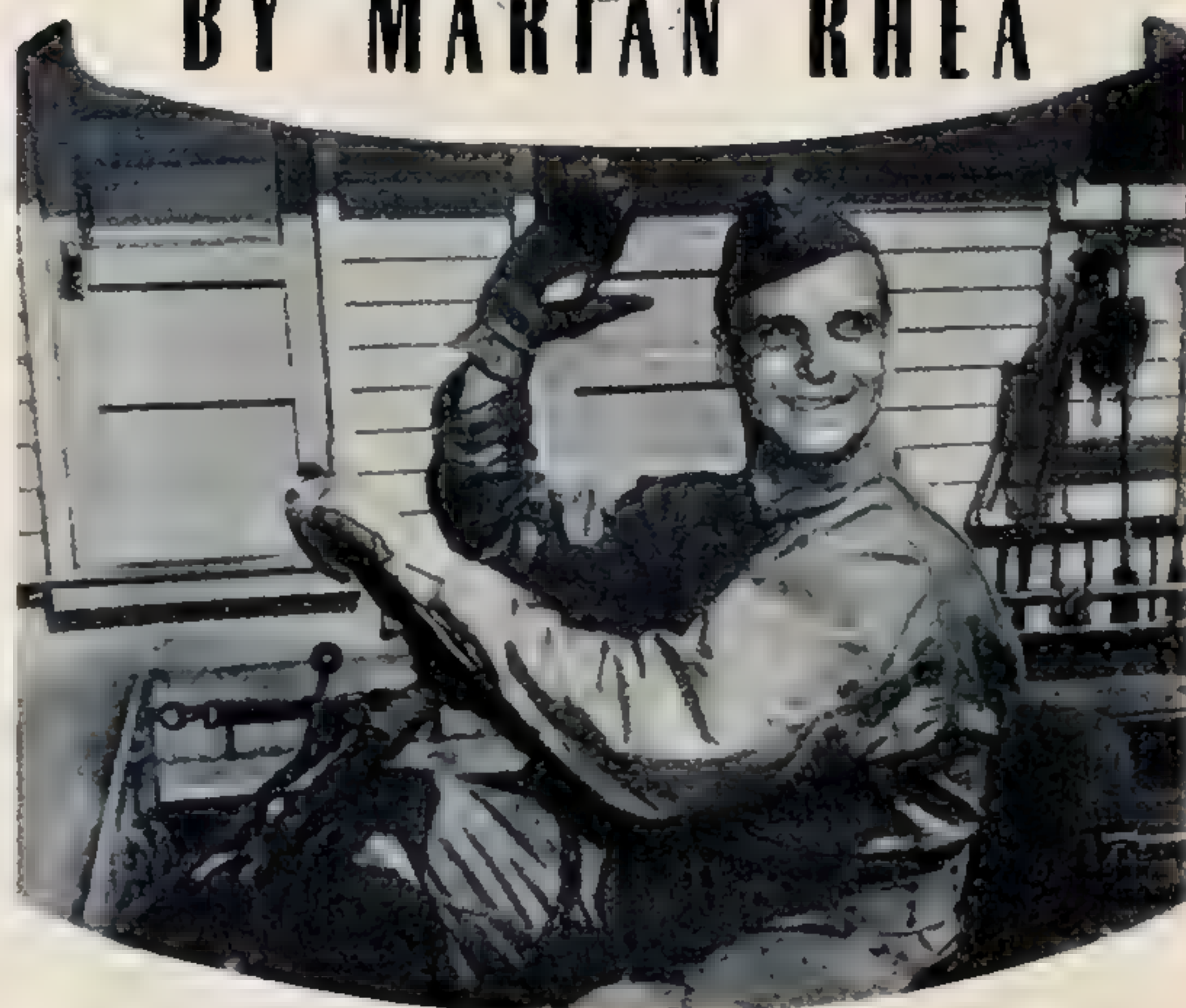
There was another wild ride to the Forest Hills Hospital. Bob watched the nurses take Jennifer into a doorway with his face working and his stomach suddenly gone. He found himself silently making her wild promises of success and security while he stalked alone up and down the hospital corridors—for exactly ten minutes. Then a nurse, grinning widely, appeared and told him, "Mr. Walker, you have just had a son. Your wife is resting nicely. You can see her this afternoon—and you can go away now."

Bob didn't leave the hospital on his feet—he flew. By some miracle of gravity he landed in his rattley car and by some miracle of machin-

ery he raced it into New York City—singing boisterously and uproariously the while. There he blew aggressively into two radio stations . . . and to his complete amazement, landed two radio jobs with two serials—which meant steady money for months and big money. This shock collapsed his wild spirits and by the time he saw Jennifer he could only whisper feebly, "Darling, I think we're (Continued on page 99)

THE KID MAKES GOOD

BY MARIAN RHEA



ONCE upon a time there was a youngster who lived in Hollywood, a happy, normal little boy who liked to fly his kite on a windy day and played a mean game of marbles. He was just Any Little Boy, for all the smile that you couldn't resist and eyes that you somehow couldn't forget.

Then it happened that this youngster was "discovered" by a great film comedian and put into a motion picture. That was in the old "silent" days. The picture caught the fancy and the favor of the world and brought it to the feet of the little boy. It started him along a screen career so fabulous it has never been excelled by a child star and equalled only once. It made his parents rich. It made the producers of his pictures rich. It gave him everything, you'd think. But there you'd be wrong.

This fine career didn't give him happiness. What fun was a "career" to a six-year-old boy in those days? The laws which protected child actors were very sketchy indeed. Besides, what could a fortune mean to a boy of six? Kites don't cost much; marbles don't cost much. What matters is the time to enjoy them. . . .

Time marched on and this small star did an unforgivable thing. He began to grow up. Pretty soon he began to look funny in the little-boy clothes he had once worn so gracefully, even in the baggy (Continued on page 94)

so he wouldn't be tempted to buy a paper.

Then, one wonderful day, he got a four-line part in a radio show. For it he received twenty dollars—and he rushed home that evening, tore up the three flights of stairs, and banged open the door to the dark little rooms. "Jennifer!" he shouted. "I just made my first acting money since we've been married—and it inspired me. Our luck's going to



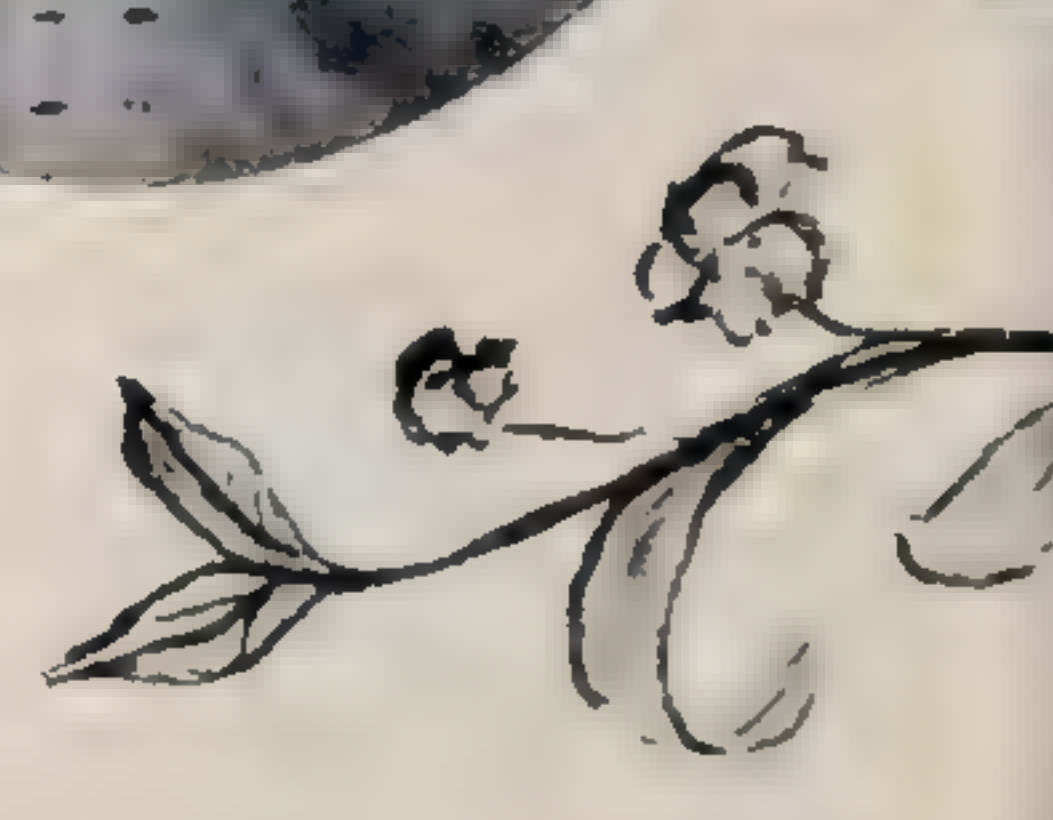
Of a Summer's Evening

Roses for Romance . . . Roses accent the high waistline Deanna Durbin, of "Christmas Holiday," favors in this charming afternoon-through-evening dress. Black suede gloves strike a dramatic note. And coq feathers spray down the sides of the temple to make it so flattering

*Photoplay's
July
Fashions*



Of a



Roman Stripes for a Holiday . . .
Orange and blue stripes make this white linen gay. It's fly front and navy blue reptile belt make it distinctive. With it Deanna wears navy and white spectator pumps. All three of Miss Durbin's outfits from Collins Importers

Summer's Day



Show Your Colors . . . Bands of red and blue high light Deanna's white crepe which, for added attractions, has soft sunburst shirring, a narrow kid belt and hip-length snugness. For accessories, a white silk fringed templet hat, white doeskin gloves and white pumps

Happy Week End!

A Saturday-through-Monday wardrobe

that will help you have a good time



A two-piece dress of butcher linen to serve as a travelling suit—with a tailored yoke, white gilet and lovers-knot buttons

A Marie Phillips Original. 9-15 and 10-16. In all colors. About \$11



Candy-striped cotton for week-end mornings or afternoons. Ideal for the office on weekdays too. With blocks of shirring that do wonderful things for your waistline

A Pat Hartly. 10-18 About \$10. All colors



Bonita Granville, star of "Song Of The Open Road," and Ruth Ruland, Photoplay reader, went shopping for a complete week-end wardrobe and discovered three perfect answers to the old question "What shall I wear?"

"A sun-back dress with a bolero! That's a find!" said Bonita. "Without the bolero—with flowers, matching the polka dots, caught at your waist and pinned in your hair—it would be ideal for an informal evening too"

Fashioned by Paul Durell. Sizes 10-16 About \$9. Red and white, saddle and white, navy and white and green and white

PHOTOPLAY'S
*Star-Maker
Fashions*

For a list of stores
where these fashions
are available
see page 120



What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

There's a lift in this frank advice from a woman of great understanding

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I'm in love with a sailor who is stationed at present in the South Pacific. I write to him often, although I've never had a real date with him. You see, I've known him all my life and I've spent a lot of time with his family and his younger sister who is my chum.

I know it's the real thing for me, but I don't know how he feels toward me. He is very nice and sweet and writes wonderful letters, but I don't know whether that means anything. He is coming home soon, so I'll be able to find out where I stand. I'm 19 and I don't want to waste my best years waiting to see if he loves me.

Can you tell me two things, Miss Colbert, since I've told you all about it? Can you give me a rule of finding out if he loves me? And if he doesn't love me, can you tell me how to make him love me?

Prudence C.

Dear Prudence:

It isn't possible to tell one person

how to make another love her. However, I can tell you how I think you should treat your sailor when he comes home. Such treatment might bring the result you desire. Remember that he is coming back with unpleasant memories. He is looking for the home he left and the associates he had before the war. Through the medium of the letters you have exchanged, he naturally is going to be more friendly to you than before.

How fortunate for you that you are a part of his family. See that he has fun while he is home. Watch carefully that attentions he doesn't want are not forced upon him. Give him peace, quiet and understanding. Be genuine in your consideration of him and give careful thought to his pleasures. If his former feeling for you has ripened into love, he will declare it, but nothing on earth can force a man to propose when he doesn't want to. I have a hunch that he may if you give him the attention that he wants and needs right now.

I know that you don't want to spend your life waiting for him to declare his love. Let him decide. It will be better for you both and I have a

feeling he will pop the question.
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

First of all I would like to have you read the two enclosed letters from my wife.

Dearest David:

As you see, I'm at home again. I arrived this morning (Saturday) very tired, but glad to be back here. I'm going back to work tonight. Seems years since I've worked, I forgot my job so completely while I was with you.

Honey, I've seen George and told him that there is no hope for him. I'm still all mixed up myself, but I was careful to hide that from him. He believed me completely when I told him no one could ever take your place. He is now working in a different department, so I will never see him at work. Also since I'm not going to any more of the swing dances, I'll never see him socially.

I'm sorry I originally took you at your word and started going out in the first place. I thought that was what you wanted and never felt the least bit guilty over doing it. Now I know how you really feel and could never go anywhere without wondering if I were doing right. However, what I said about you still goes. I do want you to go out as much as you can. Have lots of fun while you can because I really will be happy to know you are having fun.

Honey, I really enjoyed the time we had together and I'll always remember your furlough with a tender feeling. Now I have to stop and get ready for work. I love you,

Beverly.

Dearest David:

Sunday night, and here I am alone with my two nephews. I certainly haven't had a very exciting day off. I haven't even been out of the house. Darling, I'm trying so hard to hold out, but I've a lot to conquer. Dancing is just in my blood and I can hardly stand the thought that I can't dance any more without knowing I'm doing you an injustice.

Last night when everyone got ready and went to the dance and I stayed home, I did nothing but cry myself to sleep. Maybe I'll rid myself of this restlessness some way.

As I suspected, I didn't get my old job back, but I didn't have to take a salary cut and the new job doesn't tear me down a bit. Just routine office work.

It is now midnight so I guess I had better stop and get ready for bed. Write soon and don't forget I love you, I guess, or I darned sure wouldn't be sitting here twiddling my thumbs tonight.

I love you,

Beverly.

And now, Miss Colbert, for the necessary information to explain these letters: My wife and I were married in 1937. For the past six years we really got along swell. About eight months ago I began to want to get into military service and was so restless that I quit my job and enlisted in the Seabees. My wife has sort of resented this all along.

Before I left, in a fit of anger, I made a statement that I regretted later. I told her she could go out any time she wanted to, with anyone she wished. However, I didn't think she would.

Since I left home several months ago, she has gone dancing quite a

Write Claudette Colbert
about your problem in care of
Photoplay, 8948 Sunset Boulevard,
Hollywood 46, California. If your
problem has general interest, she
will answer it soon in these pages.

If Miss Colbert's advice has
helped you, write and tell her
so. The most sincere letter
in this "How I Solved My Problem"
series wins a \$25 War Bond. This
month's letter on page 105.

lot and believes she is in love with another man.

I had a 15-day leave not long ago and we spent it together. We had a wonderful time; however, I wasn't quite natural—jittery and strung-up—knowing she would go back and be with the other fellow.

My wife is 26 and I am 30. She has very nice clothes, a swell personality and is attractive. She is making good money and that may affect things a little, but I don't think so.

I don't believe in sharing my wife's love, yet I hardly know what to do about it. I have told my wife how I feel and she states that she is not going out any more, but she seems unhappy.

Well, can you take it from there, Miss Colbert? I can't quite think it through to the future.

D. M. McD.

Dear D. M. McD.:

Yours is a serious problem and I hope that my advice will be helpful to you.

You and your wife have had a serious misunderstanding. This is past now and you both understand each other's feelings. There are no hidden secrets and you are evidently both willing to make a supreme effort to preserve your marriage and make it as happy as possible during these trying times.

I think you should allow your wife to go out to dances if that is what she wants to do. I would write to her and tell her you think she should go, that she could always go with groups, not with a lone man, and not with the same man too often. She should have the fun and companionship that seems so necessary to her. It is not right for her to be sitting home alone as she is doing now. This will only make her unhappy and will not solve your problem.

Your wife tells you that she loves you and that the infatuation for the other man is over and it won't happen again. You must trust her. This is a fundamental of marriage and you must give her the opportunity to prove this to you and to herself. I am sure she will be proud of your trust and not violate it.

With the new understanding between you two, your problem should work itself out.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm 13 and I am writing not so much about myself as about my town. It is so disgusting that it makes me sick. In the first place the city is so far behind the times it is terrible. There is absolutely no recreation of any kind on Sunday and very little at other times, but during the week we are in school so it doesn't matter so much.

We did have a very new and modern bowling alley but it recently burned and it won't be rebuilt for the duration. We have three shows, but they are always closed on Sunday.

We kids get so bored we just about die. Do you have any good ideas to keep us from going nuts?

Francine B.

Dear Francine:

Instead of being disgusted with your town, why don't you set out to put it on the map? All you need is the assistance of a local teacher, the consent of parents and determination.

Somewhere in your town there must be a vacant house or a vacant store-room which you could use until it is rented. Cleaning, painting, and equipping it with the few essentials for turning this building into a clubhouse would keep you busy and interested for a good many weeks.

Your club should not consist of a small circle but should include all the students in your school. Nor should it be devoted entirely to pleasure. There are innumerable war agencies which would welcome the assistance of an energetic group of high-school students. Clothing could be gathered, mended, cleaned and put into condition to be turned over to any number of War Relief Funds, or the Community Chest. Paper could be gathered and bundled. Milkweed pods, used now for life jackets, can be picked and delivered to a local war agency.

The trouble with most students is that they start a drive halfheartedly and lose interest after a few weeks. If you're going to go into the job of providing a recreation spot for yourselves, and from that contributing something worth while to the war effort, you'll have to enter the project with thoroughness and irresistible enthusiasm.

The best of luck to you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

After reading your helpful answers to others, I (Continued on page 101)

She's Engaged!



CARLYN'S LUMINOUS copper-gold hair intensifies the creamy-white look of her fine, smooth skin. This adorable Pond's bride-to-be met her fiancé on the way to South America—where she was going to visit friends, and he to join his parents who live part of the year in Rio, part in New York.

AT U.S.O. CANTEEN SHOWS Carlyn, who leads in dramatics and dancing at her college, helps entertain the boys at the Great Lakes Training Base. "U.S.O. Clubs everywhere need volunteers for all kinds of work," she says. "Maybe you could help, too."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

YOU can't quite capture Carlyn's charm in words, but you know she has stolen your heart *completely*—with her incredibly lovely hair, and the little-girl naturalness of her enchanting smile.

You know, too, that her complexion is *especially* pretty—smooth, fresh and soft as can be. "Pond's Cold Cream," Carlyn says, "is *my* beauty cream. It's such a fine, smooth cream you feel it's bound to do nice things for your face."

THIS IS THE WAY
CARLYN LOVES TO USE IT . . .

She Smooths soft, snowy-white Pond's over her face and throat. Pats it with brisk

finger tips to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She Rinses with a second soft-smooth Pond's creaming, working the cream round



and round her face with little spiral whirls of her fingers. Tissues off again. "Two creamings this way give my face the loveliest, immaculate feeling," she says.

Give *your* complexion this Pond's beauty care—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident engaged girls like Carlyn, society leaders like beautiful Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Lady Kinross love Pond's so well. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURIOUS JAR! Large sizes save glass and manpower. And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the lovely wide Pond's jar.

TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE

Rounded ends
make **FIBS** Tampons
easier to use!



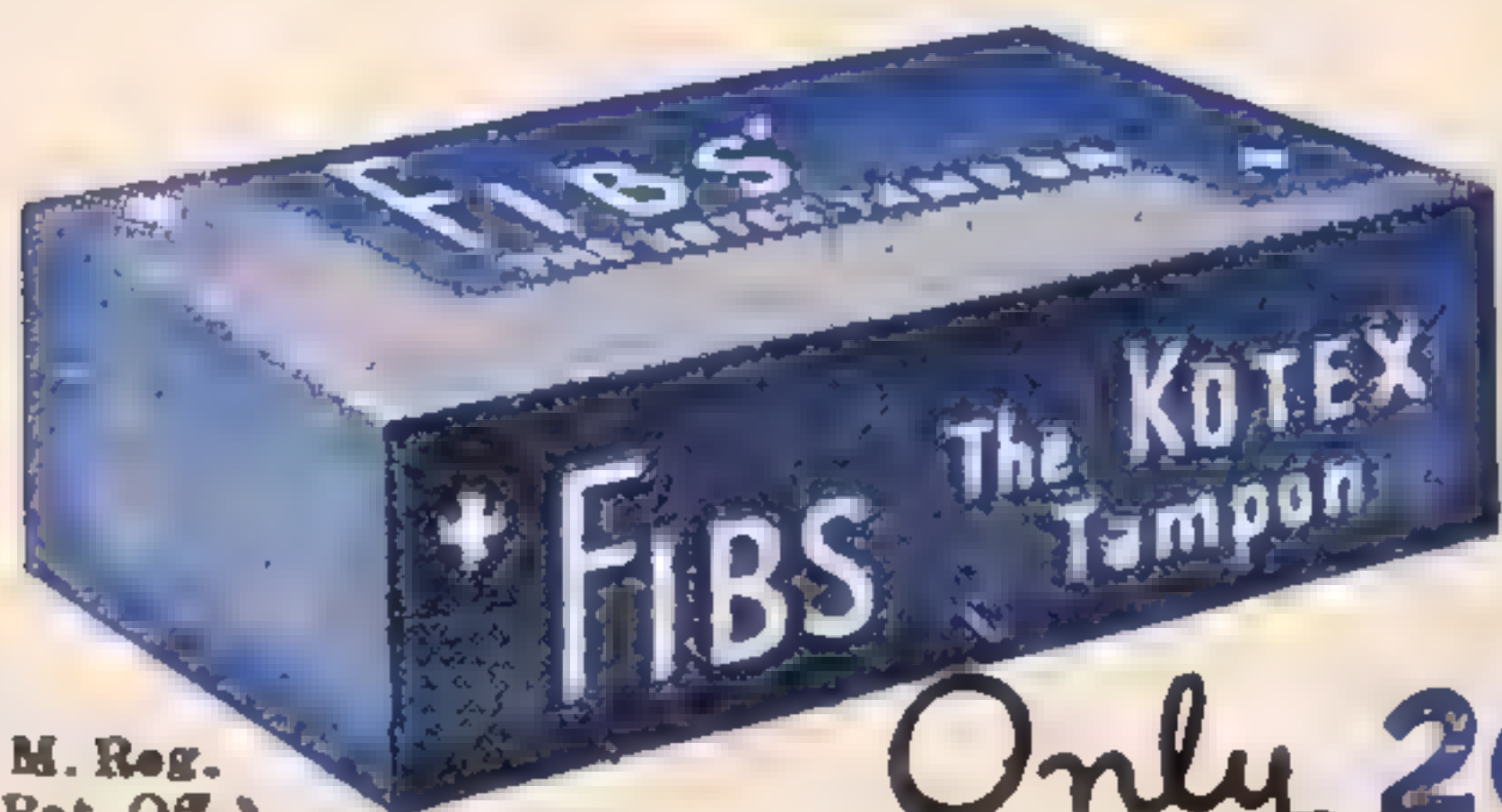
You can see why more and more women prefer Fibs—the Kotex tampon with the smooth, gently-tapered ends for *easy insertion*. And you'll like the just-right size of Fibs: not too large, not too tiny. Your own eyes tell you Fibs Tampons *must* be easier to use!

...and Quilting makes
FIBS extra safe!



Only Fibs are "quilted"—to give more comfort, greater safety. That's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause irritation, pressure, difficult removal.

The Kotex Tampon
for Internal Protection



(*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.)

Only 20¢

Faye Emerson, John
Garfield in "Be-
tween Two Worlds"



BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ **ACTION IN ARABIA**—RKO: George Sanders plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. So, with Virginia Bruce, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, Lenore Aubert a shapely shiekess, and Robert Armstrong goes along for the ride. (May.)

✓✓ **ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES**—Universal: You can relax at this little number that must have been made just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Caliph of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April.)

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—Bogaus-U. A.: Two outstanding performances by Louis Calhern and Akim Tamiroff occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story of five people who are plunged to death when the bridge gives way. Donald Woods is the priest who investigates the lives of the five victims, Lynn Bari isn't quite up to her role, nor is Francis Lederer; but Nazimova is excellent. (May.)

✓✓✓ **BROADWAY RHYTHM**—M-G-M: A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning, Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting, Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom and Dean Murphy's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April.)

✓✓✓ **BUFFALO BILL**—20th Century-Fox: A magnificent Western with color emphasizing the breathtaking beauty of the great West, this tells the life story of Bill Cody, played by Joel McCrea, with all its joys and defeats. Maureen O'Hara is his wife who leaves him, Linda Darnell the young Indian girl, Thomas Mitchell is Bill's newspaper friend and Anthony Quinn and Edgar Buchanan round out the cast. (May.)

✓✓ **CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE**—Republic: Joe E. Brown who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson join in the fun. (April.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE—Monogram: *Charlie Chan*, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an infernal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Kenyon, Marianne Quon and Benson Fong are also in the cast. (April.)

✓✓ **CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK**—Universal: Donald O'Connor meets up with Ann Blythe, member of a theatrical family who have always been allergic to the men in Donald's family, and the attempts of Helen Broderick and Helen Vinson to (Continued on page 110)

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"Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really
makes skin softer, smoother"

Veronica Lake



Star of Paramount's

"The Hour Before the Dawn"



MY LUX SOAP BEAUTY
FACIALS DO WONDERS
FOR MY SKIN!

"I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in gently, but thoroughly," says lovely Veronica Lake. "I rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat to dry. A beauty care that works!"

DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.



You want the loveliness that wins Romance! So take Hollywood's tip. Give your skin regular care with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. In recent tests of these beauty facials screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

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Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it



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COTTON PLAIDS
MAIDEN FORM'S
*“ALLO-ETTE” BANDEAUX**

Sassy is the word for them! It exactly expresses the smart, youthful appeal of these bandeaux in colorful Mexican and American plaids. They give your bosom the lovely uplift, fine support and super-service for which Maiden Form is so famous. No. 7380—in assorted colors, sizes 32, 34 and 36—\$1.00

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BRASSIERES



“There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!”
THIS IS THE CRITICAL YEAR—BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS

I Go to War

(Continued from page 30) will say good-by to his loved ones and board the train that is to carry him to a new, strange—yes, a frightening life. He looks forward to it with a feeling that is frightening because it’s something he finds so hard to imagine.

THE day I said good-by I felt low. It’d be silly to say I felt otherwise. Roddy McDowall, his sister Virginia and Mrs. McDowall—how kind they have been to me!—went with me to the station that morning. So did Sam Levene, my greatest pal. They didn’t talk much about what was coming. They kidded and talked about nothing important, but still I knew how they felt.

When I got to the station, I went through some of the usual routine and was then told that I was to come back at four-thirty that afternoon. The McDowalls and Sam had already left. I decided to go back to see Sam. I remember knocking on his door and hearing him yell out, “Who’s there?” When he opened the door and saw me, he could only say, “What are you doing here? I thought you’d gone.” I spent some time with Sam. He talked to me quietly, the way other boys have been talked to.

“Farley,” he said, “hundreds of other boys have to go in. What they’re leaving behind is as important to them as acting, that jalopy and that ranch you want are to you. Their farm is important. Their job as a truck driver is important. Their baby is important. They feel lost, too. But you’ll realize—as they will—that the experience you all are to face is bound in some way to enrich your lives, to make you sturdier men. It even may make a better actor of you, kid.” He looked straight at me, gripped my hand and said, “I know it’s an old bromide, but make the best of it. You’ll be glad you did.”

After that, I felt better. I *would* make the best of it. Now, there was a difference. Somehow, I had hope.

Sam and the McDowalls went back down to the station with me at four that day. I was glad Sam was near. And Mrs. McDowall—a mother to so many lonely service men. When I got to the station, I was told that the train wouldn’t leave until

seven-thirty. More waiting but more time to be with those who meant so much to me. Mother and Dad stayed home. I didn’t want them to see me off. Dad would have taken it okay, but I couldn’t bear to see that wonderful sparkle go out of my mother’s eyes. I don’t think any fellow likes good-bys at the station with his folks. It’s harder for them and harder for him.

... I wonder if the fellows here in the barracks had that same feeling of pride and loneliness I had while I was waiting for the train to pull out. That fellow next to me probably did. He’s writing a letter now and grinning as he writes. The boy next to him is reading a picture magazine and whistling once in a while at some pin-up girl. Another kid is going around showing a paper with scratches and scrawls on it for the tenth time tonight. That was a letter from his two-year-old boy.

I WONDER if I was right in thinking there was too much to do to be serious about any one girl. I could have been thinking about her now. But it was more fun just to be with the gang at the Palladium. I’d give a million dollars to be there right now! ... No, I wouldn’t. It’s more important to be here.

It’s getting darker. And the nights bring many memories. It is in the night when you have to call upon your hope and your courage. Best thing to do is to fasten on something concrete. My eye catches sight of the black tie of my uniform. Reminds me by contrast of the fancy collection of ties I have at home. Pretty keen, I used to think. Well, there won’t be any more added for a while and when there are, maybe they’ll be different.

I looked outside and saw the snow. And I remember my first impression of the camp when I arrived. ...

I just thought, “Gee, it’s cold!” I had never seen snow before. It lay over the whole land. It was white and brilliant. And it cut you right through—the cold.

There were a lot of homesick kids that night. I was one of them. You’d hear fellows rolling and tossing. Once in a while, you’d hear a muffled sob. Then we heard taps, that mournful, solemn sound. No fellow ever (Continued on page 74)



Two proud people—with the reason for it: Farley Granger with his mother and father just before he left home to enter the Navy



they'll be seeing you!

...and you'll be something
lovely to look at in one of

these wonderful new Jantzen

Velva-Lures... "Jan" with the

white pique pleated fringe

on top is 6.95... "Little Colonel"

with white braid marching

down the front in

circles, 6.95. Both have

marvelous Jantzen bras.

Jantzen

AMERICA'S
SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS...AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!



FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

In Meds' internal protection, dainty women find ALL the features they prefer—and at lower cost!

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON for comfort.
- Meds' dainty APPLICATORS make them easy-to-use.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture.
- Meds are carefully designed to satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.

"Next time," why not try Meds?



Because of this dainty, carefully designed applicator, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

(Continued from page 72) hears it without feeling something empty inside.

A couple of nights after I had reached camp, "The Purple Heart" was shown in the theater. Once the fellows knew I was in pictures, they crowded around me and bombarded me with questions.

"Jeez, are you in pictures?"

"What's it like—being in pictures?"

"Did you ever have a date with Lana Turner?—Oh boy!"

"Or with Hedy Lamarr?"

"You lucky stiff—knowing all those glamour babes."

I was in. Yet, I was part of a large group of men. I was no individualist. Most of us want to be individual. We don't like being part of a crowd. But we have to be a part—not a whole. We're a team then, not a bunch of quarterbacks.

The confusion of your first day in camp . . . the physicals . . . the assignment of uniforms . . . the assignment to barracks . . . the finality of this new life . . . the expectancy . . . the readjustment.

It's the readjustment that's rugged. The following of strict schedules. The complete lack of independence. And this readjustment goes on with each succeeding day. All during boot camp. You march and march and swim and do calisthenics. The swimming is swell—I've loved it all my life—and calisthenics are okay because they develop you physically. I'm for that. Anyway, it's all a part of making you grow up, of proving to yourself how much you have within you.

. . . The fellow who was writing his letter and smiling has now put away his pen and paper and turned over on his back. He's looking up at the ceiling. There is no one around him now. All of the bunks near him are shrouded in a mist. He only sees something in the days gone by. Probably his girl as he last saw her. The fellow with his baby's letter is just staring at the scratches and scrawls now.

The boy with the magazine—well, he's still looking at it and saying once in a while, "Boy!" It's quieter now. . . .

YOU can't erase homesickness here. Even if you try hard, there is a little of it left always. But you have to fight it. You can fight it by believing hard enough in what is good, by praying a little. You can fight it by keeping things on your mind. "Things" are usually someone or some moment you can remember. You need someone to have faith in, to go back to when you get lonely. You need to seize upon happiness.

I always say a little quotation I once read—I've forgotten who wrote it—when I get homesick. It goes something like this:

"The three essentials of happiness are something to do, someone to love and something to hope for."

I have something to do—and that is to help in any way I can to get this war over soon. I have someone to love—my folks and my friends. I have something to hope for—that there'll be a better world to go back to and a chance to share that better world with those I love and to do the work I love.

All of us here have our own idea of happiness, but I believe our ideas are pretty much the same. All of us are proud to be serving our country. We're young and inexperienced but we've learned to get a new kind of thrill when Old Glory goes up.

. . . The call for "Lights out." It's dark in here now. Outside it is still and full of echoes. The room is full of memories. Soon we'll all be asleep. There'll be occasional snores to break the stillness. But with the coming of the dawn, we'll begin all over again. Doing our jobs. Confident of our future. Proud of our heritage. We'll come up smiling!

THE END

YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT in Photoplay!

Readers last month, by voting in
Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll, made

Frank Sinatra

and

Shirley Temple

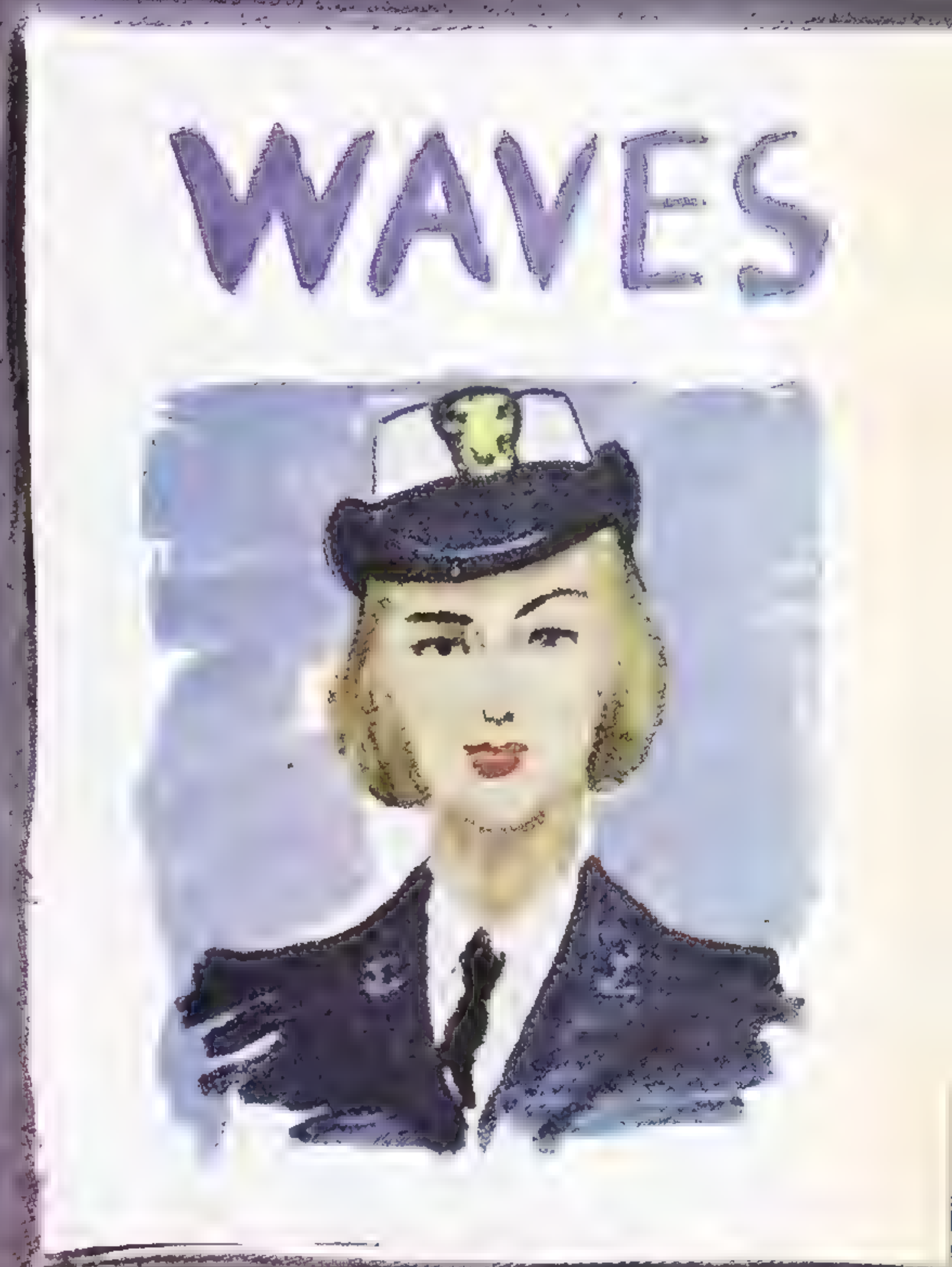
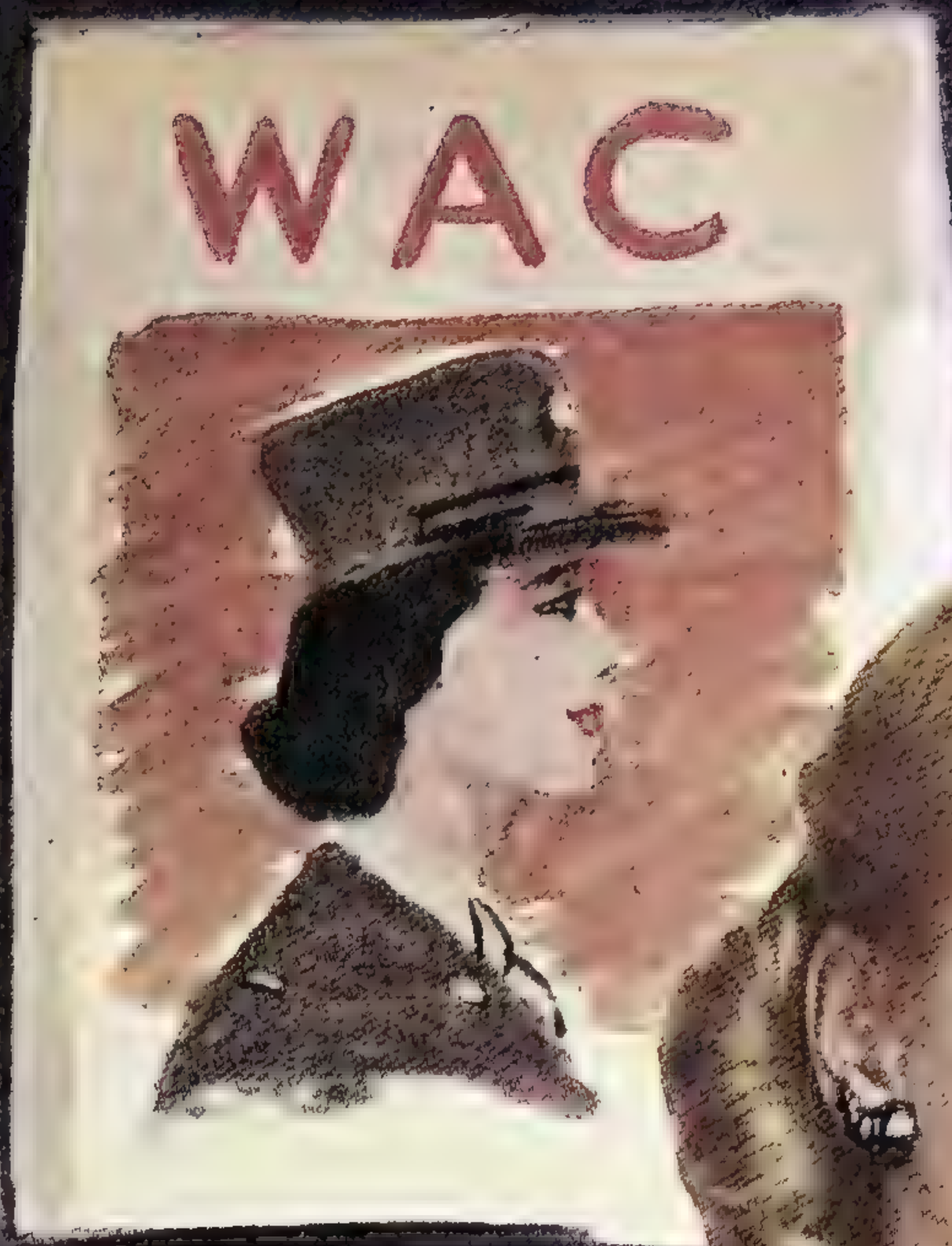
this month's winners

Frank's portrait appears on page 35;
Shirley's on page 46

Choose your next month's winners by sending
in this coupon to the Color Portrait Editor,
Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of

in Photoplay



New Popular Shades

At Ease
Honor Bright
Black Red
On Duty
Off Duty
Young Red



Try and find
a lovelier polish
at any price

OUR GOVERNMENT SAYS: THE MORE WOMEN AT WAR THE SOONER WE'LL WIN

These Women - 1944's best dressed -
choose favorite Cutex Shade

More women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world

Put Ruffles on Your Life

(Continued from page 56) look at you, then take a look at yourself in the mirror and see if you don't feel more like enjoying your dinner simply because you look as if you were going to enjoy it!

TODAY, I think, upon the occasions of weddings, we are neglecting some of the most important ruffles of all. It makes me heartsick every time I hear of a girl's rushing off to a justice of the peace or making a flying call on the minister without any thought or preparation, just because time is so short. If they would just remember, these eager little brides, that a wedding day should be made fragrant with memories always! Maybe girls do have to be married on short notice and even in strange towns. But they should try to have gay, dainty things to wear. They should remember the dear, silly, sentimental superstitions about "something old, something new"—especially something new.

For certainly if there is any excuse at

all for a modest splurge in these days, it's a wedding. I don't mean a wedding with a satin train and bridesmaids and organ music. Of course, if grandmother's ivory satin dress and veil are reposing in a trunk in the attic, by all means bring them down. Otherwise, at least, have a new traveling bag and a new hat with a crisp veil flying, a bright flower on your shoulder, the daintiest negligee you can afford.

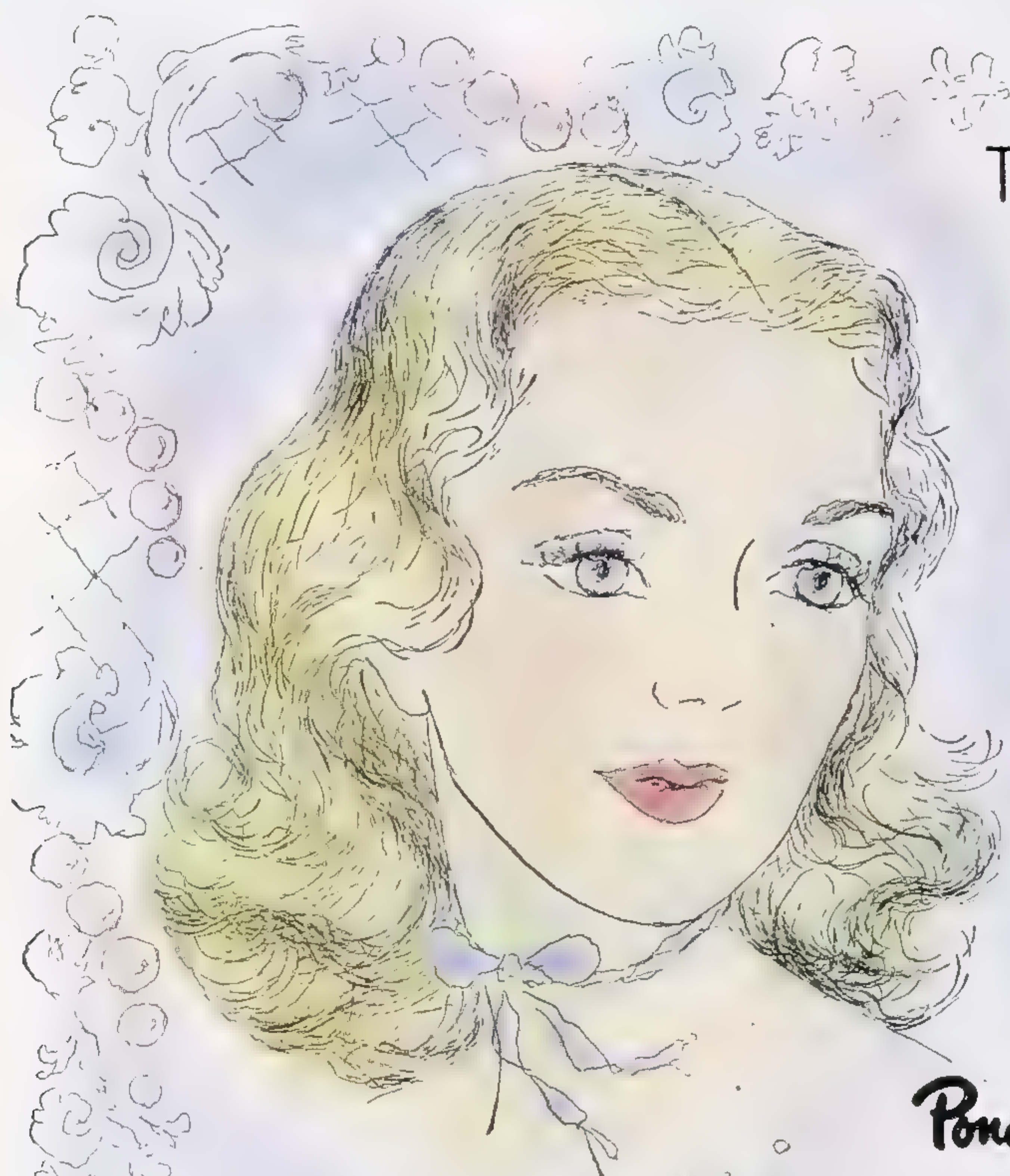
It isn't just for yourself that you must do these things—although I'll promise you that you'll have much joy in recalling them years from now. It's for that uniformed man who will be adoring you that day and who may be a long way away in a little while. You're piling up memories for him, too, remember.

After he has gone you must remember to keep yourself and your life lovely and dainty, too. He will think of you that way. So that's the way you must be. Don't write to him when you are tired and cross and grimy. Wait until you've had your

shower and put on lipstick and got into a fresh housecoat. You'll feel better and your feelings will get into your letters.

Doing something, ourselves, about our personal ruffles is important to all of us. I like to wear dirndls and I like them full. When the WPB put a stop to so much material in the ready-made articles, I hied myself to a department store, bought inexpensive material and made my own. I have two of these instead of the three I would have bought ordinarily . . . and they cost much less. But I have the nice, rippling skirts that I enjoy and a sense of satisfaction that is almost smug when I wear them, knowing that I created them.

It reminds me of the early days when my mother dressed her four little girls on the ten dollar check my grandfather sent us each month. She made those dresses herself and they always had the fullest skirts and the biggest bows. She thought it was important for a girl to have one dress that she liked, rather than two or



TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL —how to choose your right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! If you're a blonde, choose Pond's 'Dusk Rose' for summer."

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

features 2 gorgeous shades for summer
DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes
DARK RACHEL for golden-tan brunettes

49¢, 25¢, 10¢

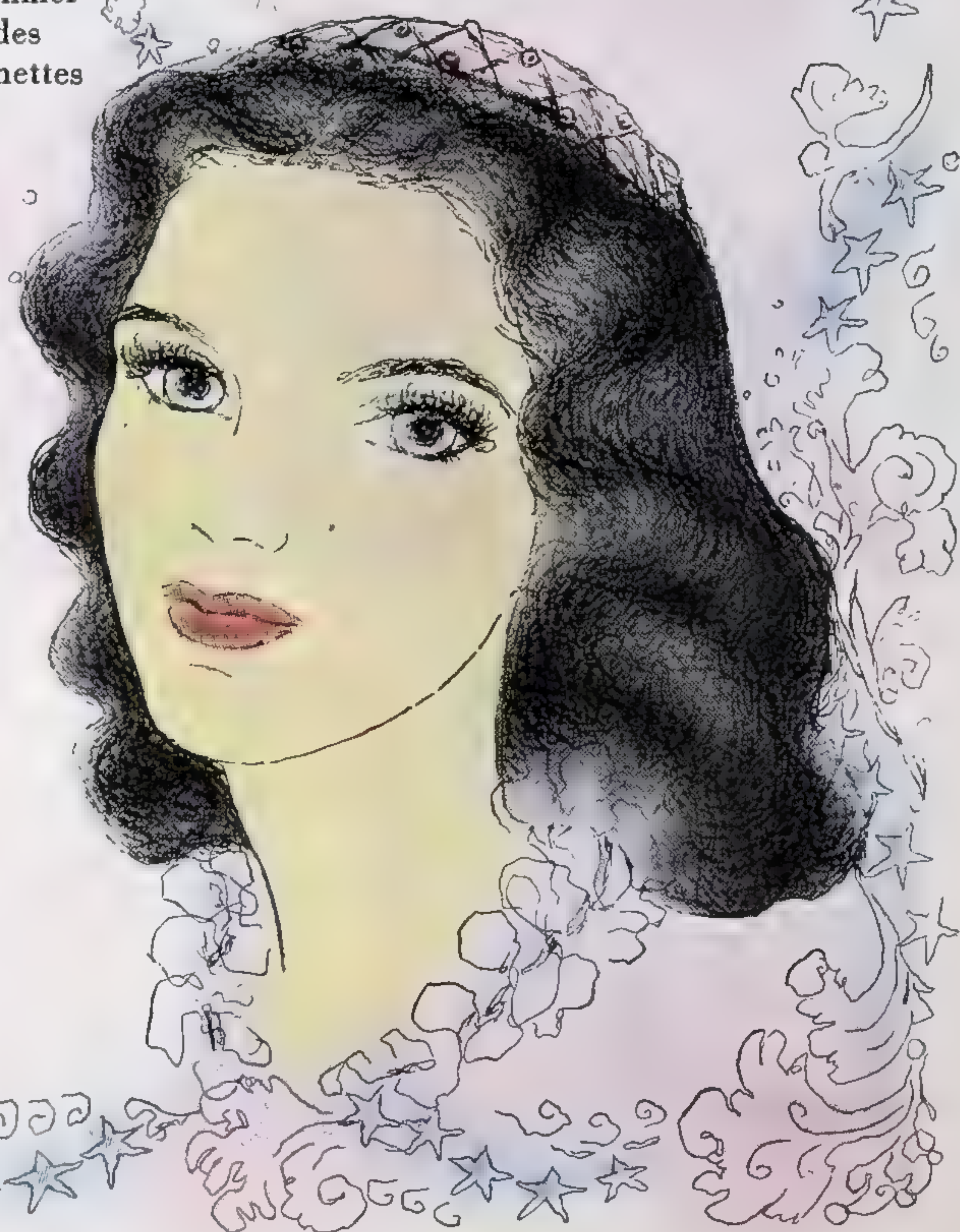


Pond's "LIPS"

—stays on longer

Five wonderful shades that stay on and on. Gay, flower-sprinkled cases—49¢, 10¢.

MRS. LAWRENCE W. EARLE, a beautiful, starry-eyed brunette says, "Summer sun turns my brunette complexion a golden bronze. My favorite summer powder is Pond's deep golden 'Dark Rachel.' It makes my tan look richer and softer—and never gives that whitish, powdered look. I really think that Pond's Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' is the ideal shade for sun-tanned brunettes!"



Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!

three skimpy ones that she hated . . . even if the one had to be worn until it was threadbare. I'm sure she was right.

If you indulge yourself in a small luxury, just for the sake of brightness in your life, it may spread beyond you. Did you know that?

A friend of mine dug up her treasured flowers to plant vegetables for a Victory garden. She felt very noble until it was all planted and she surveyed the bare little plot. Then she burst into tears and went out and bought a dime's worth of morning-glory seeds which she planted by the fence . . . "Just so I can have a few little blossoms!" she explained. The morning-glories burst into wonderful bloom at just about the time her family was exclaiming over the first, magnificent carrots.

A few weeks later her next door neighbor, a dear old lady, said to her, "My dear, I can't tell you how much the morning-glories have meant to my husband . . . and to me. You see, he has been ill for many weeks and his windows look out onto your fence. He hadn't seen morning-glories like those since he was a boy, back East. And here were these lovely things to greet him every morning when he woke up. They have really been a blessing!"

You see? Even a little ruffle on the vegetable garden was worth having!

ONE luxury everyone enjoys is a present —any little present, whether it is given or received. Walk to work for the sake of your figure and squander the carfare you save on a present for someone. Only don't give them anything "useful." Buy a bright cup and saucer for a breakfast tray, a sachet bag for the linen drawer or a box of herbs for the pantry shelf. Bath salts spell luxury to lots of girls—so do fragrant soaps and bath powders—and they should have them.

And here's a cheering thought: Sometimes our ideas of luxuries are in the long run economies. It's more important to buy a really good girdle than it is to get a cheap one which will wear out in one third the time, thereby causing us to use up three times as much vital war material as we should. The same is true of shoes. And what a satisfaction to have a trim figure—and pretty foot—in doing just what Uncle Sam wants us to do!

Music is almost a necessity to many. Only—you must use some common sense about it.

One mother I know was driven nearly mad by her nearest and dearest because they turned the radio on at any old station and let it go on and on, frazzling everyone's nerves. She began to study the radio "log" in the daily paper to find programs they could all enjoy. She had to consider varying tastes, of course. So she planned programs for the hours when they were all at home, rationing entertainment so each member of the family had a fair share of favorite fare.

I thought I should miss flowers in the house more than almost anything else under war restrictions. But I haven't bought a flower for a vase in over a year. There are trees and shrubs around my house and I can fill the nooks and corners with greenery most of the year. I grow bulbs in water. And flower enthusiasts tell us of many charming arrangements that are possible with bare branches and pine cones.

Fun, music and color are, in their way, as important to our well-being as sleep and food. So let us use our ingenuity to create these things for ourselves and for those around us.

Let us, in other words, have some ruffles on our lives!

The End.



Use FRESH and stay fresher!

• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





Betty Jane Hess, Columbia Pictures "Cover Girl"—Dress by Milgrim...Diamond and Amethyst Jewelry by Olga Tritt

Helene Curtis Cold Wave

...the Permanent of Professional Beauties—Just see! You'll want to stop at every mirror to admire your new found loveliness...after your first HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave. This c-o-o-l permanent does wonders for every type of hair. The soft, lustrous, natural looking, easy-to-manage waves and curls that add so much to the allure of Cover Girl Betty Jane Hess—featured in Columbia Pictures' dazzling musicale "Cover Girl"...can just as surely capture adoration for you.

HELENE CURTIS COLD WAVES: DUCHESS • EMPRESS • VICTORIA • VICTORIA GRAND PRIZE



Only the most skillful hair-dressers are privileged to become members of the HELENE CURTIS GUILD of Professional Beauticians. Look for this emblem.

Lana Alone

(Continued from page 27) Thus, with legal tidiness, she had parted from the boy whom most people in Hollywood believed she deeply loved.

It looked like a graceful-as-usual ending to another of Lana's love stories until April 25 when Steve Crane turned it into emotional warfare by filing a countersuit also charging "great mental anguish and suffering" from Lana to him and also asking for the custody of the baby.

Steve's own explanation of this was that he filed suit to be sure he would have Cheryl Christina at least half the time. However, there very likely will be a friendly settlement between them.

The first of their two marriages began, as any headline can prove, with an elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada, on July 17, 1942. They were married that time by the same justice of the peace who had married Lana to Artie Shaw when they had eloped. She was Artie's third wife. But with impulsive, reckless disregard for his variable romantic history she insisted she would give up her career, if necessary, to go where he went and do what he wished.

Before this could happen—in less than a year—they had separated.

"Tie the knot so it will stay tied this time," Lana ordered the Las Vegas justice. He said he would. But seven months later, January a year ago, Lana filed a suit for annulment. She accused Steve of having failed to obtain a final divorce decree from his former wife, Carol Kurtz, of Indianapolis, when he married her. The charge was true and Lana won her annulment in February 1943.

There was nothing for Lana's friends to do but be wretched—for Lana, for the baby who was on the way and whose legitimacy was established by a court decree and for Steve who seemed such a nice bewildered boy.

Then, three months later, on March 14, 1943, she and Steve eloped a second time, to Tia Juana, Mexico. And the next morning Steve was inducted into the Army.

They were happy after this. Hollywood said, romantically, that it just proved it was true love. Whenever Steve had leave you saw the young Cranes out dining and dancing together, almost up to the time

that little Cheryl made her appearance.

Childbirth was not easy for Lana and when she next appeared in public she was much thinner, but her face had a new kind of glory to it and Steve, in his drab private's uniform, had that exalted look of the completely happy young husband and father.

It was all super for about ten months; until Steve, given an honorable discharge from the Army due to ill health, suddenly signed an acting contract with Columbia. People said he had the most expensive drama coach in the world, his talented wife. And all of this seemed all right with Lana, working on "Marrage Is A Private Affair" and attending all the previews smilingly and on Steve's arm.

Now, however, the Hollywood whispering chorus insists that Lana never was too pleased about these statements; that she felt she had been used as a ladder, so to speak, for Steve's ambitions—that he got his entré into movies through her and was using her talent to augment his own. Columbia, hearing these whispers, insists Steve tried assiduously not to use Lana's fame as a ladder; further, that he is very talented and they consider him a real find.

In spite of all Lana says about living quietly it is, of course, fantastic to think that she will. For it is impossible to look at Lana without thinking of love. She typifies living romance. And love in her life, as in the lives of so many beautiful women, has a way of being turbulent.

Before Steve there was Tony Martin of the magnificent sensuous voice and so little apparent acting ability, who recently had been divorced from Alice Faye. No one ever really knew what separated Lana and Tony, for they unquestionably were in love.

Before Tony and before Artie Shaw, when Lana was just beginning to make the grade in the studios, there was Greg Bautzer, the young lawyer who is now in service and married to another girl. Lana was so in love with Greg that her every sentence was spangled with his name. You used to see her haunting the telephone on the lot, waiting for Greg to call her, and see tears in her eyes when



Why the news of Lana Turner and Steve Crane's separation was a bit of a surprise to Hollywood: This is the way they looked just a few short weeks before at the Trocadero

So Powerful



yet so easy to manage!

With all their hidden "tempered steel" strength, HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins are flexible. See how smoothly they hold your lovely hair—do! And never fear, once they have it in their firm embrace, they won't let go.

HOLD-BOBS are the *only* bob pins with this patented "flexible-firm" construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say "HOLD-BOB", for *better* Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some very soon.

FLEXIBLE FIRM

Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head... with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and *stay in!* Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.



Actual length, 2 inches

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins

Are Better Bob Pins

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO

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**Which
Deodorant
wins
your vote?**

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.



**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each
month with ...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the
package and see how KURB can help you!
Good for headaches, too

he frequently forgot. Those who know Lana best always insist it was those telephone calls Greg forgot to make that caused the break-up and not the fact that he insisted she give up her career if they married.

Undoubtedly Lana was referring to Greg Bautzer and Tony Martin and Artie Shaw and Steve Crane one day not too long ago when she said, so simply, "I've skinned my nose a few times and yet I'm glad I've lived as I have. I can't believe anything very awful happens to you as long as you know the things you stood for were true

and generous when you experienced them."

Thus spoke Lana standing alone.

It is difficult to say where a man strong enough and imaginative enough to conquer her ambition and her wild hungry heart will come from in these manless days. Even in pre-war times strong men shied away from glamour girls and the role of Miss Star's husband.

But he will come along. And if it isn't within the next six months Hollywood—knowing that Nature doesn't waste such charms as Lana's—will be surprised.

THE END

McCrea, Inc.

(Continued from page 53) Then the motion-picture business abruptly became McCrea-conscious; Joel had all the work he could do. He bought steaks for his friends, staged week-end parties and saved money. He had been under studio contract just two years when he made the down payment on his ranch of 3,000 rolling, fertile acres.

HAVING been a cowboy during all his spare time while he was growing up, he was no greenhorn at ranching. Fellow ranchers like to tell a story on the man they consider far more cattle-raiser than actor. Recently, a neighbor was complaining that, in order to feed cotton seed cake—which is supplemental ration for steers—he was driving about 20,000 miles a year. This was running up his overhead to the point where there was very thin margin between cost and selling price and making his gasoline ration board very unhappy.

Rancher McCrea, on horseback—which is the way he covers his 3,000 acres, preferring the back of a good mare to the erratic seat of a pickup truck—rode over to his neighbor's house to see if he could be of any service. His solution of the problem was simple: When the cotton seed cake was delivered originally, he suggested it be distributed over the territory in a dozen small sheds instead of being stored in one large central shed. Then a man on horseback, instead of a couple of field hands in a truck, could feed the cake each day by covering the route on horseback.

And now, just when you have begun to think of Mr. McCrea as a leather-poundin', 'dobe-dustin' sage rider, prepare for a new view of him.

He attends, with perfect poise and a cold-eyed attention to detail, each of Adrian's seasonal fashion shows.

Like most husbands, he has definite ideas about the clothes that are attractive for his wife. When he and Frances Dee were first married he always complimented her upon any garment he really liked and remained silent about those he found unappealing.

"Why are you so quiet tonight, Joel?"

"Oh, am I quiet?"

"I'll bet you don't like this hat."

"Mmmm. I don't go much for feathers."

"Don't you like this dress either?"

"Maybe I'm wrong, but I like to see you wear tailored things rather than fussy stuff."

Mrs. McCrea sighed. "After this, I'll never buy anything until you see it and approve. I've a good notion to make you

select my clothes—it's a chore I've always hated."

"Okay, I'll do it."

And from that day on, Joel has chosen Frances' wardrobe.

He likes trim suits, usually in beige or brown. Tailored hats with a simple ribbon band and a fairly wide brim appeal to him. But he has also been known to bring home a blazing Roman-striped housecoat, or a cardinal shirtmaker sports frock. This makes him exceedingly popular with Mrs. McCrea.

His popularity is also great with his two young sons, Joel Dee (called Jody) and David, whom he has reared in the frontier tradition of self-reliance. Recently a new housekeeper was employed at the ranch. The second morning of her stay she came breathlessly to Joel to say, "There's a gun on the dresser in your bedroom. With two small boys in the house, that's flying in the face of providence. Do put that awful thing away."

Joel grinned. "You don't have to worry about either of the boys touching that gun," he explained. "They've been taught, since they were tykes, to leave firearms alone."

They have been taught, also, that instant obedience is a farm law for survival.

When Jody was three he came strolling across the barnyard toward his father, importantly carrying a roll of wire for the fence Joel was mending. "Don't walk behind the colt," the father cautioned. "Walk along the fence. It may take a little longer, but it's much safer."

Jody grinned and started back for another coil of wire. He walked with the fine bravado of boyhood within a few inches of the colt's heels. The colt, a bit of a show-off himself, lifted one foot and gave the young man a clout in the stomach, knocking him endwise and breathless.

Joel went on with his work, saying merely, "The next time you'll listen to me."

Jody, in turn, imparted the same general wisdom to kid brother David, so that the two of them have grown up in the tradition of few words and fast action. One afternoon recently the three McCrea men were cutting across the corner of a field when Jody saw several hundred pounds of heft and horn bearing down upon them.

"Bull!" he yelled. He and David rolled under the fence while Joel leapt over. The boys have been so well trained that they made even better time than their father did.

TAKE A THRILLING JOURNEY

with PAULETTE GODDARD

to our fighting men in India and China. Watch
for her own story of this recent exciting trip in

August Photoplay

This winter Joel gave the boys orders, one day, to stop playing at one particular spot on their way home from school. "Don't loiter there," he said crisply without amplifying the statement in any way.

The boys thought over the instruction without much favor, but obeyed. At the end of the week, Joel took the two lads out to the place where they previously had played to show them the remains of seven huge rattlesnakes he had caught there in a gopher trap during seven days time. "This is the reason I didn't want you playing around here," he explained.

Somewhat awed, Jody said quickly, "We knew you had a good reason and that you'd tell us about it when you were ready."

Between the three McCrea men there is a pleasant, rather inarticulate comradeship. On Jody's ninth birthday he was given a .22 and told that it was deadly for a distance of a mile. Joel then taught Jody to evaluate a mile; taught him to take precaution before he touched the trigger and taught him marksmanship. One day thereafter, Joel, spotting a huge gray squirrel, took a quick shot at it, missing. Jody steadied his rifle, took careful aim, fired and hit the squirrel squarely in the head. Neither of them said anything as they walked over to collect their trophy, but it was quite evident that Jody was having trouble keeping his face straight.

In addition to being a successful rancher, actor, husband and father, Joel McCrea is a human being who lives comfortably with himself. There isn't an artificial notion in his head. It is easy to understand why they say in Hollywood, "He's one of the greatest guys ever to set foot on a sound stage or to swing into a Western saddle."

THE END



so you see, my dearest, we're
arr
Gosh, she loves me!
e.

I hope you get the package we mailed today. There's a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap in it. I'd have sent several, but Fels is like handsome husbands just now - a bit scarce.

I guess you don't get time for much washing. But when you do, just give the detail to Fels-Naptha. I'll bet it'll chase the dirt as quick as ever you chased a Jap. No 'snipers' left in the seams either! Please take care of yourself, JOE.



Fels-Naptha Soap
-Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Distaff side of McCrea, Inc: Frances Dee, Joel's wife, takes a turn with Don Ameche on CBS's Lux Radio Theater

Getting Personal

on Your Personality

Here's how to score yourself for the quiz on page 47. Give yourself 5 points for each "Yes" answer to obtain your percentage on the test. After you do that look for your rating below by comparing your score to the nearest figures it matches. Read the rating under those figures as your own. And for your sake—here's hoping.

75 to 100%

Your personality does cut a figure. It has oomph, is well-rounded, smooth and most pleasant. You're an open-eyed and open-minded individual who likes to go right to the heart of everything. You like life and live life.

You're a real go-getter and have harnessed your habits to do your bidding rather than being a slave to them. You look at yourself objectively—something most people are afraid to do—weed out your blind and unpleasant points and find some sort of remedy for them. But don't let all these compliments stir up any undue and unbecoming airs of superiority.

You don't show it, but you dislike people who nag and scold, ostracize and expel, forgive icily and maneuver or connive by underhand means to get what they want. Understanding yourself makes it easy for you to see through the machinations of others. But you never let it upset you. In general your circle of friends is a selected body of people who have passed the rigid test of your analyzing eyes and mind. You'll always get along and always land on your feet.

50 to 70%

Does your personality cut a good figure? Well, its not exactly well-proportioned, smooth, or round. It has its nice sides, yes, but there are a few corners—sharp ones, too—that could be filed down and smoothed off. You know it too, don't you?

How about that tendency to bristle, get your back up, when you think someone's offended you? Why not grin more and let some of those things slide off your back? Too much pride and ego is your trouble. Why not look at your worst sides and get a good laugh and maybe you'll not be so hard on those who would criticize you on occasion.

You are not afraid to make an error and usually ready and quick to admit it. Don't linger over it, though. Life's too short for that sort of thing. Watch out, too, for an occasional tendency to go about in mute reproach like a wounded doe in order to win the sympathy of someone who's been harsh with you.

Generally you have what it takes to win the popularity and affection of your friends, you can carry your share of the load when there's work to be done—and like to make every deal a square one. Good enough—but did you read the first rating?

45% or Less

Hello ostrich! It's a good name, too. Your personality tries to keep you in hiding from the world right in full view of everyone. Come on now—you know you have to laugh at that yourself.

Of course you're sensitive. You've never given yourself a chance to toughen up. Throw away all those pet illusions, those personal reactions, and stop running away from reality and facts. By facing facts you begin to face the people around you and learn what makes them tick. You've been so concerned about yourself it should be a wonderful background for analyzing others. You'll like it if you'll only try it.

Haven't you become a sort of "Alibi Ike"? No one is perfect and we'd all go crazy if we tried to be. Fess up now and then and laugh it off.

You've got a lot of pent up energy that's just fretting to go places and do things but it will just waste away all cramped up inside like that—so let loose and come on out into the open. There isn't much you can't do if you put your mind to it because your memory and ability to assimilate knowledge outdo most people's.

You have the ability to concentrate to exclusion of outside distractions, but you need some hobbies and sports to help you to a change of pace. Your personality is all angles. Smooth it out a little so others can get next to you and appreciate your real worth. Maybe you don't think it's worth the effort. We do!

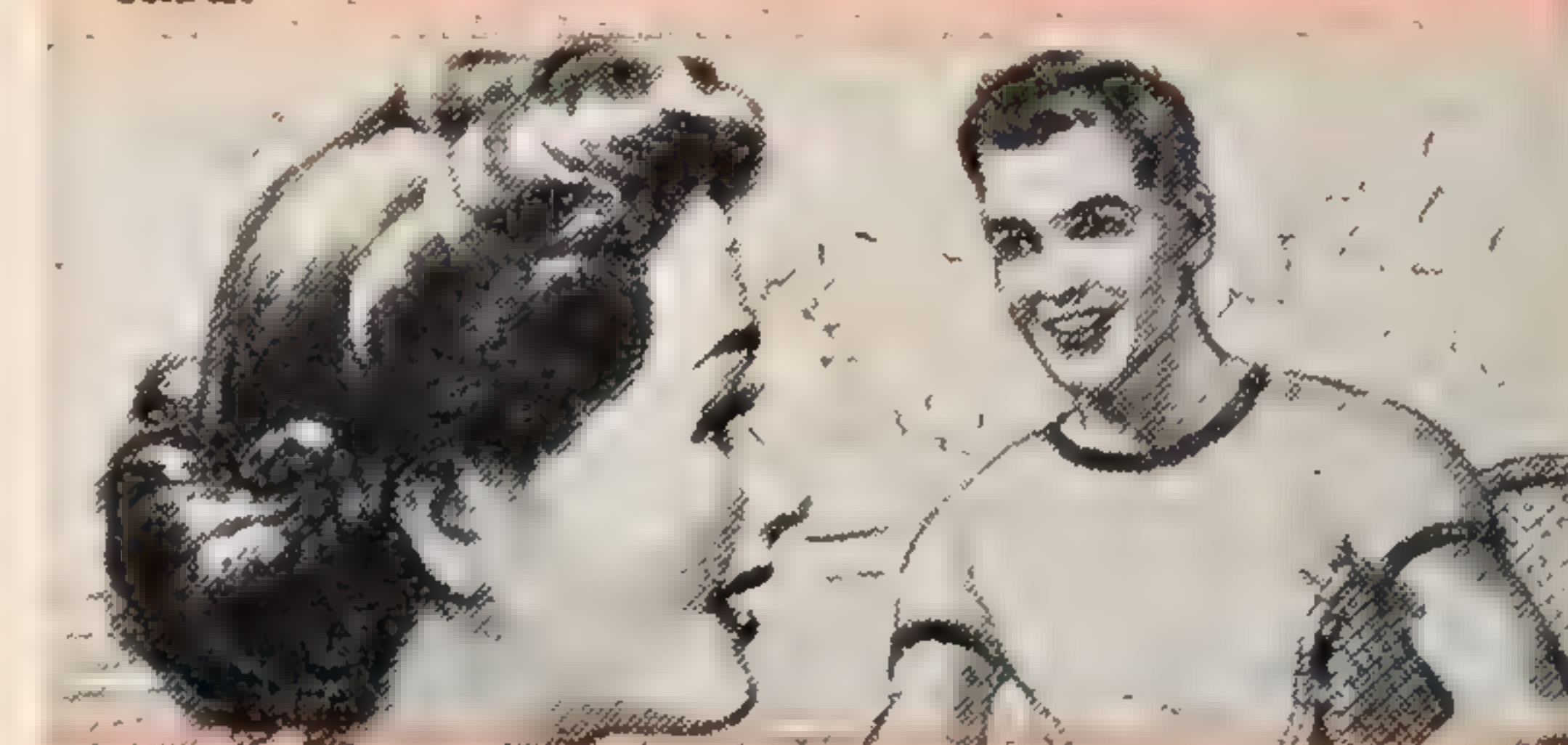
LOVE is the Score



Yes, it happened at tennis — Bob looked at me and said, "Love will always be the score for you — beautiful lady with the sparkling hair." I shudder now to think how dull, drab hair *might* have ruined my chances for romance—for my hair looked really mousy until I began using Nestle Colorinse.



"Dull unattractive hair is a handicap to any girl's natural loveliness," my hairdresser had warned. Then she suggested I use Colorinse after each shampoo. "You'll be amazed at the sheen — the richer color and glowing highlights it gives your hair," she said.



And she was right! Colorinse left my hair sparkling — softer — silkier, and so much easier to manage! Bob said today that he's all set for a lifetime match and he doesn't mean only tennis, either! I say "thanks" to Colorinse for helping me win his heart!

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Crème Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes
At beauty counters
everywhere

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down — a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coif in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



Nestle HAIRLAC

Don't Mention It!

(Continued from page 43) next Andy Hardy picture you will see the recorded height measurements of Mickey (Andy) Rooney. "We measured Mickey in one of the early Andy Hardy's," Stone said recently. "The boy is probably an inch taller than he was six years ago but no more."

Mickey jokes about his size at times—but don't let this fool you. He'd give plenty for an additional foot.

FRANK SINATRA, that super-duper swooner-crooner, dislikes being on the short side even more, if possible, than Mickey. Some time ago, on the set of "Manhattan Serenade" tiny Gloria De Haven appeared wearing a very cute but very high hat. Frankie took one look. He couldn't, he told the director, do the scene unless Gloria changed her headgear. "Why?" asked the director. "Because it would make me look so small!" said Frankie, with that directness which is part of his charm. The director hesitated. Frankie didn't. He walked off the set and waited until Gloria changed to something flatter and, for Frankie, more flattering.

Gloria, no doubt, owes much of her good fortune to the fact that she is as tiny as she is . . . otherwise she might not have gotten her role with Frankie or find herself so often in Mickey's company or thoughts.

Mickey and Frankie aren't alone in being sensitive about physical shortcomings.

There's Errol Flynn, who doesn't laugh at any jokes about his 4F classification. Seven times Errol has been examined and turned down. It wasn't funny to him even the first time.

There are also all the gentlemen—Boyer, Benny, Crosby, Astaire and Aherne—who perspire under toupees because their manly tresses aren't what they used to be. Otherwise their shiny pates do not trouble them. They never wear their toupees in public and are all quite casual about the whole thing, with the exception of one—you guess which one—who gives you the frozen treatment if you refer to his increasingly tall forehead by word or look.

We'll give you one clue regarding this gentleman . . . he isn't Charles Boyer. Charles accepts his thinning locks with a Continental nonchalance. He is forty-five, he says, and must expect such things. The subject upon which Charles is really sensitive is fresh air. He detests it and sleeps with his bedroom windows tightly closed. Which reminds us of the famous actor, now in the Army, who enjoyed his spot as Hollywood's number one wearer of false teeth. He used to bring out his dentures and flourish them just for the fun of seeing the astonished look on any new faces. His phony molars haven't hampered his heroism, incidentally.

Claudette Colbert's sinuses are her sore spot. (Pun intended!) Not because Claudette is loathe to have anyone know she isn't one hundred percent vim and vigor. Because of her husband. Claudette, you know, is married to Doctor Joel Pressman, distinguished nose and throat specialist. She's afraid it might be considered a reflection upon his ability that she has, for years, suffered with the prevalent California brand of sinus trouble.

Also, unless you're equipped with adequate armor to risk this weak spot in Bette Davis's armor—don't mention the name of Willie Wyler. Wyler, now a colonel in the Army, directed Bette in some of her biggest successes, among them "The Little Foxes." It was after this picture, you may remember, that Wyler gave out with a sizzling interview in which he called Bette every temperamental So-and-So in the world and insisted he wouldn't direct her

Gracie Fields
internationally known
entertainer
and star of the
movies, says:

"I don't know what I would do without Arrid Deodorant cream—it's a simply marvelous dress saver—I haven't had to use dress shields since I've started to use Arrid."

"As a deodorant, Arrid is just perfect—so smooth, and nice to apply . . . and thoroughly effective. Every woman—and certainly every man too, should use Arrid."

Gracie Fields

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

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The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (manicure stick and cotton included)—at drug, department or 10c stores.

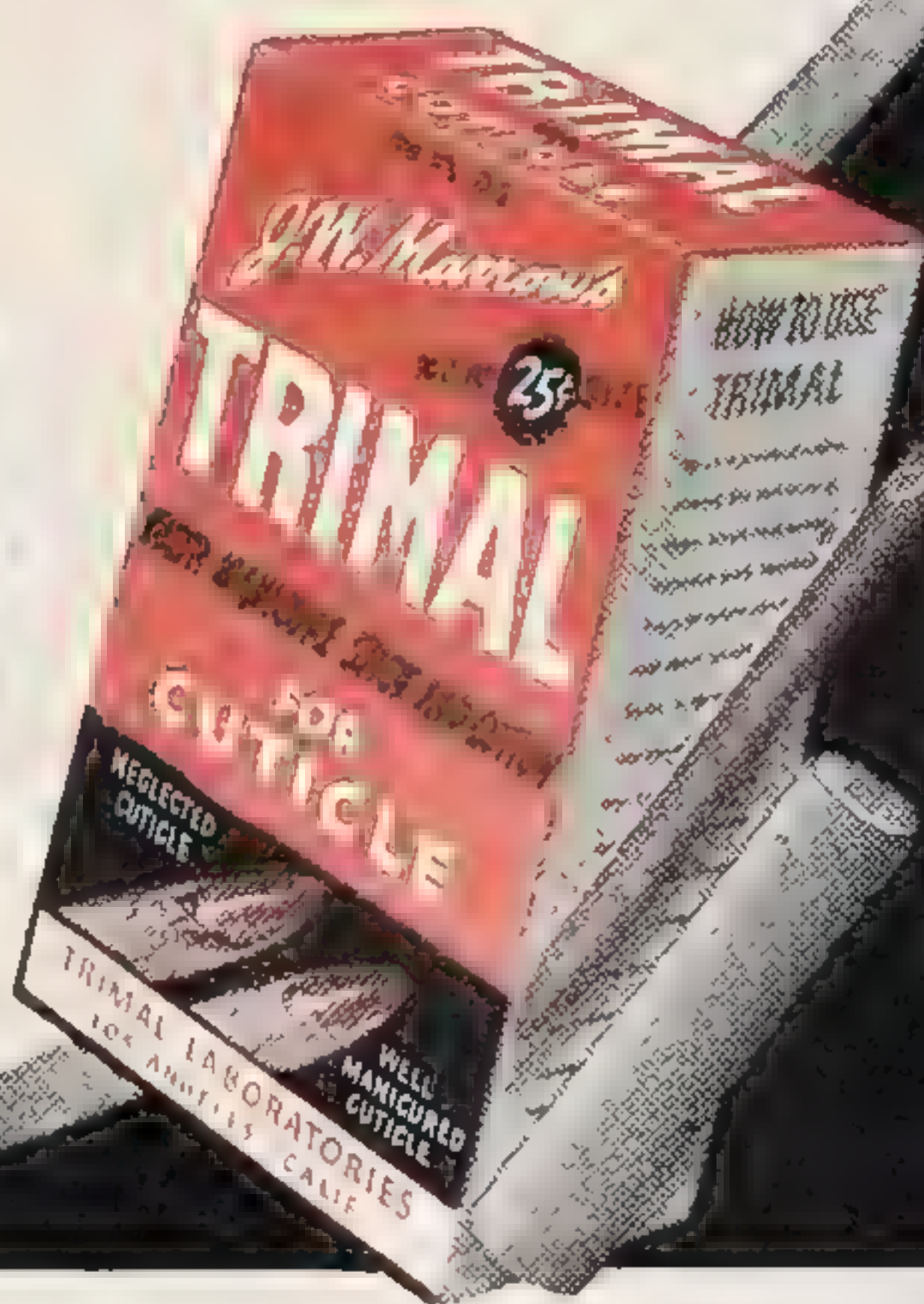
NEGLECTED CUTICLE

Use

TRIMAL

keeps cuticle trim without cutting

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE



TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor

(and save up to 50%)

says alluring **PAT BOYD**
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!"

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

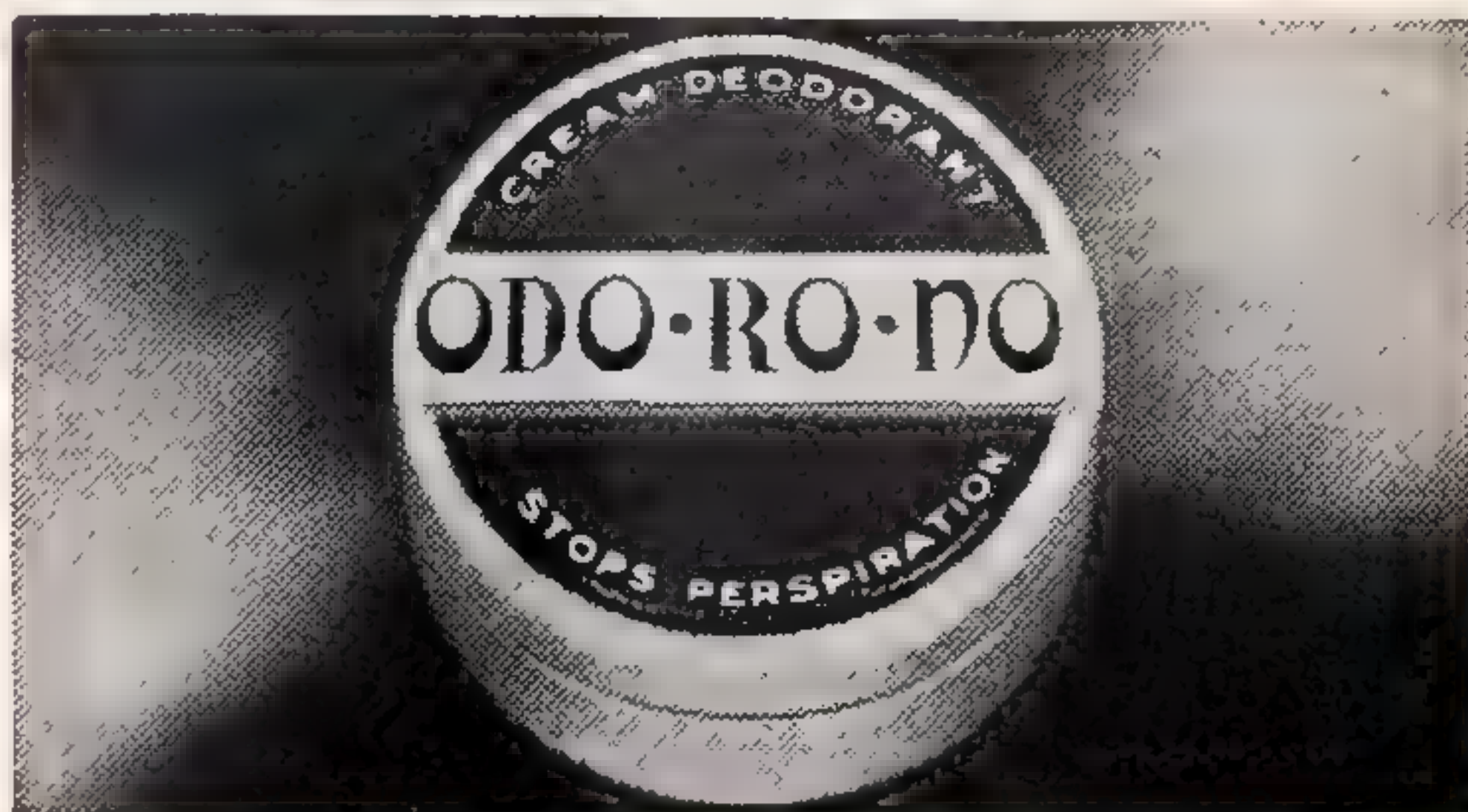
"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous'... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, *I know*."



Winsome Pat Boyd



again for a million dollars. Judging by Bette's immediate and violent reaction even to an inadvertent mention of his name, W. W. needn't worry; he never again will get the chance.

MARIA MONTEZ is sensitive—supersensitive—about anything of which Jean Pierre Aumont might disapprove. When he was here, before he joined de Gaulle's forces in Africa to fight as well as he could and however he could for his beloved France, Maria would study her reflection in the mirror just before she was ready to go out and if she decided Jean Pierre might disapprove of her appearance she would dress all over again. Now that he is across the sea she is meticulous about her conduct. It is not her nature to sit at home, quietly, alone. However, she accepts only the most circumspect invitations. Somehow, somehow she hopes to have an opportunity to entertain African troops in the near future and see Jean Pierre in the bargain. Intimate, even in the most obviously joking way, that any wolf who prowls the Hollywood boulevards considers her as prey and Maria will turn on you with typical Montez fury. She knows how far an idle word can reach, even to Africa.

Perhaps the sorest of Hollywood's many sore spots is the question "How old are you?" Should you ask it, don't expect an honest answer. And duck—just in case something should fly in your direction.

Ronald Colman, going on fifty, even if he doesn't look it, dislikes being reminded of his birth date. Like half a dozen other gentlemen we could mention, Ronnie would be well satisfied to remain—for public records—in his forties.

The Hollywood girls prefer to remain—publicly—in their thirties. Claudette Colbert has told us she is the only woman she knows in the entire film colony who admits to being over thirty-five. And a month or two ago when Tallulah Bankhead admitted within these pages to being over forty, columnists and radio commentators picked it up. At least it was a novelty.

Irene Dunne, even according to Hollywood reporters who love her best, is frightful "copy" because she won't talk about anything that might, by any stretch of the imagination, date her. Several years ago, when Irene and her Doctor Griffin were celebrating their fifteenth year of wedded bliss, her press agent in giving details of the party to a columnist said: "Please don't mention it's their fifteenth anniversary. Just say it is an anniversary and let it go at that."

If you want to make Ginger Rogers as gingery as her nickname add a few years to her registered age—which is thirty-three—and detract a few years from the age of her Marine mate, Jack Briggs. There is a lady in Hollywood who does not like Ginger—to put it politely. Every time she mentions Ginger she adds from one to five years to her registered age and subtracts a few years from Jack's. Ginger admits she is older than her Marine. But she insists she is not old enough for a wheel chair, nor is Jackie young enough to join up with the bobby-socks crowd.

Ann Sothern, Norma Shearer, Roz Russell and Greer Garson will thank you not to remember they are older than their husbands. Greer in particular. She quite forgets her British suavity when she explains she isn't so old as some of the characters she portrays for the films. *But definitely!*

Joan Crawford will admit to a birthday once a year but her age has remained stationary for some time—in the early thirties.

Age, however, is only one of Joan's sen-

sitive points. She shudders whenever a magazine or newspaper unearths an early picture showing her as an Amazon of one hundred and sixty-odd pounds. And she bristles at the prevalent notion that she performs the duties of unofficial coach, agent and nurse for husband Phillip Terry. With those who so much as hint that she wears the pants in the Crawford-Terry menage she gets furious. But—let us whisper it—she does!

It's the same notion, in reverse, that drives Humphrey Bogart mad. If Bogie were as free with guns off the screen as he is on we would be a clay pigeon to mention the general belief that he, the screen's tough guy, is afraid of his wife, Mayo Methot. But boy, oh boy, there never was a husband more anxious to placate a wife than Humphrey. He positively will not go anywhere without Mayo. His men friends are told not to bring their girls to the Bogart house—it might make Mrs. B. jealous. There are many stories told about the "Battling Bogarts" but they omit to mention that Bogey is genuinely fond of his Mayo. How do we know? Why, he told us himself! Further, he says he hates all women. "Except," he is swift to add, "my wife!"

Franchot Tone is sensitive about his family and his upbringing. Not because he comes from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. On the contrary, he has the best of social backgrounds, being a son of the wealthy and socially prominent Carborundum family of New York. We've seen Franchot walk away from social gushers who intimated he was born "above" most of his colleagues in the movie industry.

Orson Welles still gets angry if you mention an interview he gave in which he called Katharine Hepburn "an enthusiastic, but amateurish actress." Katie didn't like this statement. And she told Orson so, in language quite as eloquent and forceful as his own.

Gary Cooper does not often get angry. But when he does! A sure-fire way to raise Gary's dander is to remind him that the Countess di Frasso, who once laid siege to his heart, is supposed to have advised him on the proper dress and behavior for what was known in those days as "polite society." Most of us don't care what Gary wears. He always looks good to us.

And now, what is it you would prefer your friends not to mention? For undoubtedly, there is something. But you're luckier than the Hollywood stars. The chances are nine out of ten that you can keep your skeleton in the cupboard where it belongs. But the chances are ten out of nine that a star can't—not in the glass showcase called Hollywood.

THE END

IT'S A SMART GIRL OR GUY—

who reserves Photoplay in advance. Copies are limited; be sure there is an August issue reserved for you at your newsdealer's.

Photoplay will be on the stands on July 12—or as soon thereafter as war-time transportation difficulties permit.

HOME CANNERS!

Follow Instructions

Clip the chart below and follow it step by step and your canning success is assured. It's an easy way to supply your family with a variety of fruits and vegetables, nourishing and rich in flavor.



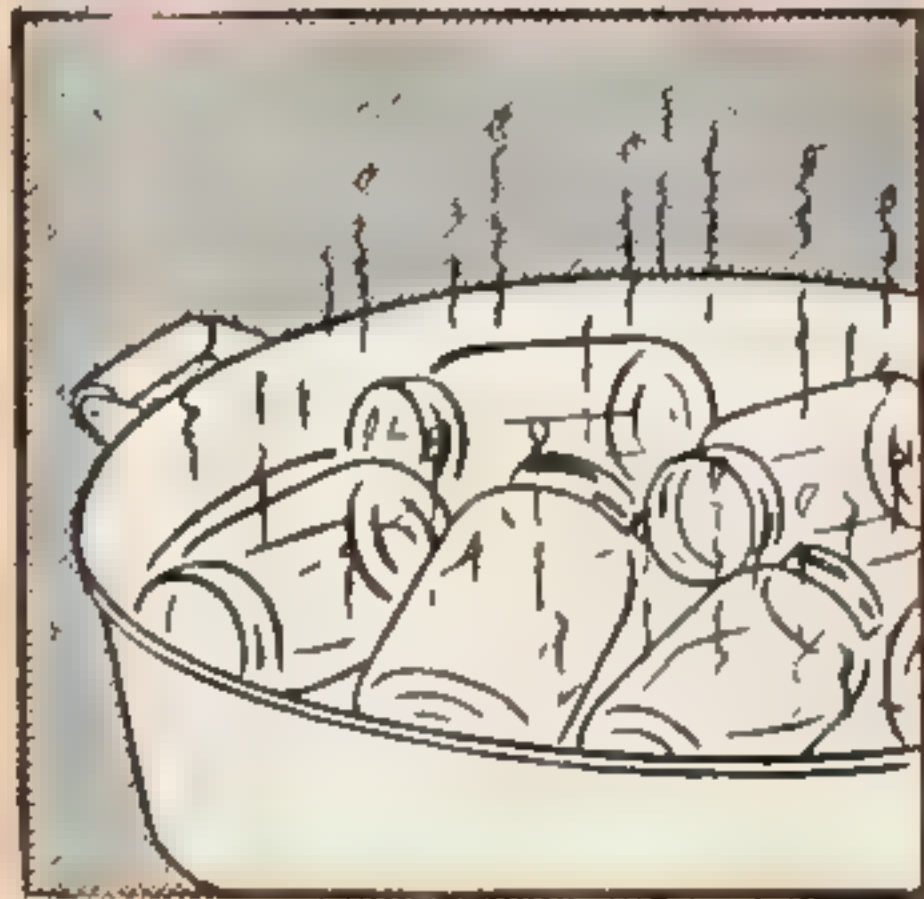
Instructions for Using Ball No. 10 Glass Top Seal Closures (Glass lid and metal band)



1 Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.



5 Place lid so rubber lies between lid and top edge of Jar.



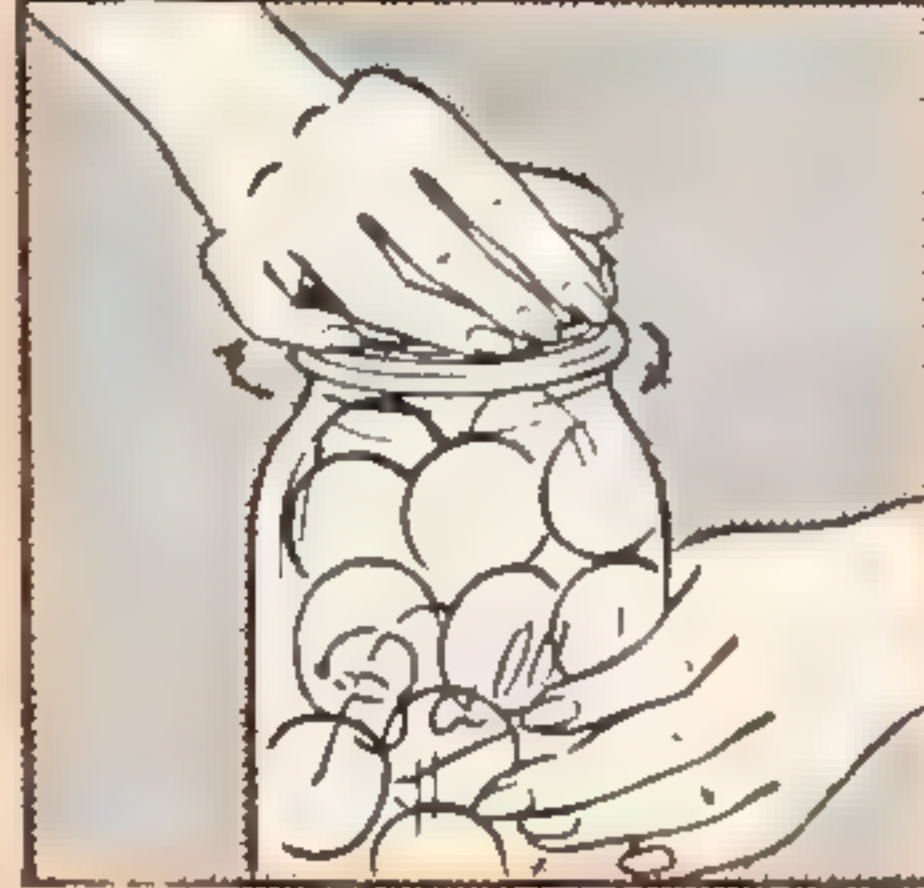
2 Wash Jars, lids, and rubbers in warm soapy water. Rinse. Cover with warm water. Boil to sterilize. Keep hot until needed.



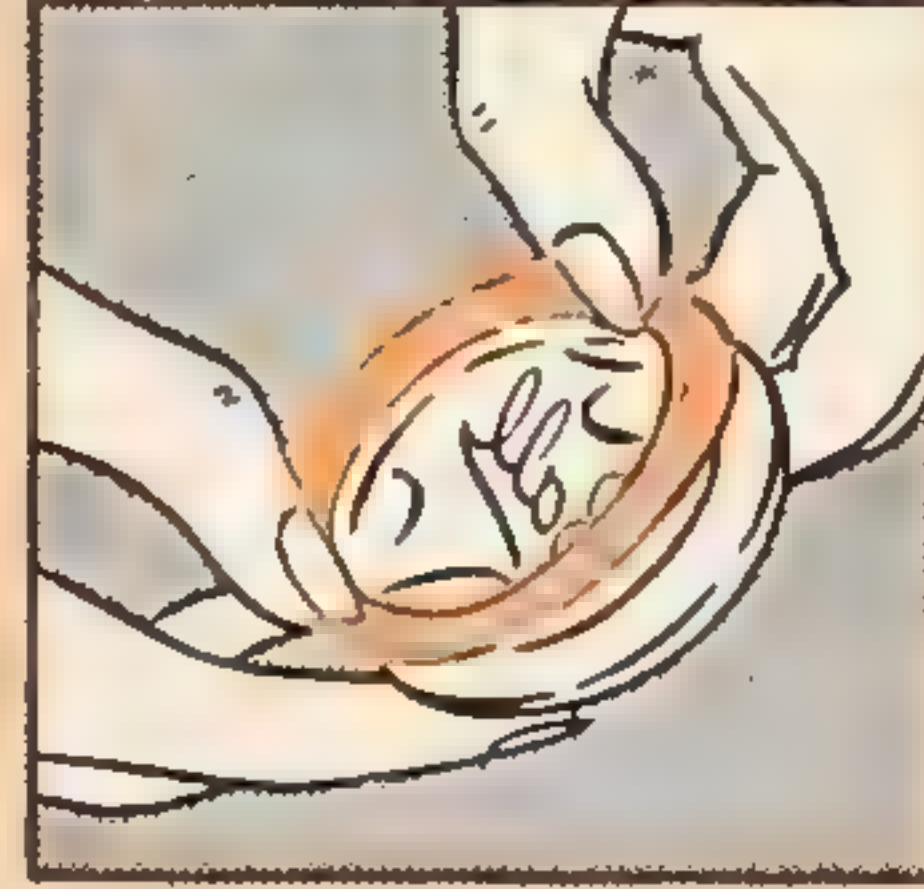
6 Turn bands tight, then loosen about 1/4 turn. Bands must fit loosely during processing (cooking). Important: This must be done to insure best results. If using Open Kettle, screw bands tight as soon as Jar is filled.



3 If processing (cooking in Jar), leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave 1/2 inch space in top of Jar.



7 After processing, screw bands tight to complete seal. Remove bands 12 hours after canning. Do not turn filled Jars upside down.



4 Fit wet rubber around projection on under side of lid.



8 To open—run point of knife under rubber to admit air and break seal.

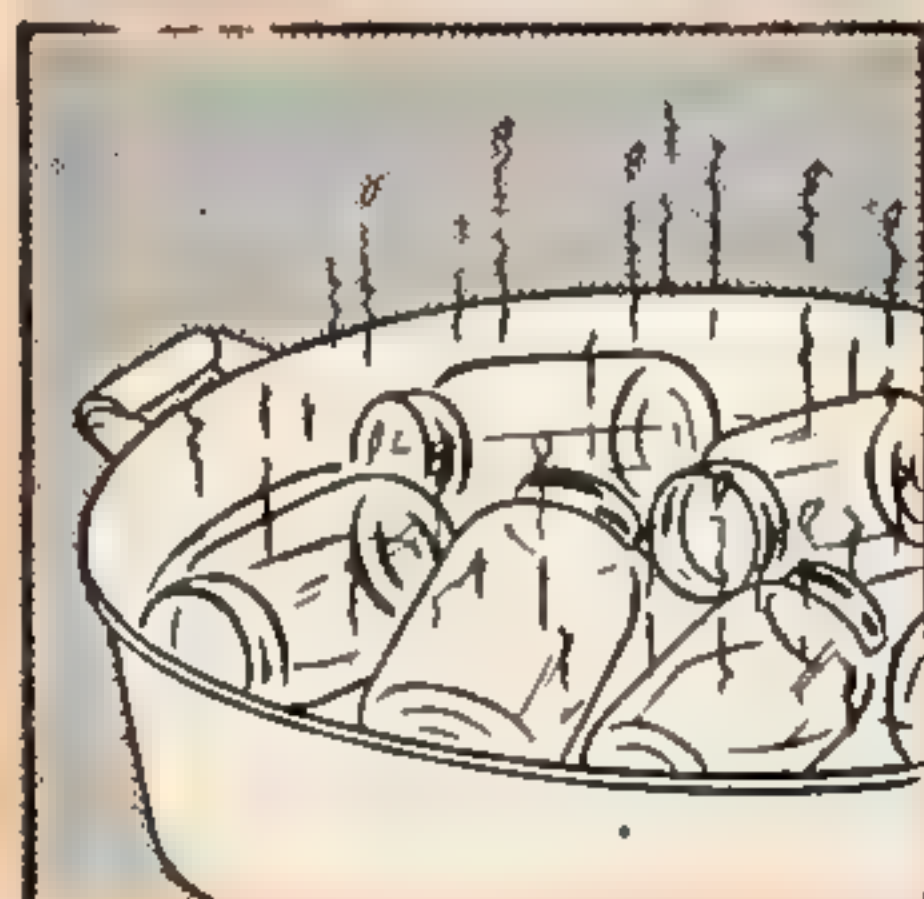
Instructions for Using Ball Vacu-Seal Closures (Two-piece metal cap)



1 Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.



2 Wipe top edge of Jar with CLEAN CLOTH to remove any food from sealing surface. Place Vacu-Seal lid, white side down, on top edge of Jar.



3 Wash Jars in warm soapy water. Rinse. Cover with warm water. Boil to sterilize. Keep hot until needed. Drop Vacu-Seal lids in boiling water, and leave in hot water until needed.



4 Screw bands down tight. "Do not exert force." Do not retighten bands after processing. Remove bands 12 hours after canning. Do not turn filled Jars upside down.



5 If using in Steam Pressure Cooker, or Hot Water Bath, leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave 1/2 inch space in top of Jar.



6 Test Seal after Jar is cold by pressing on lid with finger. If there is no "give" and center of lid is "drawn down," Jar is sealed. To open—puncture lid and pry off.



BLUE BOOK

As BALL Jars are leaders in home canning, the BALL BLUE BOOK likewise leads with its authentic, complete methods and tested recipes for home canning. Send 10c for your copy. Follow instructions and can with care.

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*Your nose knows—
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In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

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—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations*, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Everything's Jaeckel

(Continued from page 36) herein is "unimportant," "purely incidental" and in a nice, polite, boyish way—nobody's business.

Dick, christened Richard Hanley, is the heir to the Jaeckel fur fortune—yet you can run through Hollywood with a rake and not find another person so unmoved by his riches. The mail boy job he held at Fox was quite in line with others he held all through school—grease-monkey in a garage, fountain boy, bundle wrapper, to mention just a few. During his years at Hollywood High he was a kid who held his own on the basketball floor or on the swimming team and after playtime was over he went out and held his own at real jobs of work, also. As for the fact that at home he was the young lord of what he surveyed, with a Chinese house-boy and other servants to wait on him if he wished it—well, his team mates soon forgot it, because if you want to stay friends with Dick you don't talk about that.

HIS major concern when he was asked to sign a picture contract was that he might lose his standing with his fellow employees in the mail room. Being under age, his mother's consent was needed for the signing. It happened that at the time, the Jaeckels had closed their home because of the servant shortage and moved to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Dick, giving this swank address, thought "Mother could be called to the phone there." Which is how it happened that the lovely, very smart and very social Millicent Jaeckel was first listed on the studio directory as "Maid, Beverly Hills Hotel." Being a pal, she played along with the mistake for several weeks.

After "Guadalcanal" was completed and its young sensation brought back from the soda fountain to the studio, there was a period of inactivity to be filled in before work began on "Wing And A Prayer." Just enough time to hitchhike to Mexico, decided Dick to a friend. The trip could have been made in style because there was a beautiful new 1942 Ford, ordered by his mother just in time to beat the priorities, standing in his garage. Instead, the boys got chummy with a Mexican trucker and worked their way down, loading and driving for six pesos a day.

On their return Dick asked his mother if he could sell the new Ford. It was too shiny and too ostentatious. He bought a well-worn '36—the kind of car a fellow could immediately feel friendly toward—and put the large difference in price in the bank. Of course the balance has since disappeared, bit by bit, for mufflers, spot-lights, horns and other gadgets, but things like this indicate interest rather than too much principal.

So far as his suddenly acquired glamour and fame as a screen actor—well, that's something his best friends don't discuss either. Before joining the grease-painters, actors as a group held little appeal for him. Now a few "regular fellows" like Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster and Bill Eythe have won his respect.

"I like them because they don't pay too much attention to themselves," he says. "They don't have to be big-shots to be happy."

On the other hand, there is the certain young romantic lead he bumped into at Arrowhead who "mugged and posed and hammed all over the place" and so long as there are actors like that still around, he's going to withhold his approval from the class as a whole.

Perversely, it was the "hams" he has seen on stage, on screen and off, who helped him to success in his very first camera venture. "I thought of all the

muggers I have watched," he explains, "and I made up my mind that I might not be good, but by gosh I'd be natural! If I couldn't do something without feeling posey about it, I'd tell the director and ask him to let me do it another way. I did, several times, and Mr. Seiter was always swell about it—which helped a lot."

With just that one picture to his credit, this seventeen-year-old's fan-photo requests have climbed up to second on the lot. First is that pin-up queen Betty Grable, who is still a few thousand requests per week ahead of him, but the next biggest stack of dimes and quarters come from the younger feminine set who are willing to give up their chewing-gum money for a photo of their new favorite. This, too, leaves him appreciative but unimpressed. It's not that fame has caught up with him too fast—it's just that he's too far ahead of it. He knows that his generation has fallen heir to a serious job—and he's impatient to be at it.

DICK'S choice of the Merchant Marine branch of service is a natural one, combining his love of activity, of travel and of the water. He first put out to sea at the age of four, making three separate voyages in one day—and rating three separate spankings as a result. The place of embarkation was the Jaeckel summer home at Long Island, New York, and the occasion was his governess's day off.

"There was a deep canal in back of the house," his mother remembers, "and Hanley, as we called him then, was never allowed to go near it. I was driving back from the village when I happened to see a sort of old, tired-looking rowboat out on the water, with a little mite of a child all alone in it. I nearly fainted when I recognized the child as my own."

"I don't know where he got the boat, but anyhow we got him out of it and then I gave him a really hard spanking. I wanted to scare him so he'd never try it again. Just a little later I had to make another brief run to the village for something and when I passed the canal again—there was Hanley again. The tears from the first spanking were hardly dry on his face, but I gave him another—even harder."

"This time I was sure he was cured—but bang, the minute I turned my back we had trip number three and spanking number three. . . ."

You can lead a determined sailor away from the water, but you can't make him shrink. During the intervening fourteen years Dick's ambitions haven't changed a bit, although his taste now runs to something bigger in boats. Since the age of five he has been putting a part of his allowance into books and always they are tomes with the flavor of salt water in their pages. He knows the Navy's insignia like an admiral—and he knows the admirals, too, complete with all their battles. And once he sets foot on a ship, says he, he's not going to get off it until he's gone places.

Another of the likeable characteristics of this solid young citizen is his absolute frankness. Although he detests talking about himself, his possessions or his achievements, he doesn't dodge when you ask for his opinions. He has little patience with people who can't be punctual and none whatsoever with people who cancel engagements. With the Spartan outlook of youth he sets rigid rules for himself and also for his acquaintances. Especially wrong, he believes, is the habit picture-makers have of telling a player he won't be needed on a certain day and then, after he has made other plans, calling him to work. This puts a fellow in the position of having to ask his friends to cancel their arrangements—a thing he won't do, and



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IT'S comforting, oh very, to peek in your compact in candlelight. You see your skin through a kindly mist, its lines and faults mercifully softened.

But most of the time you're under hard daylight, or harsh electric glare. So choose a face powder that will flatter your skin, *in any kind of light*. Try one of the warm, new, human shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. See if it doesn't give your

skin a look of delicate new beauty . . . a look of dreamy smoothness . . . of new youthful appeal.

It's because each shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is made by the famous Color-True process. There is one particular life-like shade especially created to flatter *your* natural beauty . . . to remain fresh, vibrant, gloriously alive . . . to stay smooth on your skin.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder in all six exciting "Color-True" Shades, 10¢ and larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder





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OF WOMEN
ARE URGENTLY NEEDED
TO JOIN THE WAC
ENLIST NOW!**



isn't afraid to tell anybody from A (for assistant director) to Z (for Zanuck). Yet, since there is nothing but candor in his straight blue gaze, you couldn't possibly dislike him during the telling.

SEVENTEEN years isn't a long span to look back on, but thinking it over carefully Dick can't ever remember having been afraid or embarrassed or disappointed. He's learned his lessons, but the teaching has been mostly a pleasant process.

The nearest he ever came to nervousness was when he had to stand up in front of the microphone at his picture's premiere and "say a few words." The words he really wanted to say were, "I wish I were home," but he managed something better, even though his chin threatened to start shaking. He avoided this possibility when "Guadalcanal Diary" was presented on Cecil B. DeMille's theater of the air, by chewing gum all during the broadcast—which, incidentally, was much better since the nervousness then passed on to Mr. DeMille.

When not working he's generally swimming. Other enthusiasms include basketball, football and dancing—in moderation. When he leaves home for more than a couple of days he takes along a metal bar that is standard equipment for the doorway of any room in which he may be sleeping and every night before retiring he chins himself on it at least a dozen times.

His nickname among his athlete pals is "L. K.," standing for Lotion King, because of the many bottles whose contents he applies daily (and usually leaves the tops off of). Pomades, liniments and cool-smelling face-rubs—and all used strictly for neatness and well-being; yet if some manufacturer ever got a look at his glowing pinkly-tanned young skin, he could sell more complexion aids than Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth or any of the Hollywood lovelies.

While his daily wardrobe runs to sport shirts and the informal sort of corduroys that really aren't broken in until they have a good bag at the knees, his "stepping out" attire is both meticulous and imaginative. Flamboyant sport coats are all right but the ties that go with them must be solid color for contrast and of good material.

Girls? Well, right now there's safety in numbers. He likes them all—except the kind that scream.

Serious romance—like acting—will have to wait until he has helped settle a few of the more important things going on in this world.

THE END



Portrait of a Minister's Son

(Continued from page 54) of "Howdy!" He wore braces on his teeth the year before he was signed by Samuel Goldwyn. He is bored by soccer games.

He doesn't gamble.

He has lived, due to his father's ministerial calls, in Louisville, Kentucky; Waelder, Rockdale, San Antonio, Uvalde and Huntsville—all in Texas.

He gave a magnificent performance in "The Purple Heart" in the opinion of your portraitist.

He reads an average of a book a month.

He is not bothered by great heights, thinks the relationship of money to happiness entirely too exaggerated, and occasionally smokes a pipe when feeling particularly relaxed.

He worked as a plumber's apprentice between high school and college, a training he has since never put to use. His favorite columnists are Drew Pearson and Samuel Grafton.

He uses all fingers on the typewriter, employing a touch system which he never studied and drinks coffee only at breakfast.

DANA ANDREWS' first professional appearance was actually carrying a spear in "Anthony And Cleopatra" at the Pasadena Playhouse, where he eventually worked up to leads. He has no faith in fortune tellers.

His dominant ambition is "just to be a good actor."

He is very proud of the huge camellias he raises. He hitchhiked late in 1931 to Los Angeles, set upon getting started as a singer or actor. His favorite hero is Lincoln, whom he considers "the greatest American."

He majored in law, psychology, English and basic business administration at college.

He would give a lot to own "Raffles," the talking bird brought to this country by explorer Carveth Wells.

He likes picnicking, football, A. J. Cronin and hamburgers with onions. He used to have a bad case of nerves but finally "got it out of his system."

He is not a collector of anything.

He is an excellent horseman and would like someday to play the role of George Washington in a screen version of "Valley Forge," a role he played on the stage. His mother, nee Anice Speed, is of Irish stock.

He feels so violently about bad drivers that he once ran a road hog against the curb, jerked the driver out—only to discover that he was a good friend!

He doesn't play golf or cards. He is an exceptionally gifted impromptu speaker, considering that he has had little experience. He rarely goes to a night club.

He likes nothing so much as a good book and a glass of beer.

He is forever saving mementoes which ultimately take up so much room that he throws them away; he never saves the things he really wants.

HE admires most in his wife her keen sense of humor and innate honesty. He invariably stays in the shower for thirty minutes, changing from hot to cold water.

He idolized Red Grange as a schoolboy and remembers keenly the very humble circumstances of life as a Baptist minister's son. He never attends auction sales because, having never learned values, he would not know how to bid. "Our family was so large and we had so little."

Dana Andrews loves to argue on politics and modern questions, gets vociferous and excited; shuts up like a clam when confronted by bias and prejudice. He used to

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raid the icebox before retiring but had to curb the habit on account of his weight.

His hair and eyes are brown.

He is not impulsive, never uses a cigarette holder and flunked in geography because he was eternally getting the states mixed up.

He doesn't like ale.

He sleeps half the night on his stomach and the other half on his right side. He is such a quick study that he never looks at his dialogue before going on the set. He is an able manager of his own business.

His wife gave up acting when she married him on November 17, 1939. He learned to cook as a necessity in helping take care of the family when he was a boy and he is proud of the biscuits, pies and roasts he used to make.

He considers his most satisfying acting job his role in "Swamp Water." He never attends a preview of his own pictures.

He is a fair chess player, which was taught him by Anthony Quinn. He hasn't sat at a soda fountain for five years; he longs for "malted milks as they make 'em in Texas."

He always suffers stage fright.

HE doesn't like lobster, has a daughter by his present wife and would like to have another son and daughter, making four in all. He remembers the license plate of his car—55-Z-984, but only because he's had it for three years.

He is sorry he ever appeared in "Berlin Correspondent."

His favorite holiday celebration is New Year's Eve on which occasion his closest friends gather and help him celebrate his birthday. He likes basketball, abalone and motoring in California's San Gabriel Canyon.

Dana Andrews worked in a gasoline filling station in Van Nuys, California, for three years where he was discovered by a total stranger who became interested in his possibilities, invested in his career to the extent of paying Dana a living salary while he studied voice and drama at the Playhouse.

Dana now lives in a lovely modern house of his own designing situated about three miles from the same filling station. He is a fair tennis player.

He enjoys personal appearances and speaks no other language although he can handle foreign dialogue entirely devoid of accent. He has four brothers who are schoolteachers.

He cherishes his mental picture of the ivy-covered main building of Sam Huston College because "it has the greatest meaning" for him. He is not given to the Hollywood practice of inviting all and sundry to his parties, preferring a small group of ten to sixteen of his closest friends.

He frequently takes long walks into the Santa Monica mountains which are almost in his back yard.

HIS home is smart without ostentation, designed in primary colors and he believes that following a planned pattern for one's life, always being ready to make compromises, is the only feasible way to make the journey. "It would be tragic if everything came out as we planned it."

He is perpetually carrying on a chess game with James Gleason by mail.

He likes to match his ties with his socks.

He is very fond of a California red wine called carignan, is a devotee of John Charles Thomas, Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Robeson and Marian Anderson and has an amazing memory for names, once, while on a Bond-selling tour, naming eighty-five strangers by name soon after meeting them.

He is such a passionate shopper that he

would like "nothing better than to stand naked in Bullock's-Wilshire" (Men's Store) and outfit himself from top to bottom. He has tried writing short stories but got so disgusted with them that he never submitted them anywhere. He considers himself primarily a naturalist and likes the outdoors in any form. He is eager to travel abroad after the war. He is characterized by an annoying tenacity which often makes him continue doing a thing that could well have stopped long ago. His first wife was a journalist. He has no complexities in his nature; his desires are simple and straight. His first screen role was a minor one in "The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper.

HE and his wife enjoy many things in common—horses, tennis, hiking, movies, symphonies, picnicking. He once thought he might be a playwright but he never completed a play. He is determined that someday he shall read all of Dickens, but when he is in the mood he invariably re-reads "David Copperfield." He is very unsystematic, a gesture of rebellion against his orderly training as an accountant. He was thirteen years old when he got into a fist fight with a boy who had been needling him. He struck the first blow but he was promptly knocked down and the fight ended. He wishes his wife wouldn't always want him to go home before he's ready to go home—"even though she's right." His favorite American author is Mark Twain; he studied voice under Maestro Braggiotti and Florence Russell; and when he was thirteen and a half years old in Uvalde, Texas, he ran away from home, went to San Antonio to get a job so that he could materially help his parents. He returned, disappointed and embarrassed, because he couldn't get a job. Dana Andrews' most vivid and lasting impression of a home is of the parsonage in Rockdale, a two-story frame house of the 1910 vintage. He visited it fifteen years after he had lived there, going fifty miles out of his way. His sentimental journey found him wandering around the house, recalling his early memories. He suddenly remembered a childhood hiding place, asked permission of the current tenants to investigate and underneath the ground floor, between a central beam and the floor, he found undisturbed after fifteen years things he had cached there—a monkey wrench, a jackknife and a mess of marbles.

THE END

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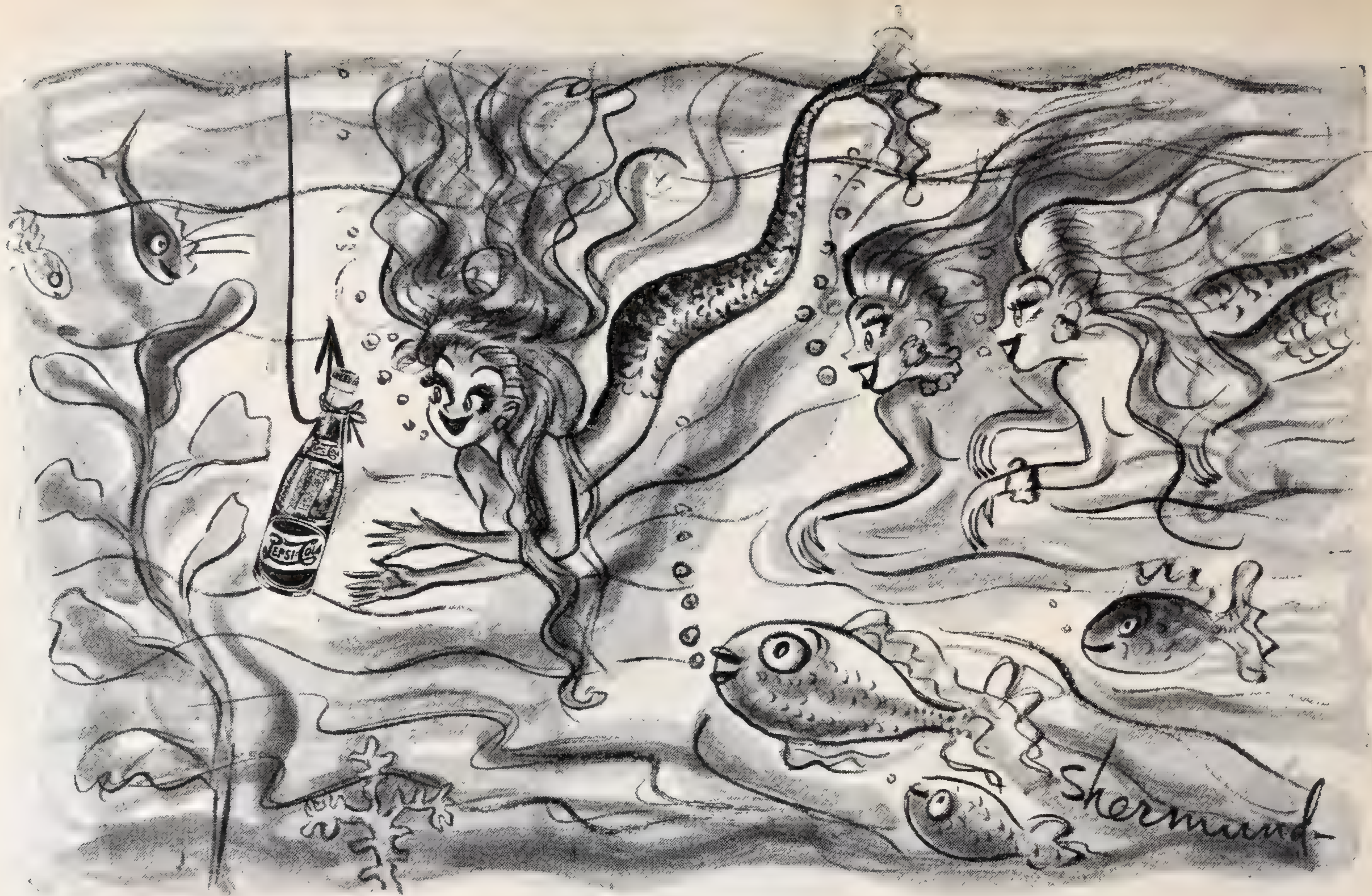
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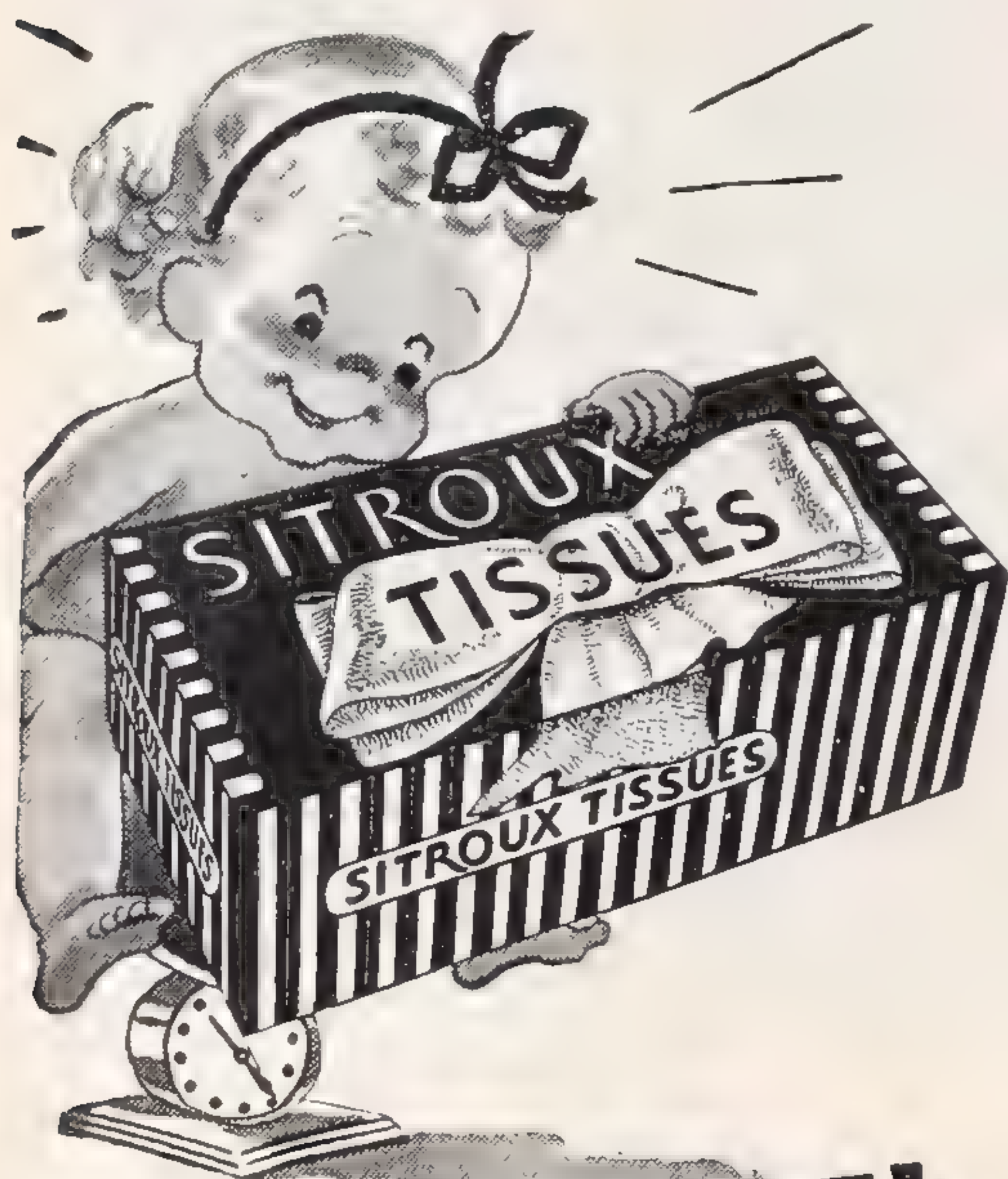
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Big Jim

(Continued from page 50) This is the story he tells: He was working for General Motors in Houston, Texas, as a collector of delinquent accounts. He was still using his real name of James Henry Meador and it was the best job he had had in a vigorous career that included selling papers, being a pro football player, a pro boxer and a husky hand in the oil fields. His being in Texas was no accident. Nothing Jim does is an accident. He had got to Texas originally via the athletic scouts who swarmed over him in Tennessee while he was still in high school. He was only sixteen when he was graduated but he was just as big as he is now. Whereupon the athletic scouts had him hide out at a small junior college for nearly two years, so his skeleton would get a little more marrow in it. At the end of this time he took the best offer he got: the football team at Rice Institute.

He did all right there, athletically, scholastically and financially. By the end of two college years, he had had enough of it and he sought more greenback pastures. That's where the pro sports career came in and the Texas oil fields.

"Then I got the chance to be head of the sales promotion department at General Motors," Jim says. "I liked the idea but after I had been there awhile I asked the boss what he earned. He'd been there for years and was the firm's big shot. He announced his salary with considerable pride—\$10,000 a year."

Jim began doing some serious thinking. He didn't think like Mr. Rodin's little boy, a mere hunk on a rock. He did his thinking in a movie show. It gave him an idea; like Sinatra listening to Crosby and deciding he could do that, too.

So James Henry Meador came West and became James Craig. His sultry face beneath his ebony black hair, his ironic, observant eyes, his stevedore's shoulders and the giant's height of him acted as automatic passports to every casting office.

Everything was all platinum and contracts until he opened his mouth and his drawl began coming at the casting directors through five layers of corn pone and magnolia blossoms.

"Get rid of that accent," cried the c.d.'s "Then come back and see us again."

Jim went back to Houston and after a year he so thoroughly parked the you-all influence that you now can't find a slurred R in a week of his conversations.

When he returned to Hollywood, he fell in love. That wasn't in his calculations, but when you see Mary Craig you know why she upset them. She's something very exciting to come home to, this Mary Craig. She's blonde to his darkness. She's very tiny and slim to the bruising hulk of him. She has a luscious, spoiled mouth and stormy eyes and her nose is as cute as Myrna Loy's.

James Jr. was born just before Pearl Harbor and let's get one thing straight, right here, for the record. Much has been written about Jim's calling Junior "the Bub." Well, if Jim ever did call him that, he doesn't now. He calls him "Son" and the way he says it makes bells ring in your heart.

"Even before he was born, I knew he'd be a boy," Jim explains. "He simply had to be. I wanted a son so much."

Jim is not working the ranch because of wanting to provide future wealth for his son. He does this as an outlet to his restlessness due to the fact that he isn't, as

yet, a fighting man. Sure, he might have enlisted, but like many another young father, he has been held back by the wish to provide a little better for his wife and child before leaving them. For all of his success, he is still a long way from the big income brackets. What's more he isn't positive, because of a couple of football injuries, whether he could pass the Army physical.

"The ranch squares it up with my conscience a bit," he says. "I put a couple of hundred chickens and scores of dozens of eggs on the market weekly. That's supposed to be necessary war work."

He works on the ranch daily, even when he's working on a picture. The ranch house burned last year, so now he has a home in Westwood Village, not far from M-G-M, and commutes to the ranch by motorcycle. His ration board granted him enough gas to go by car, but he feels that isn't fair, so he slings a couple of saddlebags containing a homemade lunch over the cycle and away he roars just after dawn to return just before sunset.

At the ranch there are two pinto ponies, Punch and Judy, and Jim rides them alternately on his rounds. Characteristically, when the ranch house caught fire, Jim didn't go berserk. The first thing he did was to throw the phone out of the window and onto the lawn. Thus, later, when the fire was under control, he was able to phone the studio and say he would be late to work.

The only flaw in this picture is that Mary hates California as much as Jim loves it and loathes the ranch in proportion to his worship of it. She was born in Maryland and brought up in Washington, D. C., and snow and seasons are what she craves. "Why that ranch doesn't look at all like a farm," she sputters. "There aren't any trees or even a brook and no matter

where you look you can see houses."

Jim just grins when Mary says that, and, watching them, you know that the way he likes things is the way they are going to be and that Mary knows that, too.

JIM asks, "Do you know what it is to watch things growing, to be around when the horses are in foal and the cows are having their calves? That's when you know that you are alive and that there's some reason for it."

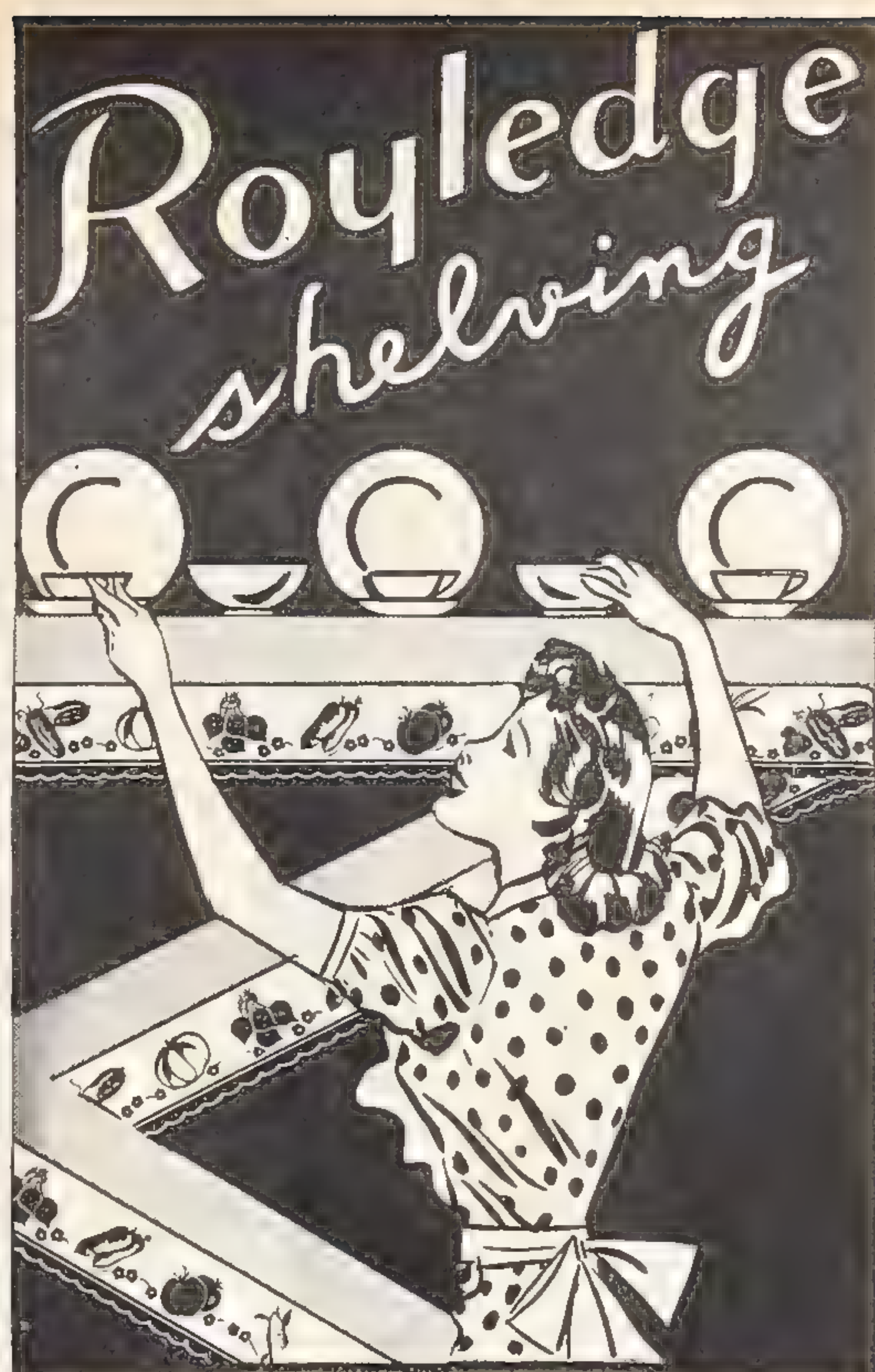
Men who are money-mad don't talk that way. And they rarely speak about the talent that earns their income with such frankness as did Jim not long ago.

"The studio kept telling me to get some acting tricks," he was saying. "I began going to see every movie Cary Grant was in, because I think he's the best actor of all. It was just as I began thinking maybe I'd go to a drama coach for additional technique that they cast me with Margaret O'Brien. Now that little girl can't even read, so what could she know about technique? But she's an actress, a very great actress and a very great star. So I decided if I could keep the simplicity and sincerity of Maggie, I'd do okay."

He'll do okay, regardless, for he's made of the stuff that endures. The night clubs can be packed and the bands can be torrid, but he'll never know. The sounds he loves are the mighty pride of the roosters at dawn and the lowing of the cattle coming in at sunset to be milked.

Even if war and its destruction calls him, he'll still survive, for he has the instinct for the constructive side of things, whether it's only the right way to curry a mare or something as important as being the architect of his own destiny, and through the brilliant development of his talents, being a sure guide to a better life for his son.

THE END



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The Kid Makes Good

(Continued from page 62) old overalls and the cap with visor pulled over one ear that he'd worn in his first great triumph. And so it was that, because the motion picture can be ruthless and the public can be fickle, he was discarded and ultimately forgotten.

The years that followed were shadowed and often bitter. Shorn of fame, he was a misfit in oblivion. He went to public school and college but he never quite "belonged." He had been a Name, underlined and set apart. For as a has-been, he was still alien.

After college he met a girl (yes, a movie actress), fell in love with her, married her. But fate was still inimical. He had believed he would always have plenty of money, but quite suddenly he found he had none. Those who had taken care of the millions he had made had done badly, it seemed. Trouble? There was plenty of trouble, even a court action, son against mother. True, good was born of this trouble because the state of California, aghast at the spectacle of a boy who earned a fortune suddenly penniless when he needed it most, enacted laws designed forever to protect Hollywood "career children." But that was too late to help this boy. When the case finally ended he still had no money.

It wrecked his marriage, for how could a boy with no work at all to do and a girl with too much "live happily ever after"? The girl went her way to screen stardom and the boy his—and his was an all too gay, too febrile, too fruitless way. When he married another girl, that marriage failed too.

HE went into the United States Army and it was this that gave the boy a new reason for living. As a member of the Air Corps he settled down to work. Oh, it took some time to get going, but slowly, surely, he found his stride. At the end of his training he graduated high in his class as a glider pilot with a flight officer's rating. This was success won the hard way and it must have made him feel pretty good.

You heard of him now and then after that—nothing spectacular, just casual news of a young American who was doing his job. He wouldn't call it important, that news on the wire the other day, but just the same it looked good. The flight officer had set down his glider far back of the Japanese lines in Burma—his the first American Air Commando ship to land Allied troops. It was dark in the jungle that night and the flight officer lit flares along the runway to help other pilots come down . . . Just did his job, but it made good reading in Hollywood. It made wonderful reading. And Hollywood who had forsaken him once, now saluted Flight Officer Jack Coogan, "The Kid" that was—"The Kid" who had grown into a man.

It was funny . . . The Los Angeles newspaper that carried his picture on the front page above the story about his glider and its exploits, carried, too, the picture of the once great comedian who had "discovered" him. And reading about the two of them, you were proud of only one. Yes, you were proud of Flight Officer Jackie Coogan out there in Burma. With a warm, good feeling in your heart you said, "The Kid has come into his own!"

But of Charles Chaplin, battling his way through Los Angeles courts on various charges involving paternity and a girl, if you were kind, you said nothing at all.

THE END

My Commandments for My Children

(Continued from page 45)

THEY must make up their minds. Shortly before Donnie's last birthday, his mother and I asked him what he wanted to do to celebrate the occasion, and what he wanted for a gift. He said he would like to go to my broadcast and to Lucey's for dinner, afterwards. That was fine. That was definite. But when it came to specifying a gift, he didn't know, thought of something he wanted, changed his mind, was wishy-washy about the whole thing. Well, he went to the broadcast and we took him to Lucey's for dinner. But he didn't get a birthday present. "Awfully sorry, 'Meche," I said, "but you couldn't make up your mind."

I can't think of anything more devitalizing or more downright demoralizing than an inability to decide what you want to do or to have or to be. We insist that the two older boys do their own shopping, choose their suits and hats and ties, make their own selections from a menu when we eat out, decide what they want to do with their Saturdays and other holidays. When they ask us, as they sometimes do, "Which shall I buy, Daddy?" or "Do you think this baseball is better than that?" My answer is always the same: "Make up your own mind. It's something no one can do for you." Perhaps this will make it simpler for them, in later life, to decide on jobs and friends and sweethearts.

THEY must have secrets from us. Yes, I mean it. I mean that I hope they have, and will continue to have, a few secrets from their mother and me. For every individual, of every age, should have his inner self, his little and strictly private world into which he can retreat; the still places in his heart and mind which no one, neither wife nor husband, nor mother nor father has the right to enter. People without reserves remind me of minnows swimming on the surface of a shallow pool.

THEY must not have too many possessions. For surfeit dulls the bright edge of delight in material things. Each one of the children has what he really wants and really uses. But their nursery is not an overcrowded shopwindow for toys. And they must be serious about what they want. When, recently, Ronnie asked me to buy him a trumpet to take to school, I said, "Do you intend to learn to play it, and well? If so, you may have it. Otherwise . . ." And when Donnie lost a new baseball glove in the pool, forgot it until the next day and then retrieved it, sodden and useless, I said, "Sorry, I paid a lot of money for that. If you want a new glove, you'll have to do extra work to earn enough money to get one."

Once or twice a year, Honore insists that the boys go through their cupboards and pick out some toys to give away. Nor does she allow them to take only the things of which they have tired. They must each take something that hurts a little to part with. Then she piles boys and toys into the station wagon and drives them to the nearest orphanage.

THERE must be no commotion. The boys know that, where their routine is concerned, they must be punctual and quiet. Their meals are served at certain hours and without ado they must be washed and brushed and ready for them. And they must eat what is set before them. There are no arguments. There is no choice. They know when it is time to take their naps and their baths and their vitamins and are expected to take them, without protest. They know the hour of bedtime

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Powers Models—a group of breathtakingly beautiful girls in New York who cause men's hearts to pulsate—are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair. And lovely Powers Girls are famous for their naturally lustrous, silken-sheen hair—so perfectly coiffured!

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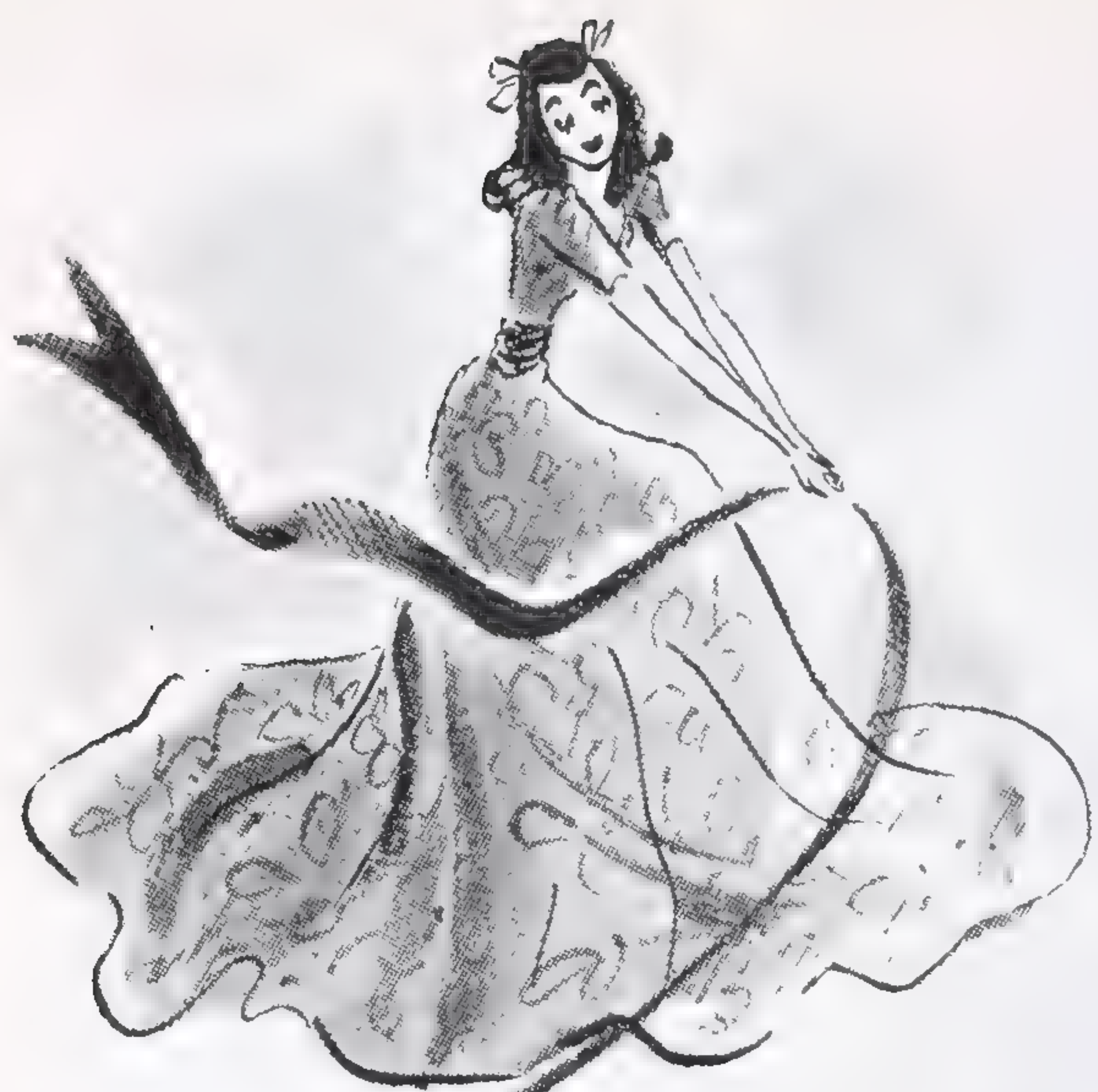
Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it brings out its *natural* gloss—and brilliant highlights. It leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set.

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Excellent for shampooing children's hair. Get a bottle of Kreml Shampoo *today* from any drug or department store and glamour-bathe *your* hair like these gorgeous Powers Models do.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC





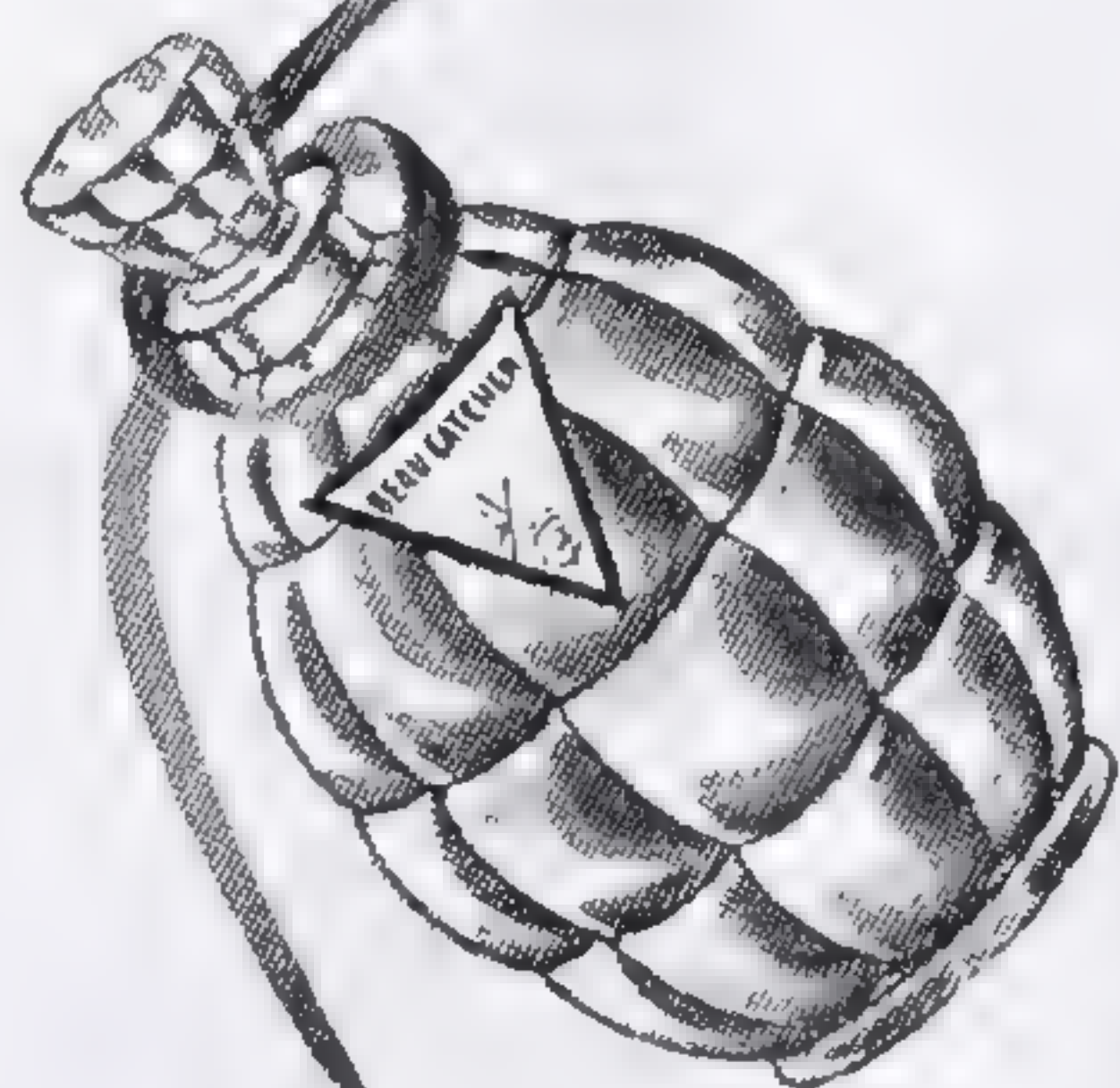
Vigny's

Beau Catcher

perfume

is a heart catcher...

the saucy scent
that won't take "no"
for an answer
\$3⁷⁵ • 7⁵⁰ • 12⁵⁰ • 22⁵⁰
by dram \$1⁵⁰
plus federal tax



and must go to bed, without lally-gagging. Between whiles, they may be as noisy, as wild and whoopish as they please. But where their schedules are concerned, there must be order.

THEY must not have money they do not earn. We have told the two older boys, and will continue to impress upon all four of them, that we intend to give them the best schooling we possibly can but that when their educations are completed, they must go to work. We tell them that no man should have money he does not earn. The sooner the youngsters learn this, the better for their integrity and self-respect as adults. Our youngsters are learning it. They are not given gratuitous allowances. The older boys shine their own shoes, keep their dresser drawers in order, pick up after themselves. All four boys help their mother skim milk, churn butter, garden. For these over-all chores, Donnie and Ronnie are paid fifty cents a month; Tommie and Lonnie, twenty-five cents. In addition, Donnie keeps the service yard clean and Ronnie has charge of the front patio. If they slack or skimp on their jobs, their wages are "docked." If they put in extra time, they get "over-time." And if they are enterprising enough to think of extra chores to do, they are paid accordingly. The point being, they do not get something for nothing; and, at the same time, they are realizing the value of the laborer's being worthy of his hire.

THEY must face reality. Pain is reality. It is something every individual faces, in greater or lesser degree, at one time or another. When the children are badly hurt and scream or cry, that is justifiable. For the Spartan boy belongs, I think, to literature rather than to life. But if they whimper or whine over some superficial scratch or bruise, they are quickly shamed out of it. Or if they have some unpleasant ordeal to face—an apology, perhaps, to a teacher at school for a misdemeanor—they know they must do it themselves, that we will not act as buffers or go-betweens.

When they are old enough, I intend to take them through hospital wards, jails, juvenile courts, tenements, county work-houses. I want them to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears the lot of the underprivileged and the maimed and the weak. So that they may have in their hearts compassion for those less fortunate and gratitude for their own kinder fortune.

THEY must be tender toward women. As little boys, they must be courteous and gentle with little girls. This is in the hope that, as men, they will make good husbands and fathers, gentle and wise and strong. To give them this sense of tenderness and protection for girls was one of the many reasons for our deciding to adopt two little sisters for the four brothers. The boys named them, by the way, after many a family council. Barbara Blandina will be called Bonnie and Cornelia Roberta will be called Connie.

THEY must study music, dancing, art. Whether they are interested in the arts, or not; whether they have any special aptitude for any one of them, or not, they must be at least familiar with them. An appreciation of music, dancing, painting and sculpture puts color into the life of any man, and a song, and a dream. . . . So we think, and hope, and pray that if they laugh, these children of ours, and move about the earth, make up their own minds, do not whimper over nothings, have tenderness for the weak and tolerance for the crippled of mind as well as body, they will be fit to be called men. Good men, and strong. The End.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 24) "Madame Curie." In my opinion these actresses surpass Jennifer Jones a great deal. And after all, the others really worked for the Academy Award, so, please, critics let's not have any more blunders like that one.

Loretta Verbin,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Thanks, Randy

THIS letter serves as a medium for a gang of jungle-weary soldiers to doff their battle-scarred helmets to a grand guy. We mean our good friend Randy Scott. He came out to this God-forsaken spot, put on a fine show for us and showed us that we were not forgotten after all. He even "sweat out" several nasty air raids with us during his stay here. After the show he stood a good hour in a tropical down-pour autographing everything from dollar bills to artillery shells.

It has always been gratifying to hear of Hollywood stars doing their bit to entertain the troops, but a guy who'll come thousands of miles to entertain the real fighting man is more than an actor. He's a man's man!

T/Sgt. A. L. Chapman,
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Dick the Chick!

WE have all heard the old saying, "Don't count your chickens before they hatch." I am writing to praise the work of a guy that has machine-gunned his way into 20th Century films killing Japs. He's stolen the show from favorites such as Lloyd Nolan and Bill Bendix.

I am writing about Richard Jaeckel who is just climbing out of the shell of private life and into the eyes of filmland. His amazing performance as the young Marine "Chicken" Anderson of "Guadalcanal Diary" stole the hearts of audiences all over the states. He is the ideal American boy, a twin for any American fellow in the service. He reminded us of our brother or cousin or the kid across the street because he wasn't a glamour boy made up to swoon the land but because he was a real honest-to-goodness human being.

Let's see more of this Chicken that has just hatched, as we've really counted him in!

Grace M. Bilodeau,
W. Quincy, Mass.

For more about the up-and-coming Jaeckel, turn to page 36.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Understudies for Lassie

THE picture "Lassie Come Home" is beautifully and convincingly played. I was,

**These are the magazines
published by
Macfadden Publications, Inc.**

Photoplay	True Story
True Romances	Radio Mirror
True Experiences	True Detective
True Love and Romance	Master Detective

smooth, more beautiful legs EASY with Bellin's WONDERSTOEN dry hair-remover

Just stroke the rosy disc over legs and arms. It removes hair easily, quickly and leaves no stubble.

Makes legs silkier, smoother. A perfect start for cosmetic stockings; ideal for bare legs.

Dainty. Completely odorless. Nothing wet... nothing to spill, stain or prepare.

Safe. Accepted for advertising by publications of American Medical Association.

Economical. One Wonderstoen lasts all season.

\$3 at department stores.

hair on face?

Ask for Wonderstoen "Special Face Formula".

Safely removes hair on lip, chin, cheeks. \$1.25



"Was our Marriage a Mistake?"



1. Like so many wartime marriages, ours had been sudden . . . on the spur of the moment. At first our happiness was dreamlike. But now Ed was becoming so indifferent, so cold. Puzzled and heartsick, I began to wonder if we had rushed in too blindly . . .



2. One day, Mrs. S. . . . my next door neighbor . . . came over for a chat and found me in tears. Desperately, I told her the whole story. "Why, child," she said, "perhaps you're at fault . . . There's one neglect . . ." And then she told me how a wife can lose her husband's love through carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Why don't you do as my doctor advises?" she said. "Use Lysol solution for feminine hygiene." She explained how it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes . . . doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she added. "It's so easy—thousands of modern wives use Lysol."



4. I'm sure now that our marriage wasn't a mistake! Thanks to dear Mrs. S., I use Lysol disinfectant regularly and find it wonderfully effective. Just as she said, it is easy to use . . . and so inexpensive, too!



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful

germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



however, much distressed by the reaction of two children who wept bitterly at the evident danger to Lassie when, exhausted, she swims the wide river; at her savage fight with the black dog and also when the little trick dog in defending his master is apparently killed. I tried to explain to the little boy beside me that it was "only a picture and not real," that the dogs were actors and no harm would come to them.

Since then I have been assured through reliable sources that the part of Lassie was played by three different dogs. In the struggle with the robbers, the club at no time touched Lassie or the little dog, which was really off the scene when the club descended.

In a picture like this it might be well to explain that dog actors, sometimes earning \$400 a week, are too valuable to be allowed to suffer injury or abuse.

Mary Brand,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE Cheers for Ginger

DURING these wartime days of uncertainty, there are thousands of "Tender Comrades" in America. All these women have their own problems and difficulties in keeping up their morale.

Ginger Rogers, who portrayed the typical wartime wife in her picture, "Tender Comrade," presented better than any other star to date the high morals every wartime wife should maintain. This type of picture will make American women realize that they have a job to do at home in the war effort by remaining true to their men in service.

Nice going, Ginger Rogers!
Roberta Petersen,
Davenport, Ia.

HONORABLE MENTION

I AM an Army nurse and have been for over a year. My youngest sister would not consider seriously my plea to join the Nurse Cadets. She came to see me and while here we, with a group of other nurses, went to see "So Proudly We Hail." My sister joined the following week. Besides convincing my sister it made the rest of the Army nurses hold their heads higher.

An Army Nurse.

IN reply to Pvt. Howard L. Lasseter's letter concerning Frank Sinatra—I don't think the women have gone mad over Frank Sinatra any more than the men have made fools of themselves over Betty Grable or Lana Turner, who are also happy mothers as Frank is a happy father.

In reply to Pvt. Lasseter's statement of Mr. Sinatra's looks—true, he may be no Clark Gable, but he is natural and not made over like a good many of the feminine stars. His hair is its natural color; no pads and no false eyelashes. I think this is more than can be said of some of the favorite pin-up girls.

Edna Harris,
Tunica, Miss.

GRAT praise is due the young mother who was the author of that impressive story, "Our Child Must Not Hate," which appeared in a recent issue of Photoplay. I heartily agree with Miss Wyman's belief that in order to secure a lasting peace we must first show our children how to live in harmony with the rest of the world. Thus if the parents of today fail, the peace of tomorrow will fail.

Mrs. Gilbert B. Loomis,
Carthage, N. Y.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-744. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

The Private Life of Private Hargrove

(Continued from page 62) going to be a success after all."

"I knew it all the time," said she softly, and fell asleep clutching his hand.

FROM then on money came in bigger and bigger allotments. No fame came with it, of course, since Bob was just playing younger brother roles in a string of radio soap-operas.

Then Jennifer unexpectedly got her Hollywood contract after one visit to David O. Selznick's private office in New York City. And two weeks after she'd left for Hollywood with small Michael and Bobby, Bob arrived breathlessly at one of his soap-operas and heard magic words. They were spoken by a very ordinary fellow actor and they were as follows: "Say, Bob, why don't you go over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's office and test for some part in a picture called 'Bataan'? If you got it you could be out in Hollywood with your wife."

Bob went the minute the program was finished. There an official told him, "We're looking for an actor for a sailor role. He's supposed to be very young, very intense and not so hot-looking." "I," said Bob positively, "am your man."

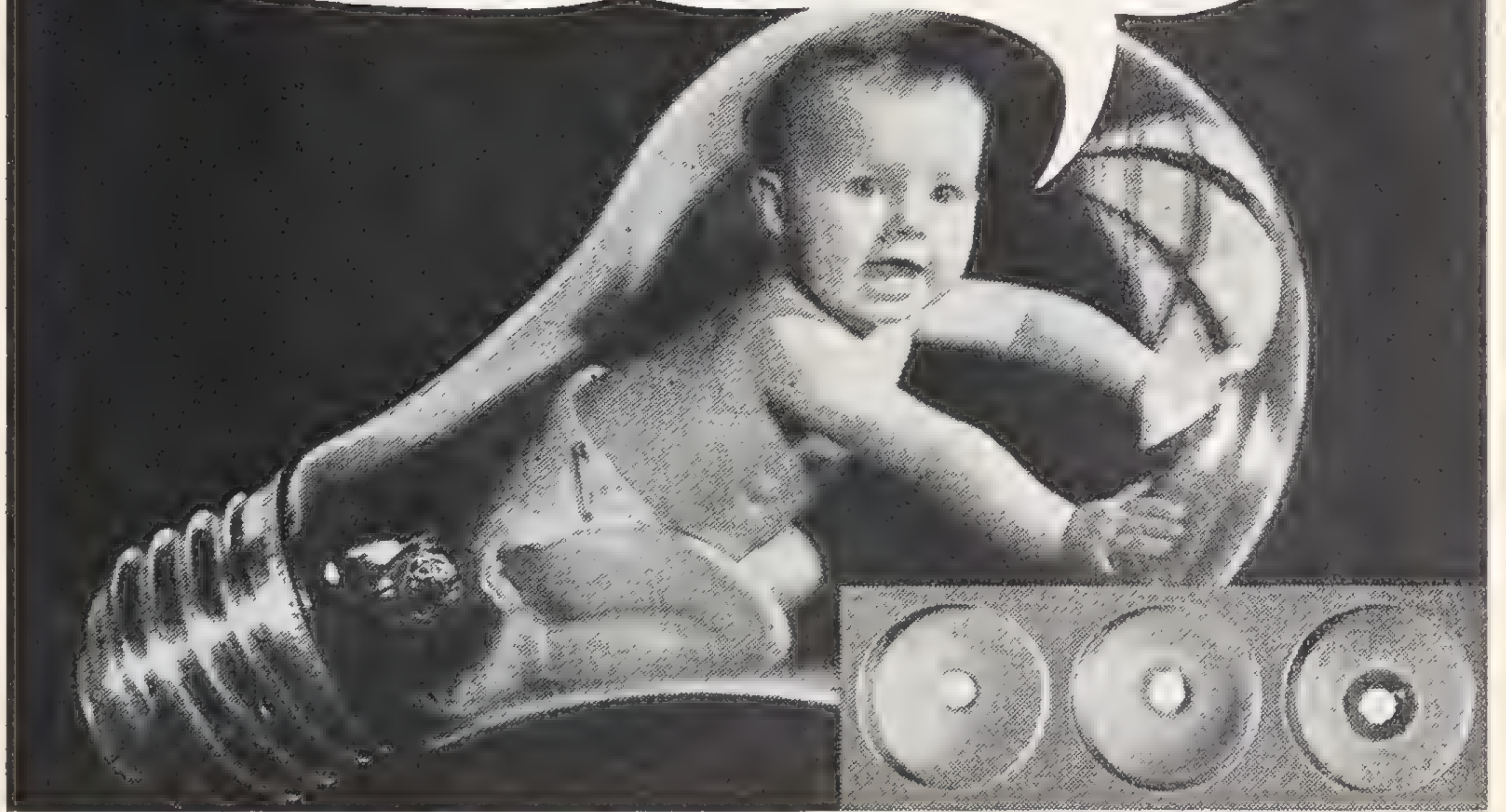
The test proved him out. Since then M-G-M has been steadily gaping at its fine new actor and so has the public. Bob, the skinny six-footer with problems ever since his birth one Friday the thirteenth, had reached the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Bob had arrived.

Once in Hollywood, Bob and Jennifer continued to be the same people they'd always been—they didn't disturb the social surface of Hollywood by so much as a ripple. They lived in seven comfortable



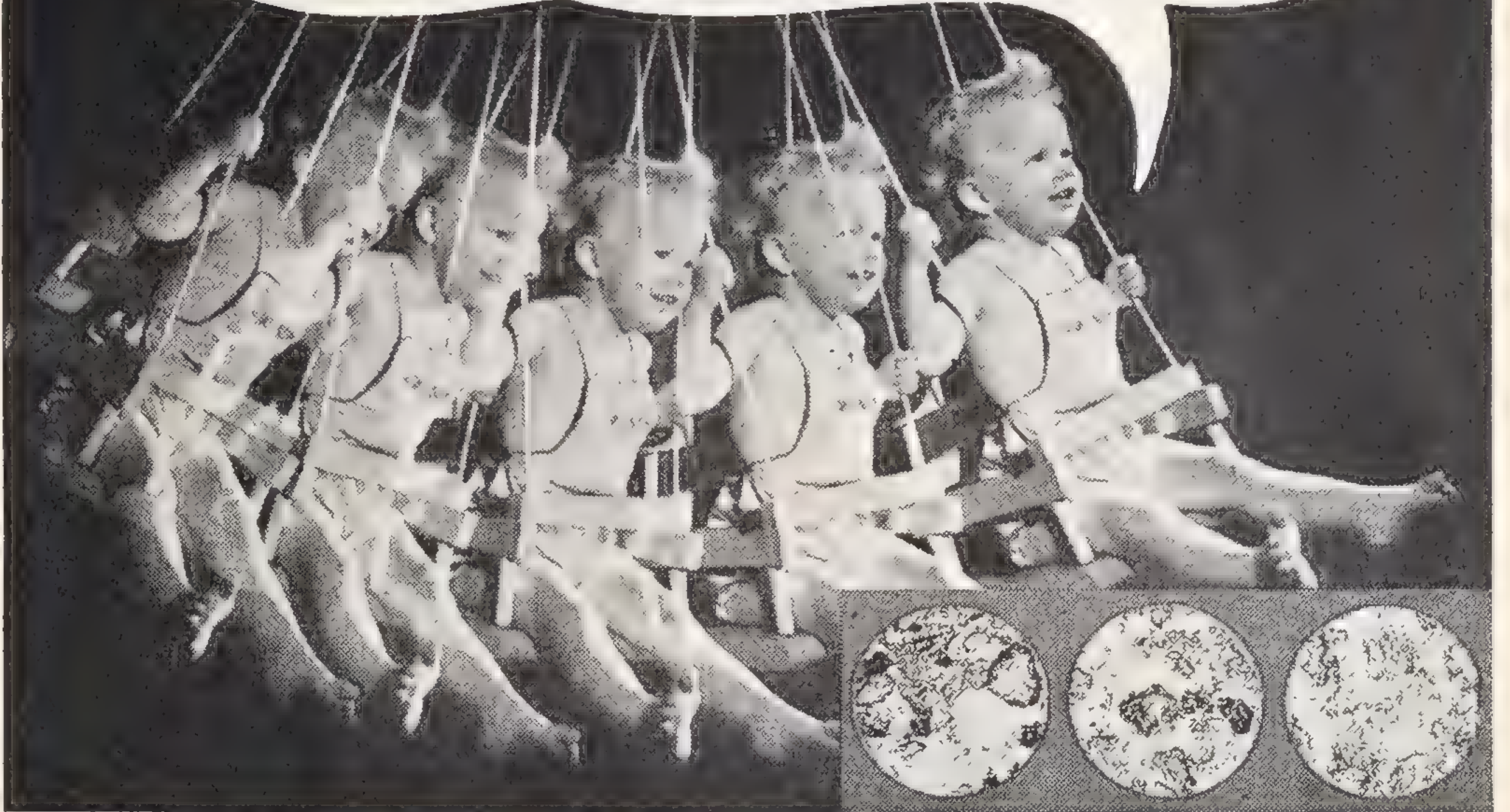
In love—but just for the camera: Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker, separated in private life, look like this for a scene in "Since You Went Away"

IF I COULD LIVE IN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, I MIGHT BE SAFE FROM GERMS THAT CAUSE SKIN RASHES; BUT I CAN'T, SO MOMMY PROTECTS ME WITH BABY POWDER THAT'S ANTISEPTIC. . . MENNEN.



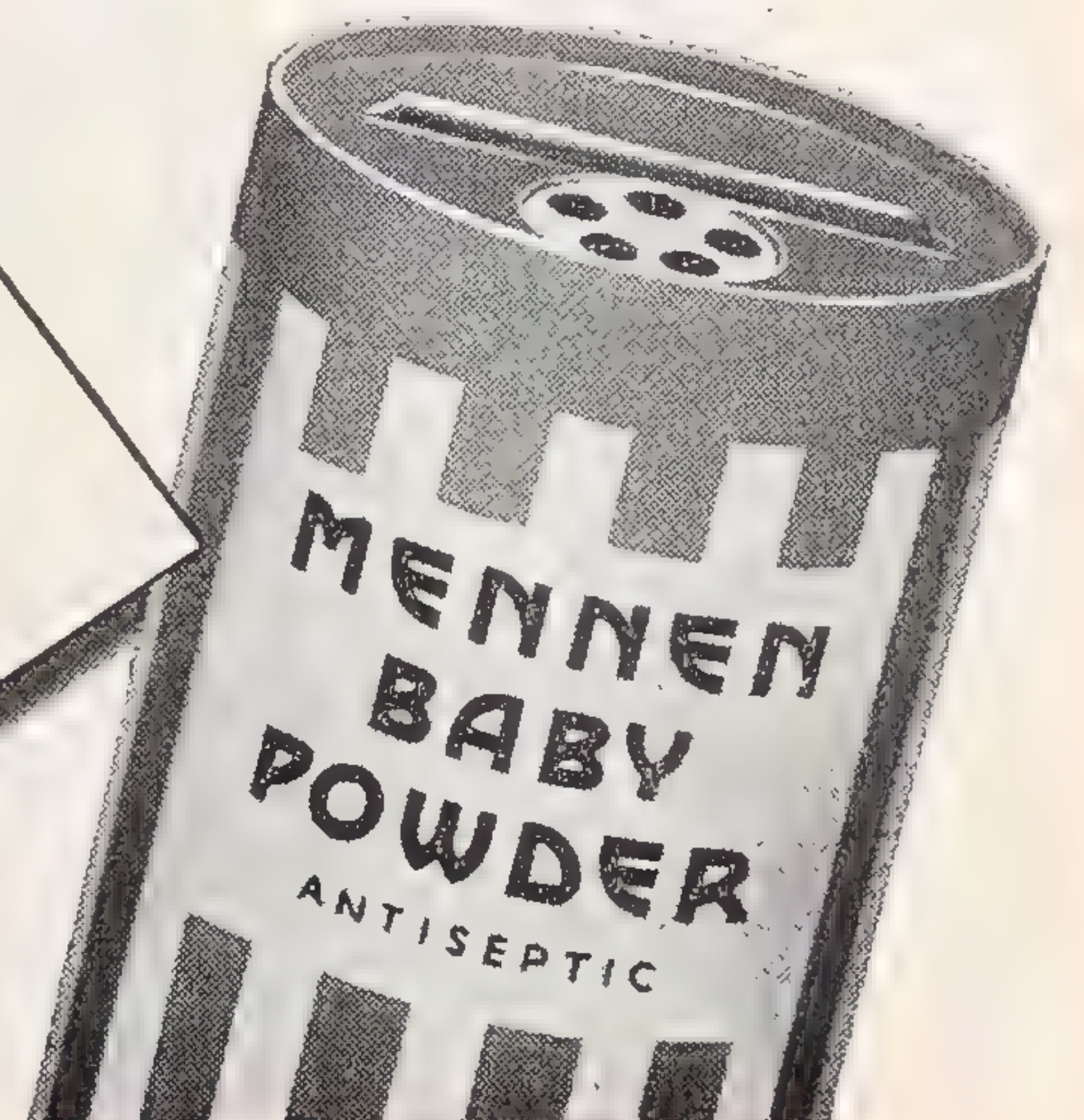
Germ often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

LOOK HOW I ALWAYS MOVE MY ARMS AND LEGS AROUND—LIKE WHEN I'M IN MY SWING. BOY, AM I GLAD MOMMY PROTECTS ME FROM CHAFING WITH THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST. . . MENNEN.



Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*.

Want the best
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's MENNEN.

"You were never lovelier!"

Hampden's Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion. Applied without water or sponge it never causes dry skin, helps conceal skin flaws, stays on for hours without repowdering. Use Hampden's for "lovely make-up always." 5 alluring complexion changes.



50c - 25c
and trial size

hampden
POWDER-BASE

*Triple
Thrill
bathing*

with

Bathasweet

1
BATHASWEET

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:
1. *Before* bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. *While* bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

2
BATHASWEET
SOAP

3

BATHASWEET
Talc Mitt

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

but simple rooms in the Bel-Air Estates (where Jennifer still lives with the boys). Every morning they went in different directions to work—Bob on his motorcycle (because of gas rationing) headed for M-G-M; and Jennifer in her small coupe went to David O. Selznick's studio.

At six-thirty they were both home again and eating a quiet dinner with no cocktails beforehand. After dinner you could never have found them—unless you drove slowly along the tree-lined roads near their home, where they went for a nightly stroll. Back home again, they read the papers, cued each other on the next day's lines—and went to bed. The last light was out at 9:30 each night.

All of that, of course, was finished a few months ago. A few months ago, Bob packed his bags and walked out of that house and away from his dreams—as completely as if he'd never been there at all. Or was it completely? Not when there are two small Walkers left behind . . . not when his wife was to be before his eyes every time he opened a magazine or newspaper—especially since her winning of the Academy Award . . . not when five of the most important years of his life are tied up in them and in her, and only six months are his alone.

Certainly whoever at this point attempts to predict anything for the Walker future comes strictly under the fools-rush-in department. All that can be said with confidence is that Bob's future life should be as interesting as his past.

THE END

Someone You Know—

and someone you like—is coming to Photoplay next month. Only you've never seen him quite like this before, because he's the new

Bing Crosby

. . . the guy whose life has passed an important milestone with the making of his greatest picture, "Going My Way," as seen through the eyes of the distinguished writer

Thornton Delehanty

in the August issue

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) decided to bring my problems to you.

You see, I have a very ugly nose; it is large and ill-shaped. My eyes are large and brown, I have a pretty mouth and nice teeth, also a dimple in my chin. Dozens of people have told me that I would be beautiful if it weren't for my awful beak.

I have been trying to get in touch with a plastic surgeon by writing the New York Chamber of Commerce and asking for prices, but I received no reply.

Can you give me the name and address of a good surgeon and his price?

Corinne Z.

Dear Miss Z:

You wouldn't think of telephoning or writing to a large New York department store and asking the price of "a dress," would you? The store wouldn't know what size, what model, what material, or what detail you expected.

I have heard it said repeatedly that every person is a medical law unto himself; no two persons are exactly alike, nor can be treated precisely alike by a physician.

So many girls (and men, too) have written letters similar to yours that I decided that I must explain the situation. Even if I knew an excellent plastic surgeon, I could not print his name on these pages because of rulings of the American Medical Association.

In every case, the thing for anyone desiring plastic surgery to do is this: go to your family doctor and explain your problem. He, in turn, will recommend a colleague whom he knows and trusts. Consultation about your particular case will make it possible for the surgeon to decide what methods are best and approximately what the cost will be.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

This is not a letter asking for advice.

You see, I came from a large family. My father's income is not very much and as there are so many of us we do not have much to spend on clothes.

For this reason I wanted to know if you have any old clothes from pictures that you have finished a long time ago. If you do have and you don't want them, would you please tell me about them?

I would appreciate anything to wear very much.

Thanking you, I am

Your friend,

Maxine L.

Dear Miss L:

So many girls write to all actresses, asking for dresses, suits, coats or accessories that have been worn in certain pictures, that I chose your letter to answer in explanation.

The clothing worn on the screen is never the property of the female players. This wardrobe is furnished by the studio. The styles are designed entirely with the idea of securing a photogenic effect and frequently are not of a sort that anyone would care to wear off a sound stage. Occasionally, however, some dress or coat will be so lovely that the wearer will want to buy it for her personal wardrobe.

Lately this practice has been discouraged because the studios can't get the wealth of materials available before the war. Every garment is used again and again; sometimes the garment is worn in B pictures after its first introduction and sometimes the garment is entirely remade.

For these reasons, no motion-picture

See Anne Gwynne in "SOUTH OF DIXIE," a Universal picture



"Royal Crown Cola

Sure tastes best

'Cause its flavor

Beats the rest!"

says

ANNE GWYNNE

"Royal Crown Cola is tops!" says Anne. "I know because I took the famous cola taste-test. I sampled leading colas in paper cups and found Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. When it comes to flavor, Royal Crown Cola is certainly in a class by itself!"

ROYAL CROWN
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COLA

Best by Taste-Test!



BUY MORE THAN BEFORE IN THE 5TH WAR LOAN

Colorful Sparkle!..
Enchanting Effects from this

Thrilling New
Hair "Make-Up!"



HAVE YOU pictured yourself with hair a cooler, darker sheen to contrast with the pale loveliness of your complexion?...Or have you dreamed what your hair would look like with a warmer cast to it? Perhaps you have tiny gray streaks that you'd like to blend softly into the youthful color-tone of your hair!

Then yield to the magic of Marchand's new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. A simple color chart on each Marchand Rinse package tells you which of its 12 enchanting shades to use to achieve the effect you desire.

After your shampoo, dissolve the Rinse in warm water. Then brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap-film vanishes! Your hair is radiantly *alive*—glowing with lights, sparkling with color!

Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. It's very simple to use. And it's *absolutely harmless*! Try it today!



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

NEW!
FOR BEST
WASHING
RESULTS

USE
WOOLFOAM
Washes Wool Perfectly

Leaves sweaters, infants' wear, blankets—soft, fluffy—really clean. Made by a wool firm. At art needlework, notion, housewares departments 25¢

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE!

Woolfoam Corp., 10 W. 20. N.Y.C.

garments can be sold or donated to those who admire them.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I hope you will understand my situation and not consider it too complicated. I met this certain girl four months before I went into the Army. She is now 17 and I am 19.

We started going steady and our love grew stronger. She is now in her last year of school and is doing well. When I went into the Army she and my brother saw me off and I know it broke her heart to see me go. I sure hated to leave her. During my first weeks in the Army I said to myself that maybe our feelings were just infatuation and she would meet someone else and forget me. But as time went by I began receiving two or three letters a day and a package every few weeks. My friends wrote me and told me how lucky I was that my girl was being honest to me.

When I got eight days' leave I spent most of my time with my girl. We didn't go many places, just stayed home or went for walks and talked of our future together. As I thought I might go overseas soon, we jumped to the conclusion that we should get married before I went back.

Well, the next day I told her that we would be doing wrong to get married then because I had no money saved and besides, we were too young. She cried and cried and said I knew best, of course, because I was older and smarter. I had to go back the next day but I told her that I would send her a ring. That stopped her tears.

Christmas came and I received lovely gifts from her. In return all I sent was a card, even though I had bought a ring. I felt cheap, not sending the ring, but I had a reason. Now comes the main topic. My family is from the old country and with them they brought all their old country ideas. They don't realize that the world has changed.

When my family heard that I wanted to marry this girl, they started to write and tell me how wrong I was. They said that if I wanted to go with girls, why didn't I pick a girl from their own country. They think girls from the part of the country where this girl was born and now lives are lazy and unhealthy. Well, you and I know this is silly and not true, but you couldn't change the folks' minds.

As I said, I have the ring and want to send it to my girl because I love her and it would make her very happy. But if I do my folks will be hurt and will hate this girl forever.

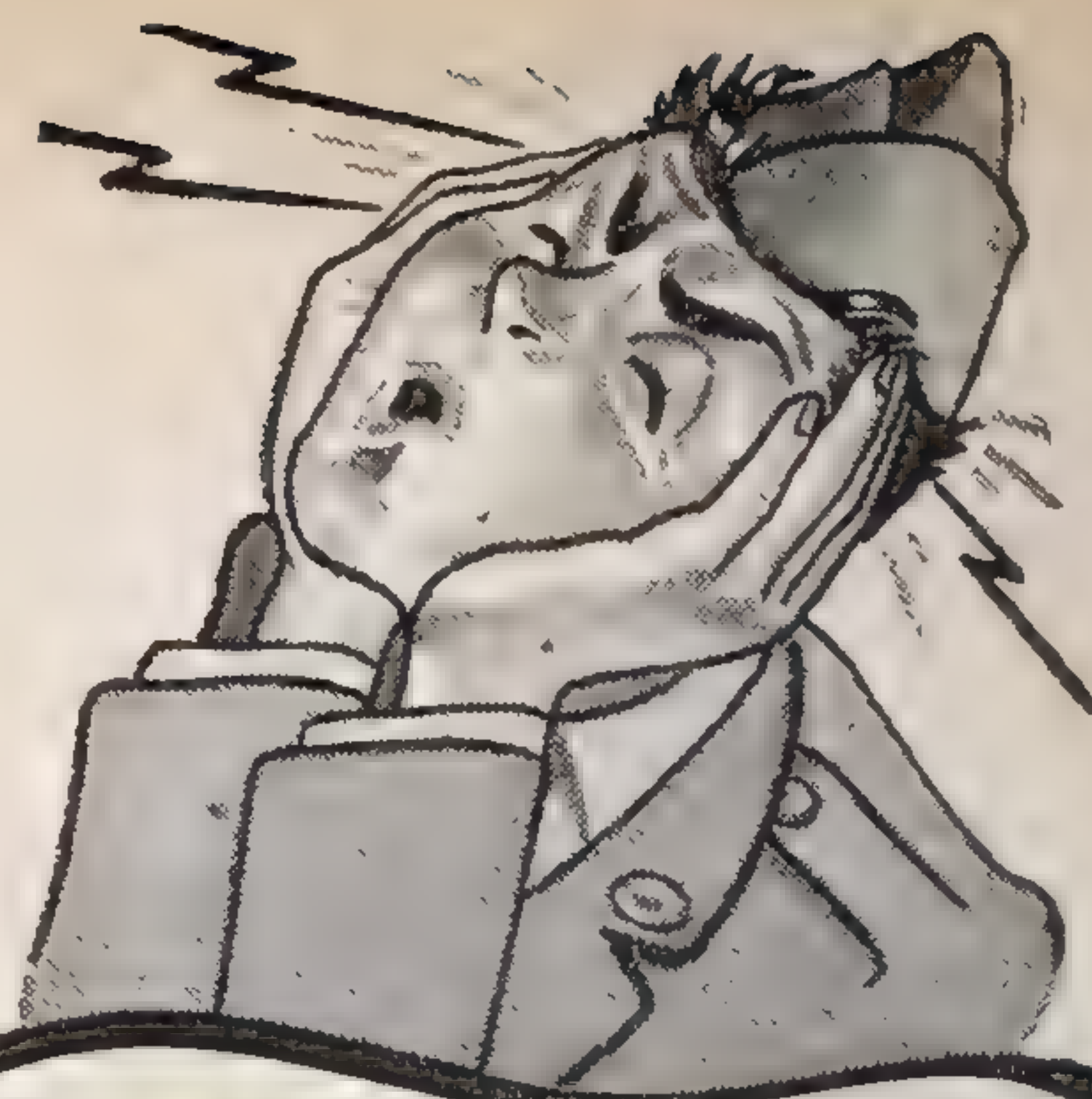
Private Marvin F.

Dear Private F:

Your letter was interesting to me not only because of your particular problem, but because you are using the judgment that is inherent with all fine American boys. During wartime you have chosen the right path when you met the right girl. You decline to marry until the things you are fighting for are settled. You are to be commended.

You are lucky to have met such a lovely girl. I feel that you should send her the ring. Love is a tender thing and I am sure from the tone of your letter that you and your girl are in love and right for each other.

Your attitude in not wanting to hurt your parents is very commendable and shows again the fine spirit of the American fighting men. However, I think you should tell them that you are sending the ring to the girl. Try to convince them that their attitude is un-American and that race discrimination is one of the things we are fighting to abolish in our post-war world. Try to show them that because of the fine way they have raised



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TRY **BC**

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS



10¢
AND
25¢
USE AS
DIRECTED

LEARN NURSING AT HOME



High school not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now! Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing 160 N. Wacker Drive. Chicago, Illinois

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REMOVED WITH
CASTOR OIL
PREPARATION

Say goodbye to corn-pads and dangerous razors. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain and dries up the pestiest corns or callus. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine, benzocaine, and salicylic acid. Easy directions in package. 35¢ bottle saves untold misery.

NOXACORN

Druggist returns money if it fails.

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



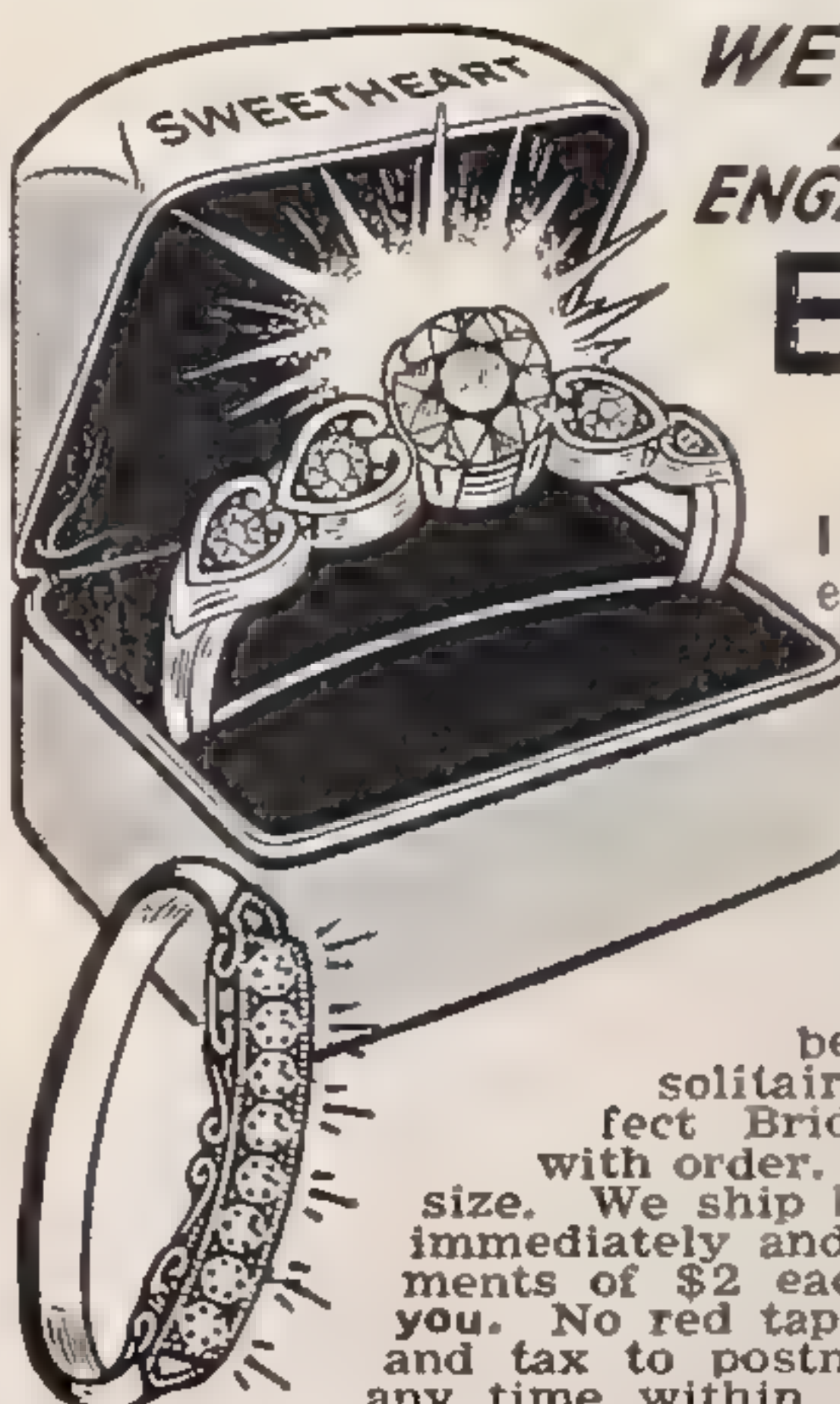
ITCH
CHECKED In A Jiffy

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35¢ trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for D.D.D. Prescription.



There's No Excuse For
BLOTCHY SKIN!

Clear it with KREMOLA aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M.D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy, gentlemen will admire. At druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. MAC-5, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Send \$1.25 for 2 oz. jar, plus 10% tax, or 20¢ for generous purse sample, for daily powderbase. Use only as directed.



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TEN DAYS' TRIAL
SEND NO MONEY

Introductory offer:—With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the

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MINIPOO DRY SHAMPOO

- Cleans hair thoroughly in 10 minutes
- Easy to apply—pleasant to use
- Leaves hair soft and lustrous
- Ideal for the sick room



30 SHAMPOOS INCLUDING MITTEN
\$1.00
No Soap
No Rinsing
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Saves Your Wave

At Dept. and Drug Stores or send direct to:
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and trained you they now must trust you not to make a mistake in your choice of a wife.
My every good wish to you for your future happiness.
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
Could you please oblige me by getting me in touch with a pen pal in America—in California if possible? I should like to write to people who are twelve years old.
Yours sincerely,
Jean Walls,
4 Attwood Street,
Anfield, Liverpool 4, England

Dear Jean:
In the interests of fellowship across the seas, I am happy to print your letter. I'm sure that you will receive many letters from American girls who are your age.
Cordially yours,
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
You seem to be a happy and charming lady, so I think you can help me to solve my problem.
Well, my story starts like this: I am now twenty-two and have been married (if you can call it that) for nearly two years. This boy that I married was the first and only boy I ever dated and I only went out with him because my family and his family were great friends. They had planned for us to marry because we are the same religion and nationality. Personally, I couldn't stand him, but what can you do when you are young and obedient?
Well, we got married when he was going off to the Army. We were married one night and he left the next morning and I have never seen him since. He has been in Egypt for over a year, but he only writes once in five or six months.

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This summer I met a soldier and dated him on the sly, but my father caught me at it and beat me up something awful.

This soldier is really a sweet person and he says he loves me. I love him, but what can I do? Miss Colbert, do you think I should get a divorce, or what should I do?

Mrs. Laraine H.

Dear Mrs. H:

In the first place, I don't think you should have to endure physical brutality from your father. Since you are twenty-two, you are an adult. You should get a job and leave a home in which there certainly appears to be little happiness for you.

As for your love affair with your soldier, have you considered the fact that he will probably be leaving soon, too? From your letter, I would judge that your husband was the first boy you ever dated, and this soldier is the second. As you disliked your husband, it would be very easy for you to consider yourself in love with any boy who was reasonably thoughtful and attentive to you.

I believe that, if I were you, I would first set out on some sort of a career which would give me independence. I'd invest in some Bonds, and I'd buy a few very practical but pretty clothes.

If you concentrate on building a self-reliant personality, you will find that your romantic problems will adjust themselves. You will find the right answer in your own heart.

Whatever you do, don't put up with abuse. A human relationship is right when it adds to human well being and human dignity. It is wrong when it destroys either.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have an idea for a story. I have worked out the complete plot, but since I have never written a story I can only go this far. I feel positive that it can be a good story if properly written.

Should I submit this idea to movie companies? If so, how can I protect the idea while doing so?

The subject I deal with is novel and timely, yet no pictures have been made of it.

Will you please advise me?

Allance C.

Dear Allance:

Hollywood is really the land of opportunity, but only if things are presented in the proper channels. Every day original stories are sent to Hollywood and quickly returned to their owners because they have not been sent to the proper person. Studios are always looking for new,



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fresh material and are glad to have it presented to them.

My suggestion is the following: Send one copy of your story, complete or blocked out briefly, to the Screen Writers' Guild in Hollywood. They will register it and file it away in their vaults. Thus your idea is protected.

As you have no story agent, send your story direct to the Story Department of the studio of your choice. It will be carefully read, judged and they will inform you of their interest or lack of it.

Perhaps the Screen Writers' Guild will send you a list of accredited Story Agents if you would rather have an agent present it to a studio. However, I do think until you are a recognized writer no "top" agent would handle your material. This, of course, depends on the worth of your first story.

Send your story in and I hope someone buys it.

Claudette Colbert.

This Month's Winner!

This letter from Jane Ringler published below was judged the most sincere in the "How I Solved My Problem" series in the last issue of Photoplay and was awarded a \$25 War Bond.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I wonder why it is a mother can give her daughter all sorts of advice and none of it is ever taken?

Maybe it was my lucky day, the day I bought March PHOTOPLAY, because there in the first column of your page, I saw what might have been my own story... and what was more important I saw your answer.

I met Jack at a dance, and I guess I fell hard for him and he gave me much the same answer as Gregg gave Ardis. I thought he was the only love of my life and when I knew he couldn't marry me, I made all sorts of excuses to Mother who tried to show me I was wrong in caring for him.

Somehow it just never entered my mind that maybe a girl of eighteen fell in and out of love as you say they do, anyway you don't know what comfort it gave me reading that, and also that you thought yourself in love at eighteen and found out differently.

Mother could have told me that and I guess she did, but I just put it down to being old-fashioned. Now I know you have had a lot of experience and know what you are talking about and your advice gave me such a lift that I went to a movie that afternoon, ate a box of popcorn and almost entirely forgot about Jack.

You have helped me, you'll never know how much. Just to be rid of that awful agonizing pain in my heart even for a little while... was worth plenty.

Nearly eighteen,
Jane Ringler.



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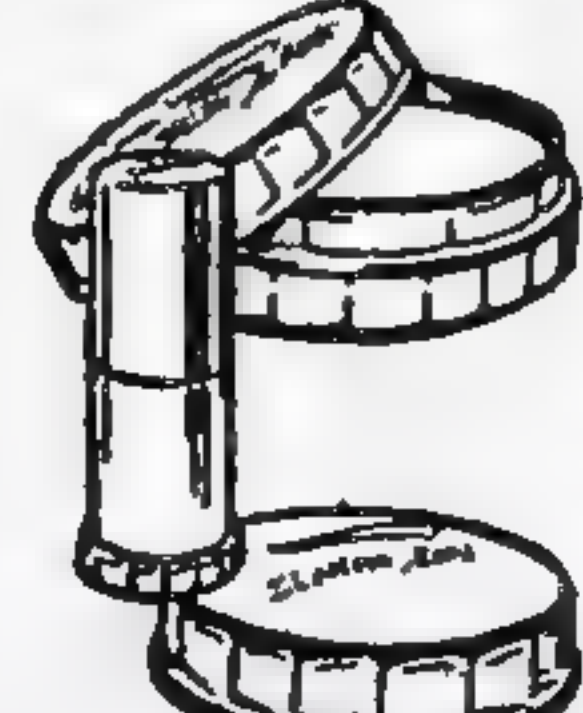
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The Mystery of Judy Garland

(Continued from page 29) well and strong."

There is something so honest about Judy—so sincere and very likable. She is one of the easiest stars in Hollywood to interview, completely disarming in her frankness. I asked her questions and received answers that the average actress would have evaded and stalled.

I said, "Judy are you getting a divorce from Dave?"

"I'm trying to," she replied. "I want to. You know it is not possible to divorce a man in the service without his permission. I have repeatedly asked Dave to please sign the papers.

"He is always charming and says he will be glad to sign them and then promptly forgets all about it! At first," laughed Judy, "I thought he was stalling because he didn't want any of those complications that a man as attractive as my former husband always seems to meet when he is a free man. Then," she went on, "I realized he just forgets.

"Dave is so impractical he should never marry. He is an idealist and a romanticist who lives in the clouds. He has great talent and nothing really interests him outside his music. Money is a bore. When I was married to him I would wonder where our money went. Dave would never know. He just couldn't be bothered with anything so mundane as dollars and cents."

Judy laughed her infectious laugh.

"But you were terribly in love with him," I said.

"He was my first love," she replied, "and I honestly believed he would be my last. Now I realize that we are better apart."

Since that day Judy has had her wish, for Dave signed the necessary papers and divorce proceedings are now under way.

ALMOST as prominent as the gossip about Judy's ill health was the rumor that she was suffering from an unrequited love. But when I asked her if there was a mysterious love in her life, she smiled, "No, really. I'm a career girl. I'm not sure that I shall ever marry again. I've been looking at a house I love—just big enough for me. I could be very happy in that house being just a bachelor girl, with my friends to visit me and my work."

Still another story about Judy is that she is planning to leave M-G-M, her home studio, where she has worked ever since she came into the movies. And, once again, Judy didn't fail me with an evasive answer.

"That is a rumor that happens to be true," she answered. "I am not going to re-sign with the studio when my contract expires. Oh, they've been wonderful to me at M-G-M. But I want to go on the stage. I was in vaudeville so many years when I was Frances Gumm and I miss the sound of applause.

"If I could get a play on the order of 'Lady In The Dark,' a drama or a comedy with music, I would be terribly happy. Right now I'm very excited over doing 'The Lock' by Paul Gallico. Robert Nathan has written a strong dramatic story and I don't sing a note or dance a step in the film.

"When I first started to make 'Meet Me In St. Louis,' Judy continued, "I was worried because I play the role of Esther in the book and she has very little to do. But the part was built up in the script and now I love it."

I told Judy that I had known all the Smith girls very well—the author, Sally Benson (who was Sally Smith), Rose, Esther and Agnes—and she asked me all about them. I promised her that the next time we were both in New York I would see to it that she met them.



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"It's amusing," she laughed; "but Margaret O'Brien, Joan Carroll, Lucille Bremer, who play the other Smith sisters, and I—all look alike. We have the same nub noses which gives us a nice 'family resemblance' in the film."

JUDY is so poised now, so much a woman that it is hard to remember back when she was the little girl, *Dorothy*, in "The Wizard Of Oz"—and unhappy because she was too plump.

Like Deanna Durbin she has grown up before your eyes and mine, right on the screen. She was so shy, at first, such a little girl. Then came the musical comedies with Mickey Rooney when the team of Garland and Rooney became the hottest thing at the box office. She adores Mickey and he once told me that he considered is little co-star the best trouper on the screen. Now they are no longer a team. Each has gone his separate way to even bigger success. Certainly Judy is one of M-G-M's biggest money-makers.

Whether or not her fame and success have brought her real happiness, I do not know. If there was a period in her life when she was unhappy and her health in precarious state, it is past now and she has come through it with flying colors. There are still times when she seems tired and she cannot make a picture without its taking its toll of her strength. "If I could only forget to worry," she smiled ruefully. "I'm a great worrier. I fret from the start to the finish of every picture I make."

There is one thing I have never heard about Judy—and that is that she is temperamental. She will stand up for her rights but she is never demanding. Her directors rave about her for the way she co-operates.

There is a deep pensiveness in Judy's face. She is not a beautiful girl but there is something more than beauty in her expression. For a girl so young she has a great deal of character.

If all this might sound as if she were morose and moody, it isn't true. She has plenty of good times and she enjoys night-clubbing. I have seen her here and there with Peter Lawford, Robert Walker and Van Johnson, to mention but a few of her escorts.

Someday I am sure she will fall in love again and marry, no matter how she feels now. It is only fair that little Judy should know the happiness of a home, a husband and children, as well as the fame and success she has won for herself!

THE END

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Makers of DURAGLAS Beer and Beverage Bottles

Sweet Sue

(Continued from page 51) pictures, Paramount's "And Now Tomorrow" and Jules Levy's production of "The Hairy Ape." They are her first real starring roles in important pictures, after six years of being a Hollywood "almost," and her memory of the near-fatal childhood accident helps explain why she has stayed so cheerful.

"You know," she said, "I don't remember being frightened when the car loomed up, nor being hit. I don't even remember the pain, though I must have suffered a lot. All I remember is the marvelous feeling of waking every morning and knowing I was going to get a brand-new present."

Today Susan looks absurdly young, much more so than on the screen or in stills. She has the skin that should go with glowing red hair, and a freshness—as in strawberries. She could pass, if she tried, for sixteen. So it's easy to guess what she must have looked like when, at eighteen, she made her one-girl Commando raid on Broadway.

Her mother still clothed her in what Mrs. Marrener considered demure, high-school-girl clothes; her eyebrows, of course, weren't plucked; she wore no trace of lipstick or rouge! Theatrical producers were kind but bored; a few even let her read lines; then they would pat her paternally on the shoulder and murmur, "Come back in a few years."

AFTER weeks of that, Susan, on a desperate hunch, went into a modeling agency's office. She had come into the building looking for a producer who wasn't there (he'd gone broke) and just happened to see the modeling agency's

name on the directory board. Her impulsiveness proved profitable this time. Color photography was booming; the agency needed a true redhead and didn't have one. Soon that alert and attractive head enlivened magazine covers and ads for famous cosmetics, dentifrices and soaps. Part of her earnings went for dramatic coaching.

David Selznick noted Susan's poses illustrating a national magazine article "How Models Come To New York" (Susan says, "In my case, on the subway") and David brought her to Hollywood for a *Scarlett O'Hara* test. Nothing much came of that, except that the test did get her six months' work at Warners. But the silence from the executive offices at the end of six months was so deep you could hear Susan's option drop!

Then followed six jobless months that really tested Susan's ability to keep her chin up. Toward the six months' end, Susan, completely anonymously, posed for a breakfast food company. She not only needed the money, but she'd heard that the company always sent a model two complimentary cases of their particular wonder-flakes.

For the last three weeks before Susan and her mother planned to leave for New York with tickets bought from the modeling fee, they lived on breakfast food and skimmed milk. Susan, remembering, says, "If you go to the dairy, buy in large quantities and lug the bucket home yourself. Skimmed milk is very cheap."

At the last moment, just like the old movies where the wicked squire's mortgage was paid off, Paramount signed a new talent director, Arthur Jacobson, and he talked with Susan, was impressed and

lost no time in signing her name to a con-joint, closed her eyes and said simply: "The hat!"

Then began the six years that sympathetic newspapermen have so widely publicized: One good picture, then four bad ones; a girl who waves out a window in an otherwise all-male cast and is seen no more; loan-outs to other studios but no real build-up on the home lot. Always about to be a star! Now let's hope, with "And Now Tomorrow" and "The Hairy Ape" the negative cycle is over and the little redhead is at last coming into her own.

BUT although times are vastly improved for Susan, the wheat-flakes-and-skimmed-milk era has left its mark on her—the mark of sober, deliberate economy. You wouldn't call it stinginess; it's just the need to keep her financial feet on the ground.

Take the matter of the hat. It was what is known in the trade as a Boldini—large and sassy. Its main motif consisted of gray and cerise stripes, but there was a bit of ruching here and there, and one white pompon that cried, "Murder!" Susan walked in and said to the milliner, "Will you put that away until I have time to think about it?" She didn't even ask the price.

Then followed two months' phone conversations between Susan and her closest girl friend.

"Why don't you buy it?" urged the girl friend. "Even if it cost a hundred dollars, you can afford it. It's part of your job to be dressed up."

"A hundred dollars!" moaned Susan. "I've been lying awake nights for fear it would cost over twenty-five!"

Eventually Susan rode to Beverly Hills on a street-car, talking lamzy divey to herself all the way, barged into the swank

It happened the head of the shop suspected Susan was about to be a big star. He expended some time finding a box large enough to hold the Boldini. Susan put her arms halfway around the package and started for the door. On the threshold she paused and asked him in a weak voice, "What will be the price of this?"

"To you, Miss Hayward, nineteen dollars."

Susan's knees buckled and the hat-maker had to help her into a cab. By golly he paid the cab fare!

As for the boy-friend situation, Susan has found one with whom she seems to enjoy palling around. He is Jess Barker, Columbia Pictures star, whom movie-goers have seen so far in "Good Luck, Mr. Yates," "Government Girl" (an RKO loan-out) and as Rita Hayworth's beau in brief flashbacks in "Cover Girl." On Photoplay's going-to-press date Jess was working as the male lead in "She's A Soldier, Too." New Yorkers know him well for many successful stage leads.

Jess is blond. Susan, who met him at the Hollywood Canteen, thinks him "a young Leslie Howard type" and admits she is very *very* fond of him.

Both were indignant in late April when an air gossip announced they had secured a marriage certificate and were about to elope.

"Why," Susan said, "we've only known each other six months; there isn't even an engagement; Jess and I seem to discover more and more mutual interests, but we will do a lot of thinking and try to make sure. When there's something to talk about, we'll talk."

P.S.—She's picked a bridesmaid, just in case.

THE END

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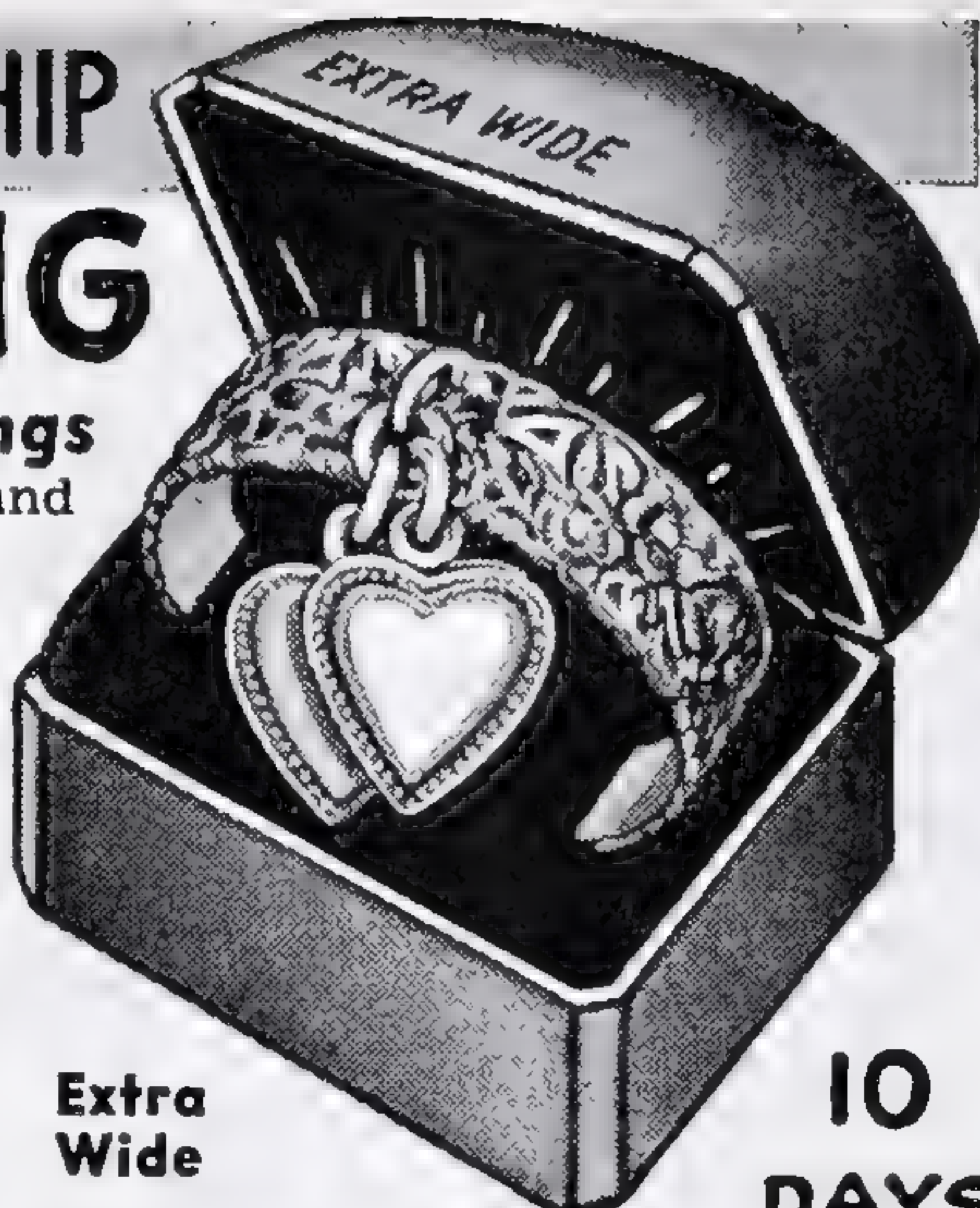
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 70)

keep the youngsters apart form the basis of the story. Peggy Ryan, Patric Knowles and Arthur Treacher are all mixed up in the thing, but Donald himself is the whole show. (May.)

CHINESE CAT, THE—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, has forty-eight hours in which to solve a murder which the police have given up as hopeless. He does it through the key to the mystery—a Chinese statuette of a black cat. Joan Woodbury, Benson Fong, Ian Keith and Weldon Heyburn are Chan's cohorts in the story. (June.)

COVER GIRL—Columbia: Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than in this gay, gorgeous musical comedy and Gene Kelly's dancing is superb. Rita, who works in Kelly's small night club, wins a cover girl contest and the attendant publicity carries her away from Kelly to Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. With Eve Arden, Phil Silvers, Otto Kruger and the Cover Girls. (May.)

COWBOY AND THE SENORITA, THE—Republic: Too much plot complication dealing with buried treasure and cryptic messages on a bracelet lost by a girl trying to locate the treasure. Because Roy Rogers and Guinn Williams find the bracelet, villain John Hubbard accused them of kidnapping the missing girl. Mary Lee and Dale Evans are the girls. (June.)

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE—RKO: Simone Simon, the cat lady, is playmate to a little girl, Ann Carter, who's entranced with the idea of a woman's turning into a cat. Naturally, Ann's parents Kent Smith and Jane Randolph are horrified at the idea. The previous picture "Cat People" was a far far better story than this little hocus-pocus. (May.)

DAYS OF GLORY—RKO: Two new vibrant personalities, Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova, are presented here, with Peck as the commander of a Russian guerrilla band. When her ballet troupe is overrun by the Nazis, Toumanova becomes one of them and, of course, her love soon finds a response in the commander's heart. Every detail of the film is cleverly and beautifully done. (June.)

DETECTIVE KITTY O'DAY—Monogram: Jean Parker and her beau, Peter Cookson, try to discover who murdered her boss while, at the same time, trying to prevent detectives Tim Ryan and Ed Gargan from arresting her for the deed. Jean, as *Kitty*, gives the role plenty of snap and sparkle. (June.)

FALCON OUT WEST, THE—RKO: When a Western ranch owner drops dead in New York, presumably from rattlesnake poison, the *Falcon*, played calmly and smoothly as usual by Tom Conway, gets in the case and trails the dead man's fiancée out West. The cast includes Barbara Hale, Minor Watson, Carole Gallagher and Joan Barclay. (June.)

FIGHTING SEABEES, THE—Republic: A rip-roaring job on how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy, with John Wayne as a hot-headed, hard-fisted engineer who learns his lesson from naval officer Dennis O'Keefe. Both men give likeable performances. (April.)

FOLLOW THE BOYS—Universal: The idea of showing the work of the Hollywood Victory Committee and the stars who give their services to entertain the boys in camps and overseas comes to the screen overly long but immensely entertaining. The array of artists includes George Raft, Zorina, Orson Welles, Jeanette MacDonald, Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Donald O'Connor and many others. (June.)

FOUR JILLS AND A JEEP—20th Century-Fox: Because this story is based on the overseas adventures of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair it holds the interest far more than it otherwise would. Phil Silvers, sergeant attached to the girls throughout their journey, is very good, as is singer Richard Haymes and John Harvey, who provides the romance with Carole. (June.)

GOING MY WAY—Paramount: A charming, heart-warming picture, with Bing Crosby as the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing. He's sent to the rundown parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs, and Bing does a fine job. Rise Stevens sings magnificently, Fitzgerald is a joy to behold and Bing turns in a fine, sincere performance. (May.)

HAPPY LAND—20th Century-Fox: This story of a small-town druggist, played superbly by Don Ameche who cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his boy in the war, comes as a message of peace and comfort. Frances Dee is Don's wife, Harry Carey his father who returns to him, Richard Crane the son and Ann Rutherford the girl he left behind. (April.)

HAT CHECK HONEY—Universal: Three name bands, Freddie Slack's, Harry Owens' and Ted Weems', the cuteness and pertness of hat-check girl Gracie McDonald and the antics of Leon Errol fail to give a lift to this dreary little weary. The plot deals with Errol's sacrificing his all for the future of his son Richard Davis who makes a hit with Slack's band and then walks out. (June.)

HENRY ALDRICH—BOY SCOUT—Paramount:

Jimmy Lydon as *Henry* transforms the spoiled son of a friend of his father's into a human being by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as *Dizzy*, *Henry's* pal. (April.)

✓HER PRIMITIVE MAN—Universal: A lot of fun and nonsense, with Robert Paige as an author who has sold the idea for a book about head hunters to Publisher Robert Benchley. When Louise Allbritton learns about the book she exposes it as a fraud and decides to bring a real head hunter back to civilization. So, of course, Paige poses as the primitive man and much comedy results. (June.)

HI, GOOD LOOKIN'—Universal: The people in this are very nice people, such as Harriet Hilliard, Eddie Quillan, Betty Kean, Fuzzy Knight and Roscoe Karns, but the story is that silly one about a girl who comes to Hollywood to crash the movies, ends up on a late radio broadcast and clicks. Mixed up in it are a lot of specialty numbers and Ozzie Nelson's band. (June.)

HOT RHYTHM—Monogram: A cute little budget musical with Robert Lowery and Sidney Miller as song writers who try to help singer Dona Drake land a job with an orchestra. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording Dona makes and from then on all sorts of complications arise. Tim Ryan is the studio boss. (May.)

HOURLY BEFORE THE DAWN, THE—Paramount: Franchot Tone deadpans his way through his role of an English conscientious objector who marries Veronica Lake and later discovers that she's a German spy who's married him in order to stay in England and keep on spying. Binnie Barnes and John Sutton strive bravely to make this good entertainment, but it turns out to be dull and unexciting. (May.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—Universal: Despite the talents of Jean Gabin, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyck, this turns out to be a bore. The story has convict Gabin escaping from a bombed-out prison in France, working his way to a French seaport and taking a freighter to Dakar, where he eventually becomes regenerated through loyalty to the Free French. (May.)

✓IN OUR TIME—Warners: The performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid lift this story into a fairly engrossing tale. The first half which tells of their meeting is charming, but after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, it goes into the usual fare of war and its effect on the various lives of the characters involved. (May.)

✓IT HAPPENED TOMORROW—Pressburger-U.A.: Dick Powell has never given a better performance than as the reporter who through the supernatural powers of a departed friend is able to predict tomorrow's news today. The success and havoc it brings into his life provides sheer entertainment and the love story between Dick and Linda Darnell is especially tender and real. With Jack Oakie. (April.)

✓KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—PCA-U.A.: The stage play has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results are pleasing but puzzling, although Nelson Eddy's arresting presence and his voice keep the whole business intact. Charles Coburn as *Governor Peter Stuyvesant* has been more happily cast in the past but the idea behind the tale is fun and the music's swell. With Constance Dowling. (May.)

✓LADIES COURAGEOUS—Universal: Glorifying the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron, this picture has done all right by the WAFS. Loretta Young is steady and confident as the leader of the women fliers, Anne Gwynne is happily cast as the superstitious one, Geraldine Fitzgerald is the publicity seeker, and Evelyn Ankers, Diana Barrymore, Lois Collier and June Vincent are all good. (June.)

LADY AND THE MONSTER, THE—Republic: A motor accident has provided scientist Erich Von Stroheim with a human brain which he keeps alive in his laboratory. This proves very upsetting to Richard Arlen who gradually comes under the brain's spell and to Vera Hruba Ralston who almost loses her life on account of the brain. It's a pretty good chiller-diller. (June.)

✓✓LADY IN THE DARK—Paramount: Technicolor triumph with the story taking second place to the rainbow riot of sets, clothes and accessories. Ginger Rogers is the editor of a swank fashion magazine who goes to a psychiatrist to solve her dreams and moods of depression. The solving carries her off into dream fantasies which are lovely. With Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Mischa Auer. (April.)

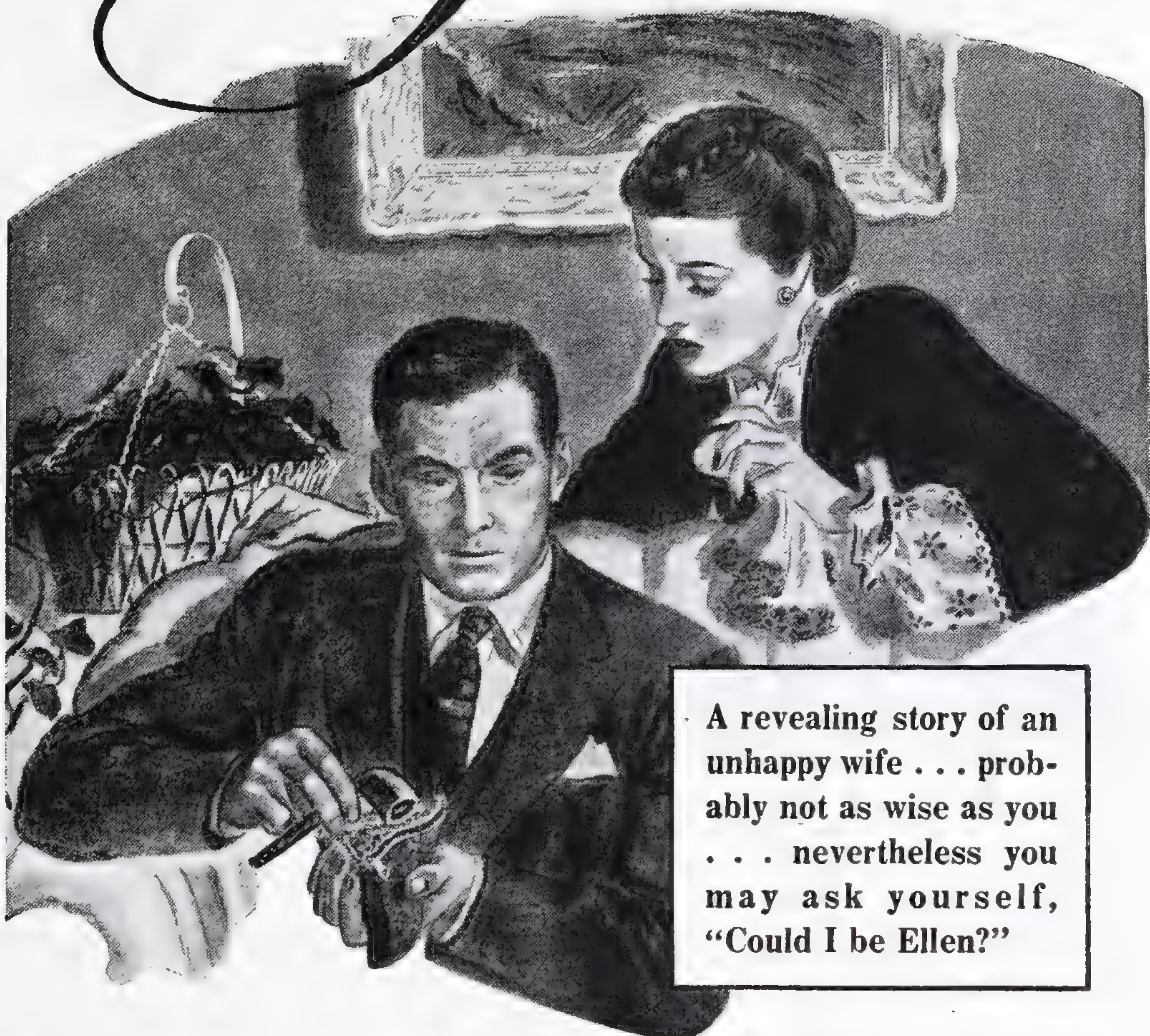
✓✓LADY, LET'S DANCE!—Monogram: The story is ridiculous, but blonde newcomer Belita skates divinely, acts delightfully and looks well while doing both. The ice comics, Frick and Frack, handsome James Ellison, musical Henry Busse and Walter Catlett share the story with her but it's Belita whose talent you'll enjoy. (April.)

✓✓LIFEBOAT—20th Century-Fox: An exciting story which takes place entirely amid the cramped quarters of a lifeboat, with Tallulah Bankhead giving a magnificent performance as the hard-boiled writer and photographer. John Hodiak, tycoon Henry Hull, William Bendix, Canada Lee, Mary Anderson and Hume Cronyn are among its occupants, along with Nazi Walter Slezak, who tries to take command. (April.)

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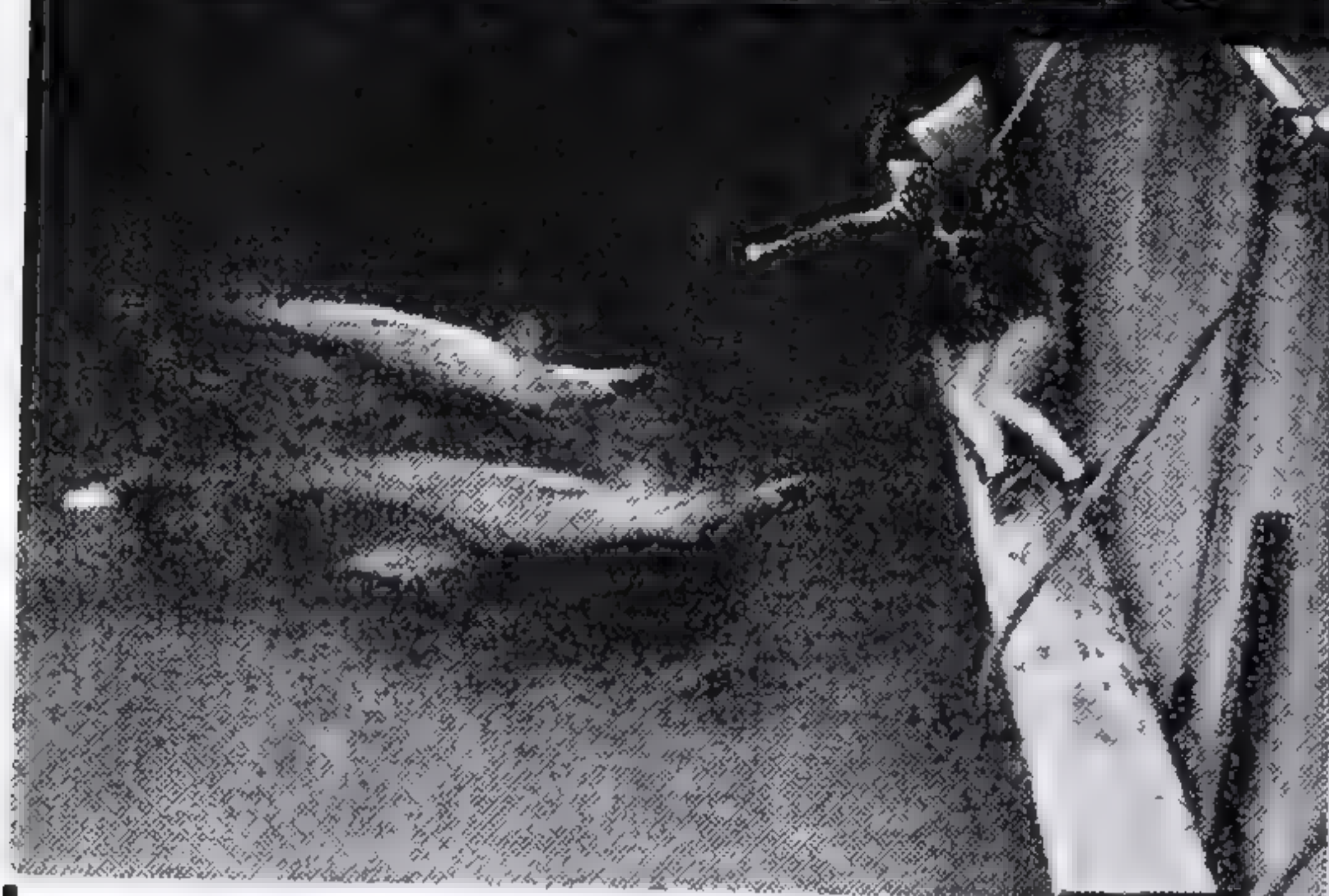
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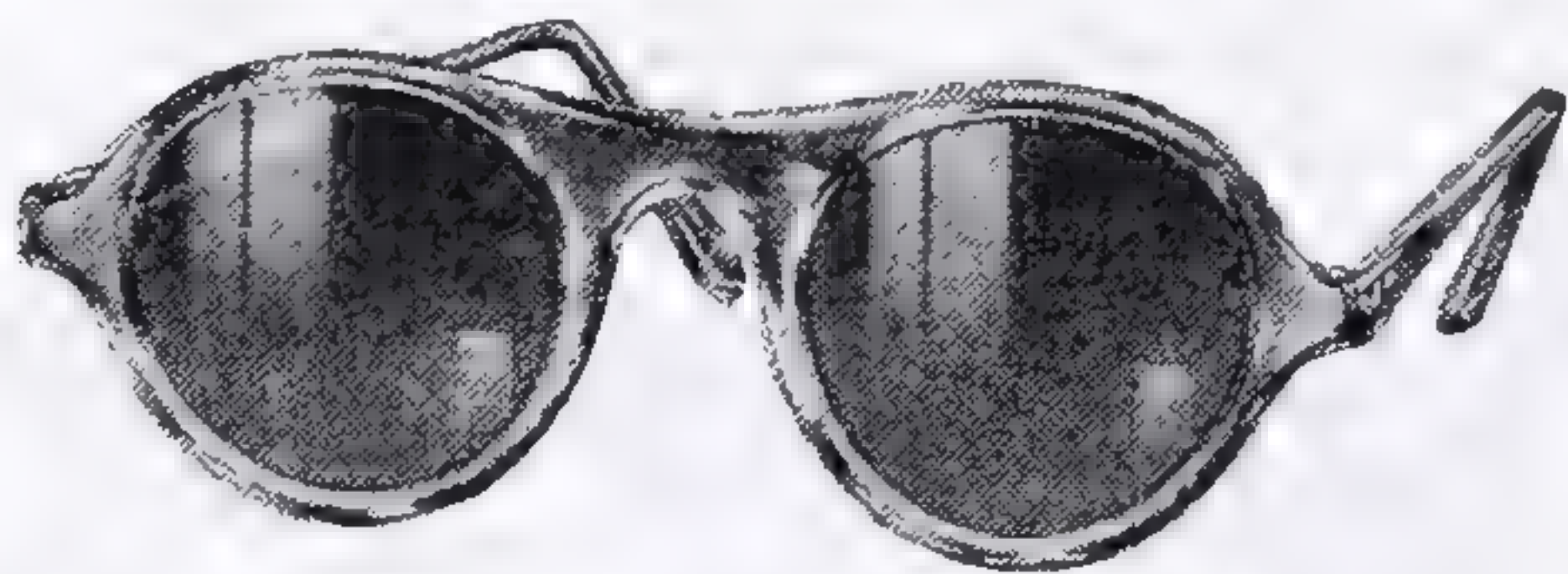
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✓✓**LODGER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Sheer, unadulterated horror with Laird Cregar as *Jack The Ripper* who terrorized London many years ago. His passion for killing finally turns to Merle Oberon, niece of the family with whom he has come to lodge. Miss Oberon, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood are excellent and Cregar is a mountain of cold terror. (April.)

MEN ON HER MIND—P. R. C.: Edward Norris, Ted North and Alan Edwards are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes, and on the night of her triumph as a radio star they all propose marriage to her. The reasons for her final choice are explained in long flashback sequences of her childhood in an orphanage. (May.)

MILLION DOLLAR KID—Monogram: The Dead End Kids, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, and Gabriel Dell are still around and here the hoodlums run around with rich boy Johnny Duncan, and in the course of their misdeeds they save the kid's father from a slugging, expose a phony French officer, and teach the lad himself the danger of traipsing about in bad company. (May.)

MONSTER MAKER, THE—P.R.C.: Another nutty scientist, this time played by J. Carrol Naish who can make people's heads grow big as well as their hands and feet. He inflicts this horror on Ralph Morgan a pianist in order to force his consent to the marriage of his daughter, Wanda McKay, to Naish. (June.)

MY BEST GAL—Republic: The routine formula of the talented kids who try to hit Broadway, with most of the action taking place in a drugstore where Jane Withers soda-jerks. When her boy friend Jimmy Lydon is about to go in the Army she attempts to sell the musical he's written and actually puts on a preview of the show in the drugstore. (June.)

✓✓**NEGRO SOLDIER, THE**—U. S. War Department. Don't miss this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner. It shows a Negro congregation listening to the minister who takes as his text the Negro soldier, and shows the part they have played in every war since the Revolution. The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity and makes you proud of being an American. (May.)

✓✓**NINE GIRLS**—Columbia: Nine lovely girls decide to vacation at a mountain lodge with Ann Harding as chaperone. One of the girls, Anita Louise, is murdered, and then comes the fun with detectives William Demarest and Willard Robertson trying to discover which of the girls murdered Anita. The girls include Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks and Jeff Donnell. (June.)

✓✓**NONE SHALL ESCAPE**—Columbia: The first cry for post-war retribution and swift punishment for our enemies, and it's a strong cry coming from the little peoples of the world. Henry Travers is the kindly Polish priest who tells of the cruelties of the Nazis on trial; Marsha Hunt is wonderful in her testimonial scenes; and Alexander Knox, as the Nazi who is permitted to speak, registers strongly. (April.)

✓✓**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLES**—Warners: Fine performances enliven this long-drawn-out story told in innumerable flashbacks. Humphrey Bogart, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, and George Tobias escape from Devil's Island to fight for the Free French, and their experiences en route to Marseilles form the bulk of the picture. With Sidney Greenstreet, Claude Rains and Victor Francen. (May.)

✓✓**PHANTOM LADY**—Universal: The life of Alan Curtis depends upon locating one strange woman whom he took to the theater the night his wife was murdered, as this woman alone can provide him with an alibi. But when Ella Raines, his secretary, Thomas Gomez, police inspector, and Franchot Tone, his friend, try to find her, all avenues that lead to her detection seem to be blocked. (April.)

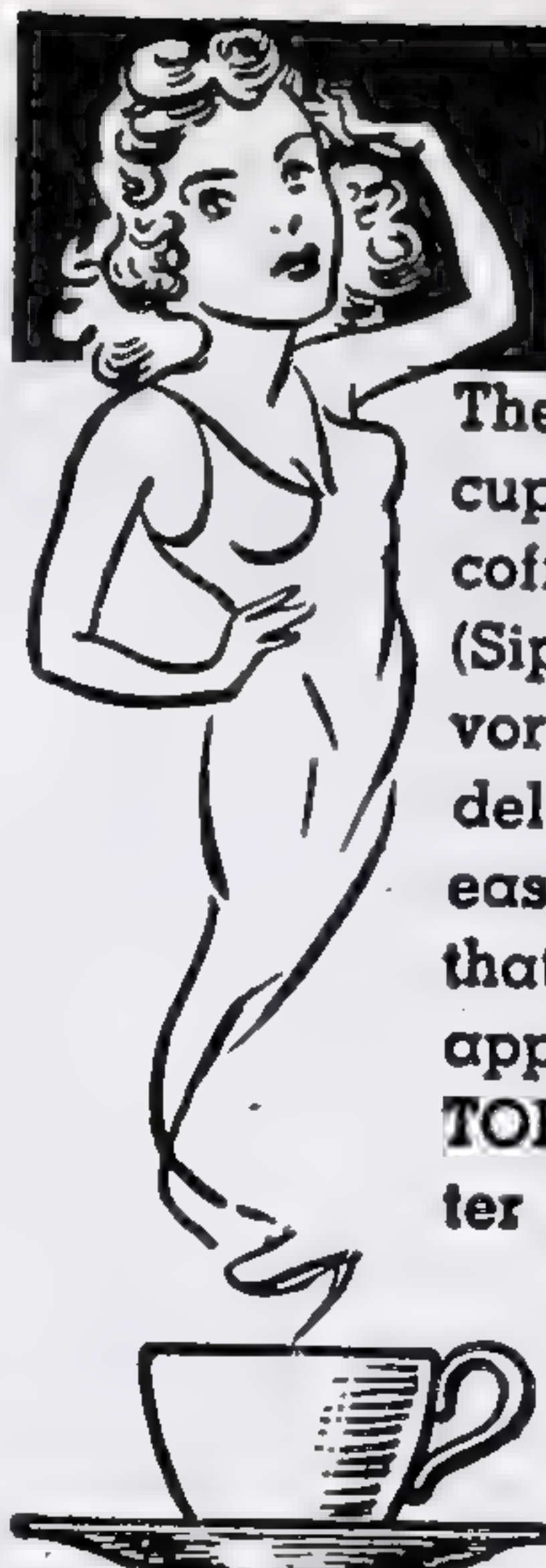
✓✓**PURPLE HEART, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A movie shocking to the senses, and one that rocks us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy. From the moment our boys, American fliers captured in Japan, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power, due in part to the magnificent performances of Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, and the rest of the cast and to the superb direction and story construction. (May.)

RATIONING—M-G-M: Wally Beery, proprietor of a smalltown store, goes to Washington to try to get in the Army but instead is promised an important post at home, which turns out to be head of the meat division of the rationing board in his district. With Marjorie Main to heckle and torment him. (April.)

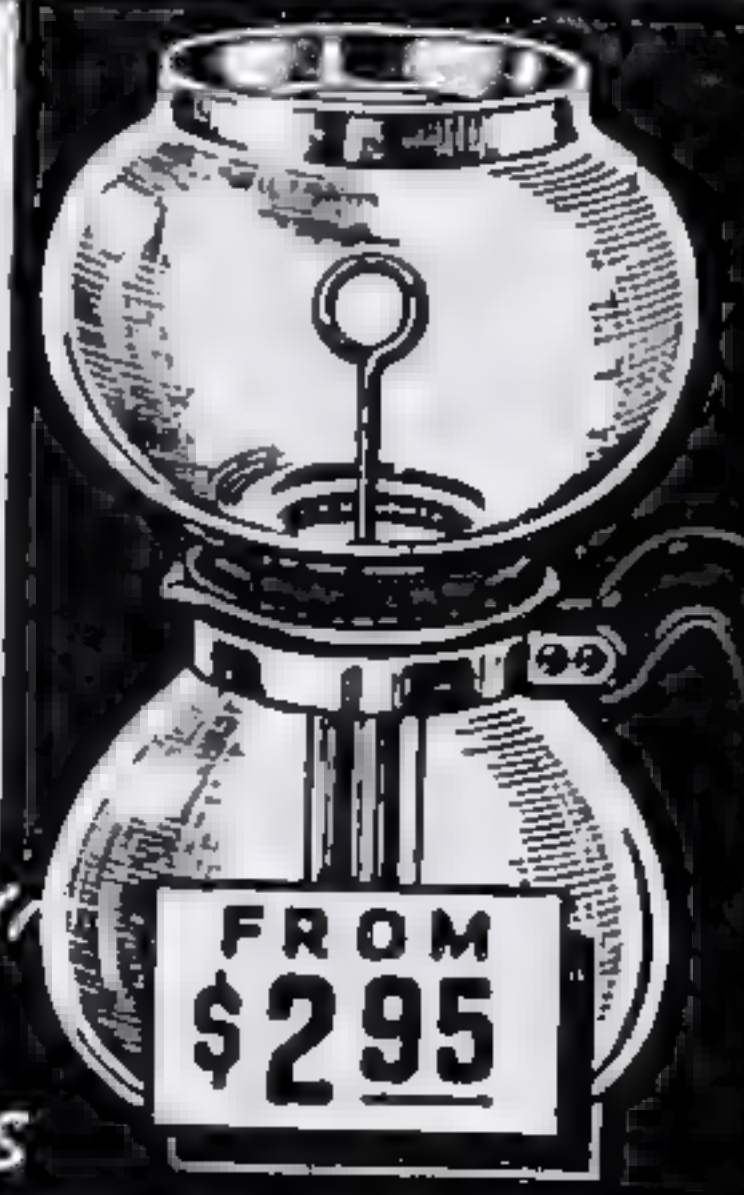
RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE—United Artists: *Hopalong Cassidy*, played for the fiftieth time by William Boyd, pretends to grow weary of lawfulness and forsakes the Rangers to join up with the gangsters in order to ferret out the head man and instigator of all the cussedness. With Boyd as usual are his pals Andy Clyde and Jimmy Rogers. (April.)

✓✓**SEE HERE PRIVATE HARGROVE**—M-G-M: The best seller is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job as the rookie who never seems to be able to get off his garbage-pail-cleaning de-

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tail. Keenan Wynn, his chiseling pal, and Donna Reed, his girl, are both so good; as is Robert Benchley. At last you'll see the funny side of camp life. (May.)

SHERLOCK-HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN—Universal: Basil Rathbone as *Holmes* and Nigel Bruce as *Watson* are here again, solving the case of the many suicides by setting a trap for the woman responsible for the self-destruction urge. Huge spiders and Hitler's face lend a creepy, crawling air to the affair and Gale Sondergaard stalks around too. (April.)

✓ **SHINE ON HARVEST MOON**—Warners: Purporting to be the life story of vaudeville's popular Nora Bayes, Ann Sheridan comes to the screen in a story that's no more Bayes than you are, though it's an entertaining musical. Dennis Morgan plays her husband; Magician Jack Carson, Marie Wilson and S. Z. Sakall stick by them through it all, and Irene Manning and Robert Shayne are the heels. (June.)

✓ **SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes and the miracles that resulted from that vision. Jennifer Jones as Bernadette gives a beautifully sincere and completely moving performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March.)

✓ **SONG OF RUSSIA**—M-G-M: The thrilling music of Peter Tchaikovsky provides a magnificent background for the love story of an American musical conductor, Robert Taylor, caught in the German invasion of Russia, and Susan Peters, the Russian peasant girl he married. Theirs is a beautiful story, well told, well acted and well mounted. Robert Benchley is Taylor's manager. (April.)

✓ **STANDING ROOM ONLY**—Paramount: Secretary Paulette Goddard and her boss Fred MacMurray solve the housing situation in Washington, where they've gone on business, by becoming maid and butler to Roland Young. From then on it's a panic, especially since Fred doesn't know he's supposed to be the butler. Edward Arnold, Anne Revere, and Clarence Kolb are all mixed up in it too. (April.)

✓ **SULLIVANS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated *U.S.S. Juneau* is told simply, honestly and with so much heart-warming appeal that it becomes a great American classic. Thomas Mitchell and Selena Royle as their parents are superb and each of the five boys who play the brothers are excellent. Their story will live in your hearts. (April.)

SULTAN'S DAUGHTER, THE—Monogram: Charlie Butterworth is a Sultan and Ann Corio his daughter, who owns valuable oil property coveted by the Nazis. One thing leads to another in this little number; Tim Ryan does his best; and Irene Ryan acts funny. (April.)

SWING TIME FOR JOHNNY—Universal: The Andrews Sisters are turning out shell casings on the swing shift of a factory, but they really do more singing than work. Harriet Hilliard sings, too; Peter Cookson is the young manufacturer and Tim Ryan the ever-present crooked promoter. (April.)

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER—Columbia: The same old story about a heel who's transformed by Army experience. This time it's Tom Neal who's just too cocky for his own good and his rivalry with war-veteran Bruce Bennett for the attentions of Evelyn Keyes keeps the story going. (March.)

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS—U. A.: Anna Sten comes back to the screen in a drama showing the bravery of nurses at the Russian front. Miss Sten gives a fine performance as the head volunteer nurse. Kent Smith plays the American flier recuperating from wounds and Mimi Forsythe and Kathy Frye are outstanding. (March.)

TIMBER QUEEN—Paramount: When Richard Arlen returns from the wars he finds the widow of his pal has been gypped out of her timber land. So he takes to the tall timber and gets himself all mixed up with villains and fights and log jams. With Mary Beth Hughes and June Havoc. (April.)

✓ **UNINVITED, THE**—Paramount: Here's a thriller to chill the blood, with Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as the brother and sister who buy a spirit-infested house. Newcomer Gail Russell shows promise as the object of the evil spirit's wrath and Donald Crisp is her grandfather. Suspense and chills. (March.)

✓ **UP IN ARMS**—Goldwyn-RKO: When dynamo Danny Kaye goes into action, the screen fairly sparkles with life, but without him the story is the old one of the hypochondriac drafted into the Army who loses his girl, Constance Dowling, to his pal, Dana Andrews. Dinah Shore, as the girl who loves him, sings, but it's Danny's picture. (April.)

✓ **UP IN MABEL'S ROOM**—U.A.: A gay, senseless little comedy all about how Dennis O'Keefe has given Gail Patrick a silk slip with his signature on it. This preys on his mind and, at a week-end party, he induces Mischa Auer to get back that slip. Dennis' bride, Marjorie Reynolds, and Gail's fiancé, Lee Bowman, get all involved with the peculiar goings on. At times it's terribly funny. (June.)

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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12	13	14	8	9	10	11
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	—

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✓VOICE IN THE WIND—Ripley and Monter-U.A.: This film has some interesting, fresh touches, but the outstanding thing about it is the superb acting of Francis Lederer as the Czech concert pianist who is separated from his wife Sigrid Gurie, in their escape from the Nazis. It's a different, unusual picture. (April.)

VOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram: Poor Bela Lugosi is a mad doctor again, who attempts to bring back his young wife, Ellen Hall, a zombie, to real life by capturing young girls and, by voodoo, transferring their will and spirits to the zombie wife. Wanda McKay and Louise Currie are his pretty victims. (May.)

WEEKEND PASS—Universal: Noah Beery, Jr., shipyard worker, is given a week-end pass and dreams of a soft bed and a hot tub. Instead along comes Martha O'Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she become a WAVE when she wants to be a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the fracas time after time, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath. (May.)

WEST SIDE KID, THE—Republic: Henry Hull is too unhappy with his willful daughter, Dale Evans, and his indifferent wife, Nana Bryant, to want to live. So he hires killer-gangster Donald Barry to complete the job, but instead Barry tries to bring harmony in the household. (March.)

WHAT A MAN!—Monogram: Johnny Downs is a good little boy, rapidly headed nowhere until he finds hiding within his home a girl who he thinks is a gangster's moll, Wanda McKay. Wanda completely renovates him, helps him become office manager, a man on his own, and eventually her husband. (March.)

✓WHAT A WOMAN!—Columbia: Rosalind Russell is a super-powered woman agent in search of the perfect male type to play the lead in the movie version of a best-seller. She finally signs up the book's author, Willard Parker, and then comes the hilarious process of making him a good actor. (March.)

WHISTLER THE—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix, believing he has let his wife die, decides to die himself; so, through a go-between, he hires J. Carrol Naish to rub him out. Then Dix discovers his wife is still alive but he can't get to Naish to tell him he's changed his mind about dying, so he's on one awful spot. Both Dix and Naish are very good. (June.)

✓WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, THE—M-G-M: Never has Irene Dunne given a finer performance than as the American girl who goes to England for two weeks' visit and remains a lifetime, nor has Alan Marshall ever been better than as the Englishman who marries Irene, and loses his life in World War I. Roddy McDowell is their son who grows up to enter World War II. The picture has charm, dignity and great heart appeal. (June.)

✓WOMAN OF THE TOWN, THE—U.A.-Sherman: Albert Dekker plays the noted newspaperman "Bat" Masterson, who rose from sheriff of old Dodge City to an important figure in the newspaper world. It's a good story well told. (March.)

YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE—Paramount: Cords start a system of rationing males by placing point values on the hard-to-get beaux. Bill Edwards is way up in points but singer Johnnie Johnston is very low until Betty Rhodes develops him into a wow. Marie Wilson and Johnnie "Scat" Davis try for a few laughs and get them. (May.)

The Greatest Human Interest Story of the Photoplay year!

In the May issue of Photoplay, Faye Emerson appealed to readers to help her find her sister, lost for fourteen years. The issue was on the stands only a few days when Faye was notified that, through this magazine, her sister had been found! Photoplay welcomes the chance to send Faye's sister out to her in Hollywood. You will find the moving story of how these two young girls were at last reunited.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

criminal, played unconvincingly by Errol Flynn, who is permitted by Paul Lukas to make the supreme sacrifice of offering himself up as a saboteur to save the lives of a hundred hostages held by the Nazis.

Good moments of suspense and emotional tenseness creep in between the weaker ones; and Lukas, of course, is superb as the harassed detective. The love affair between Flynn and Jean Sullivan seems completely one-sided from where we sat, with Jean on the loving end and Flynn about as seriously concerned as, well—as usual, shall we say? Lucile Watson is wasted as a conspiring villager.

The all-encompassing love of a Frenchman for France is actually the theme. But maybe Errol, being Irish, couldn't *parlez vous* with proper emotional emphasis.

Your Reviewer Says: "Uncertain" is right.

✓ Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (M-G-M)

ANDY MICKEY ROONEY HARDY meets up with a couple of twins who literally wrap up his newest picture and run home to mama with it. Are they ever cute? Names—oh yes, Lee and Lyn Wilde.

Anyway, Andy is on his way to college when he meets the twins and one week later he's out of college on his—shall we say ear—which gives you some idea.

There's really too much plot involvement, too many gals and too many Rooneyisms for us to unravel on this page, but you'll enjoy it every minute.

Herbert Marshall is nice. Wish we had had the likes of Herbie for a professor. Why should Rooney get all the breaks, especially when Bonita Granville is thrown in for good measure as Mickey's big dream that is constantly being nightmared by the Wilde cuties. Lewis Stone and Fay Holden are Judge and Mrs. Hardy and Sara Haden is the aunt. Keye Luke, Jean Porter and Marta Linden complete the cast and Mickey almost completes them, incidentally.

Your Reviewer Says: Seeing double can be so nice.

✓ And The Angels Sing (Paramount)

THEY have no wings and they have no harps but the four Angel sisters do have voices, only they don't like to sing. There is no satisfying the Angel quartette comprised of Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn and Mimi Chandler, each of whom has other ambitions. So, when Betty lands the foursome a one-night singing job with Fred MacMurray's band, the girls reluctantly consent. And then, Fred skips off with the money Betty's won gambling and they all follow him to New York in an attempt to retrieve it. And here's where the thing grows even goofier. MacMurray spends more money entertaining the girls in night clubs than he owes them. Why not have handed it back in the first place? And for girls in need of dough you never saw such fancy finery as they sport. It's so ridiculous, really. And what makes Betty Hutton imagine Fred's in love with her when it's so obvious he's mad for Lamour?

Raymond Walburn as the girls' father, Frank Albertson as Dottie's dull beau and Eddie Foy Jr. as Fred's pal are well cast. And Diana Lynn is a honey.

Your Reviewer Says: Without a song where would this thing be?



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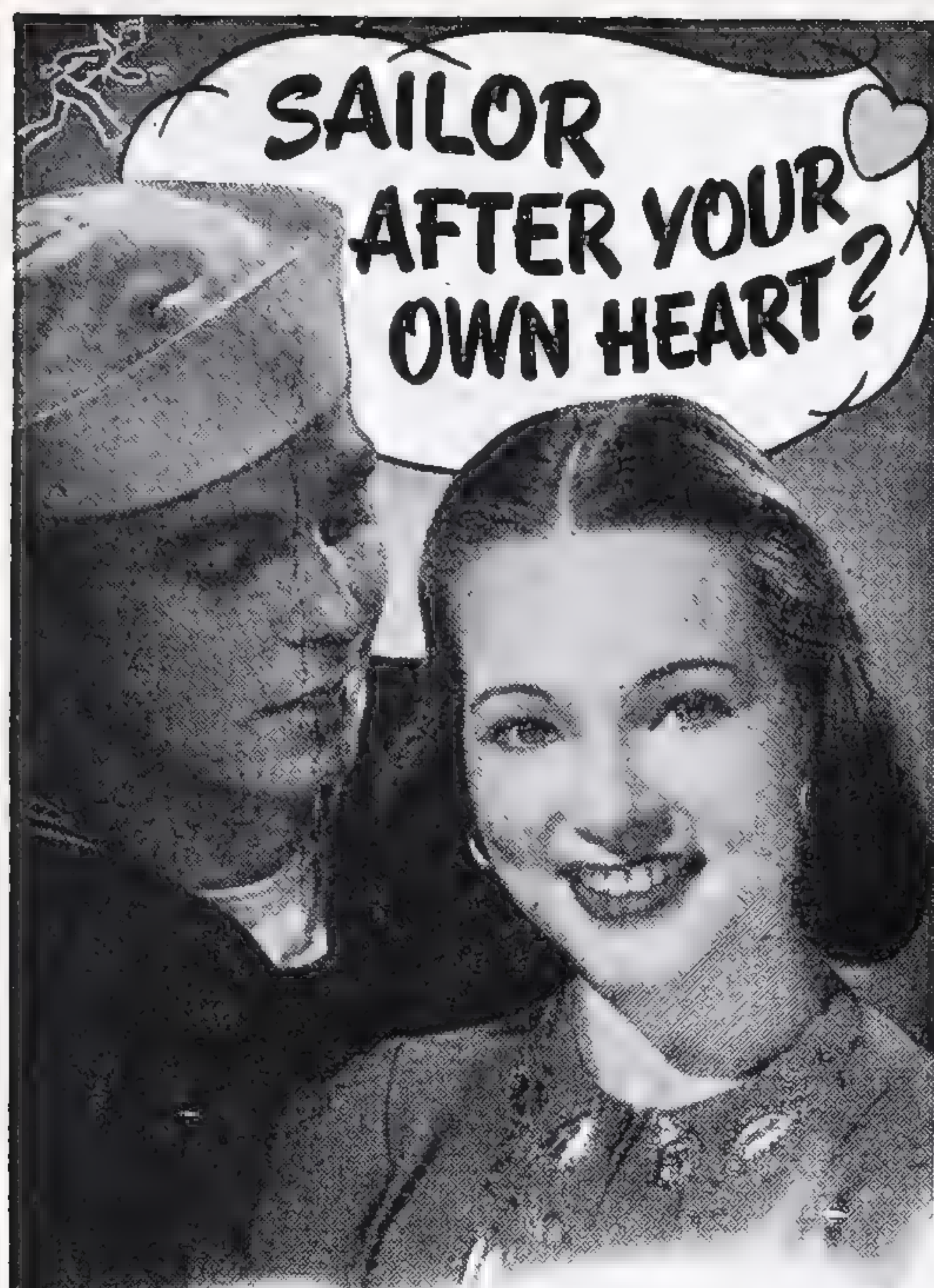
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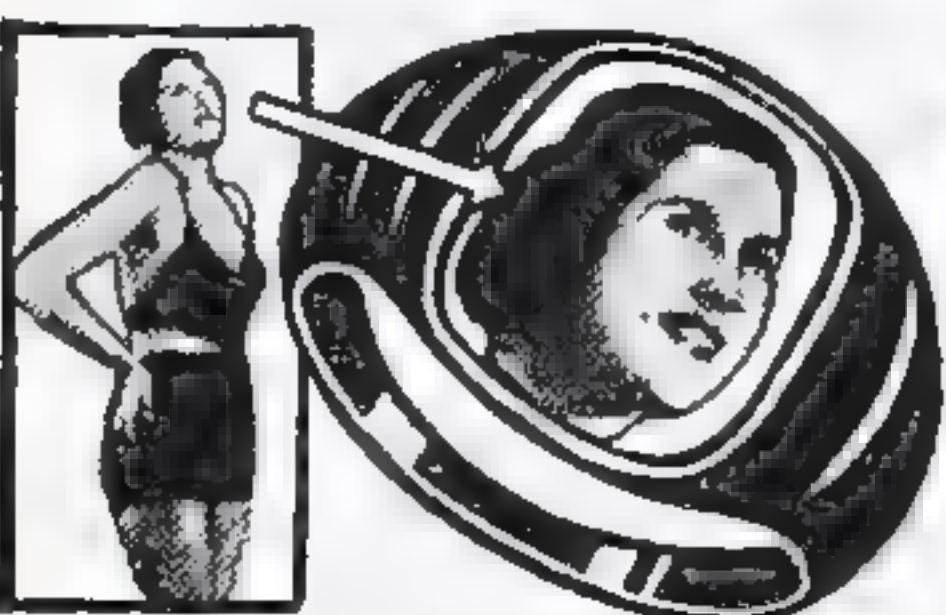


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Weird Woman (Universal)

WHAT do they mean weird woman? We thought everyone in the whole silly mess was weird, including ourselves. Imagine, for example, Lon Chaney, old ex-Frankenstein in the flesh, a college professor returning from the South Seas with his bride, Nan Wynn, who has been reared in native superstitions by a jungle tribe. No sooner does she remove her assafetida bag, or whatever it is they wear for good luck, than the college librarian, jealous of Chaney whom she wanted for herself, lets go with a mess of poison jealousy that drives everyone half silly. Ralph Morgan displayed the only ray of intelligence in the whole cast by killing himself and who can blame him?

Evelyn Ankers plays the jealous woman; Elizabeth Russell and Elizabeth Risdon, both too sensible for such nonsense, were in it and Lois Collier was supposed to be rattle-brained, only the writers didn't leave her any brains to rattle.

Your Reviewer Says: Hello, you old jungle voodoo silly, you.

Rosie The Riveter (Republic)

THE housing situation finally finds its way into pictures and this is not a bad little sidelight on the issue. It has Jane Frazee, a riveter, and Vera Vague sharing a room at night, with Frankie Albertson and Frank Jenks of the graveyard shift taking over the room while the girls are busy at the defense plant. But do you know what? Jane's fiance, Frank Fenton, doesn't like the idea at all and suspects the worst. Albertson, with whom Jane is gradually falling in love, patches up the quarrel between the pair and marches off to join the Marines with Jane marching right after. She wants Frankie, after all. And Frankie wants her.

Lloyd Corrigan, Maude Eburne and Tom Kennedy are in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing moments here and there.

Once Upon A Time (Columbia)

FANTASY rightly executed can be most engaging, but "Once Upon A Time," we're afraid, is fantasy gone completely whimsy-poo. The honest truth is that Cary Grant has grown so tremendously popular with Hollywood producers he can pick and choose his stories at will and, like most actors in demand, he occasionally chooses badly.

The director must have handed over the reins wholesale to Grant, for there are several instances where the actor is embarrassingly bad. And what a waste when, with proper direction and story, Cary can be the most engaging of actors.

We hope you'll believe us when we tell you the story deals exclusively with a caterpillar that dances. At least we take everyone's word for it, the audience never having once been given a chance to behold this repulsive phenomenon. Anyway, Grant sees a chance to make a fortune out of this Astaire of the worm world and almost breaks a child's heart by doing so. Fortunately, the caterpillar has sense enough to turn into a butterfly before the boy, played by Ted Donaldson, and Grant die of unrequited love. Janet Blair has few scenes and she doesn't know how lucky she is. Gabriel Heatter, the commentator, gets roped in on the thing. So does Jimmy Gleason. But you needn't.

Your Reviewer Says: Everyone makes mistakes sometimes.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease, Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists, LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5704, Detroit 4, Mich.

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Each locket has snaplock and provides two spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones.

Dainty 2-Tone Design



Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener with space for two pictures.

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for tax and mailing costs on arrival. **Wear Ten Days** on money-back guarantee. The supply is limited. Write today and have your dreams come true.

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Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

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Now...you can make your letters to that boy or girl in service and to friends at home like a "personal visit" when you use rich, two-fold **Photographic Stationery** with life-like photograph of yourself at the top. A marvelous morale builder. Ideal gift with a friend's picture. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Just send \$1.00 with photo, snapshot or negative for our **Special Box of Photographic Stationery**. Photo returned. **NATIONAL PHOTO ART, Dept. 353, Janesville, Wis.**

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DRI-AIR Chemical absorbs dampness from air in basements, game rooms, storerooms. Guards against mildew, rust, condensation. Kills musty odors. Complete unit \$5.50 f. o. b. Chicago. Get **FREE FOLDER**. **TAMMS SILICA COMPANY, 228-JH N. La Salle Street, Chicago 1, Ill.**

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Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling Birthstone correct for your birth date—**GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each. Send name and address today for order. We trust you. Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone.

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Get the Big New Economy SIZE Gives You More for Your Money

The big new Economy Size Sayman Salve contains a full 4 ounces of this grand medicated ointment and sells for only 60c. That means a big saving every time you need real help in curbing the pain and itch of externally-caused eczema, chapped, rough or red skin, simple piles, minor burns and scalds. Look for—ask for—get the big new Economy size for only 60c.

SAYMAN SALVE

Trocadero (Republic)

YOU have no doubt heard of Hollywood's famed night spot "Trocadero." Well, this ain't it. Even though the story is about a Hollywood night spot this is about as much Trocadero as Barney's Beanery where, incidentally, the onion soup is divine.

But regardless of that, the picture, spotted with more musical numbers than the law should allow, tells of the two children of *Tony Rocado* (is that name a laugh?) inheriting the night spot when Tony meets death. The girl, Rosemary Lane, foregoes college to run the cafe and goes through all sorts of romantic offs and ons with the band leader, the late Dick Purcell. The boy, Johnny Downs, goes on to college and goes through all sorts of romantic offs and ons with a society girl whom he eventually airs, Hollywood writers being definitely set against society girls. The reason we know all about this is that the story opens with Ralph Morgan, the club's manager, telling the whole tale to our old writer friend and reporter Erskine Johnson, who should stay off the screen. Things are bad enough without one's friends cluttering up the movies.

Your Reviewer Says: It's certainly not worth the cover charge.

Moon Over Las Vegas (Universal)

A NNE GWYNNE and David Bruce are married but obtain a legal separation despite the fact they are still in love. Bad advice about "playing hard to get" keeps them unhappily apart for the better part of seven reels of the picture which finally winds up with the couple in a Las Vegas hotel, still mad and still unreconciled until a gorilla (which is really us in disguise) settles the matter, and about time.

Vivian Austin is cute as an innocent complicator and Vera Vague is even cuter as the ever-present neb-nose. Alan Dinehart, Lee Patrick, Joe Sawyer and Lillian Cornell got coaxed into this, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, what would you say in our place?

✓ Song of the Open Road (Charles Rogers-U. A.)

A NEW star, bright, vivacious and talented, comes into view in the person of little Jane Powell, who is so charming and sings that way, too.

What's more, she has plenty of company in this unbelievable little story of harvesting nomads. For instance, there's Edgar Bergen with his ubiquitous Charlie, old McCarthy himself, to put over a couple of good ones. And then there's old Four Martini, or W. C. Fields as he's known in the hinterlands, to reap a few laughs. The Condos Brothers dance and the Hollywood Canteen Kids play good and loud.

The songs, especially "Too Much Love," sung surprisingly well by Bonita Granville, are humble and little Miss Powell puts over her numbers in fine style.

Jackie Moran and Bonita Granville carry the romantic leads, but for our money Miss Granville, a fine little actress, is completely wasted in a film of this sort. She is much too capable for the material. Peggy O'Neill is the cutie who trots down romance lane with young Bill Christy. Rose Hobart is smooth and satisfying as Jane's mother and, oh yes, how could we forget our dream boy Mortimer Snerd. Now there is a character.

Your Reviewer Says: It will bring the bloom of youth to your heart.

Lips pass the Kiss Test

If you would have his lips part from yours on a "when may I see you again" note, don't leave silly-looking lipstick smears on him. Play safe—use new Don Juan Lipstick. It stays on you!

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GIVES 4
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- 1 DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink or kiss... if used as directed.
- 2 LIPS LOOK LOVELY** without frequent re-touching. No greasy, "hard" appearance.
- 3 NOT DRYING or SMEARY.** Creamy smooth, easily applied—imparts appealing, soft "glamor" look. No uneven-lip effect.
- 4 STYLE SHADES.** Try new Military Red—a rich, glowing red, acclaimed by beauty

Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

editors. Or Hostess Red—smart with furs or for evening. 5 other alluring shades.

Deluxe size \$1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder and rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores. Sold in Canada, too.

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER

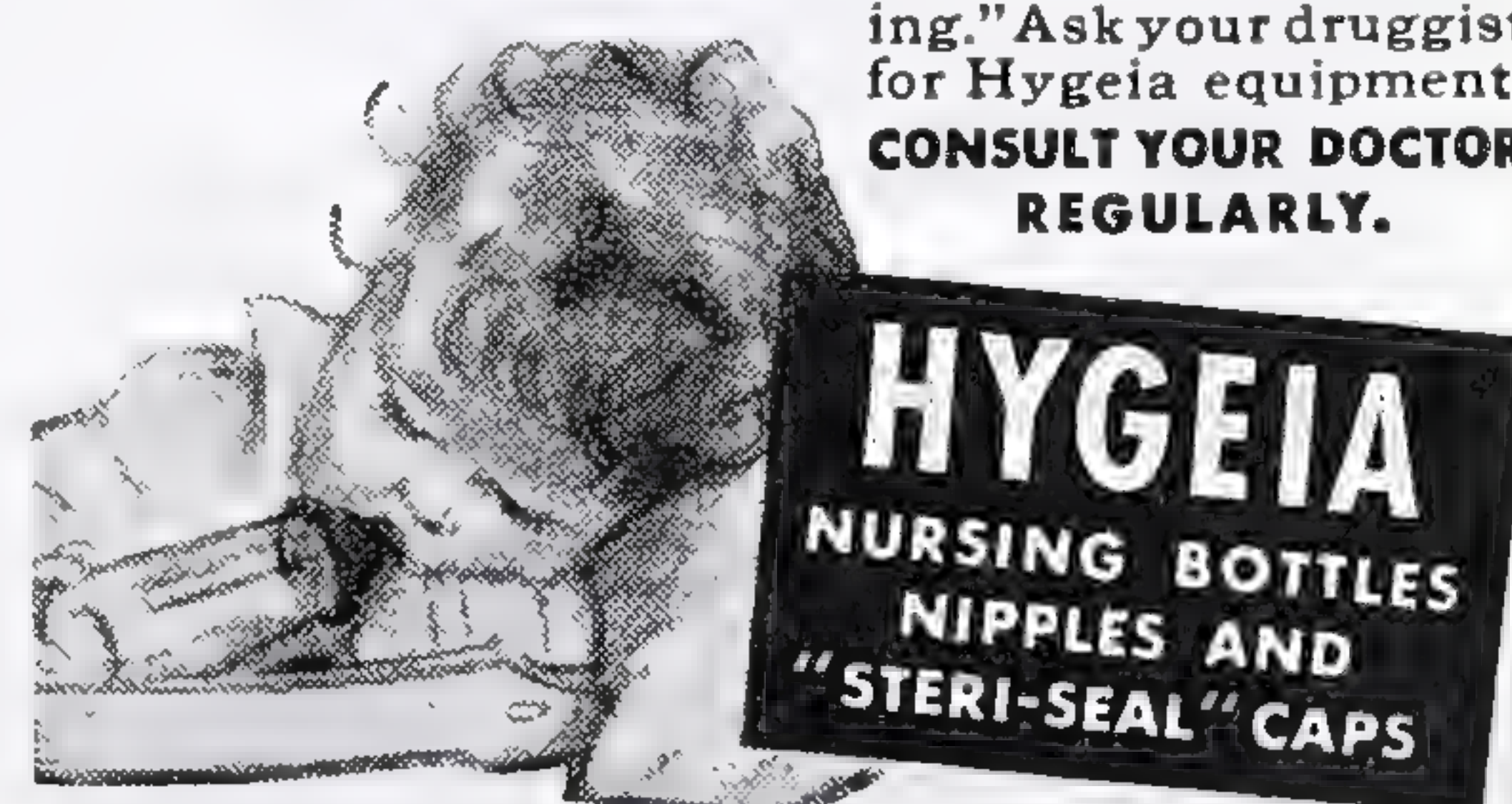
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New Hygeia "Steri-Seal" Cap protects formula

A new improvement in feeding technique. After preparing formula and filling bottles apply Hygeia Nipple by exclusive tab, then place "Steri-Seal" Cap over nipple. Thus nipple is untouched until by baby in actual feeding. Reduces danger of infection.

SAVES TIME; CONVENIENT FOR STORAGE, OUT-OF-HOME FEEDING.

Easy-to-clean Hygeia Bottles have wide base to prevent tipping, scale in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented air-vent to reduce "wind-sucking." Ask your druggist for Hygeia equipment. **CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY.**



HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES AND
"STERI-SEAL" CAPS

HOW TO DRAMATIZE THE *Blonde Beauty of Your Hair!*

• "A faded blonde!"... Don't let anyone ever say that about you! If Time has darkened or streaked your hair—or if over-bleaching has given it a coarse straw-like look—don't let it stay that way!

Now—today—use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to dramatize your hair's natural bloneness! Make it look as if the sun were always shining on it...bright, light, exquisitely lovely! It's all so easy with Marchand's new improved formula!

Perfected by hair-beauty experts, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is complete in itself for use at home. And remember this—whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead, Marchand's enables you to obtain the exact degree of lightness you desire.

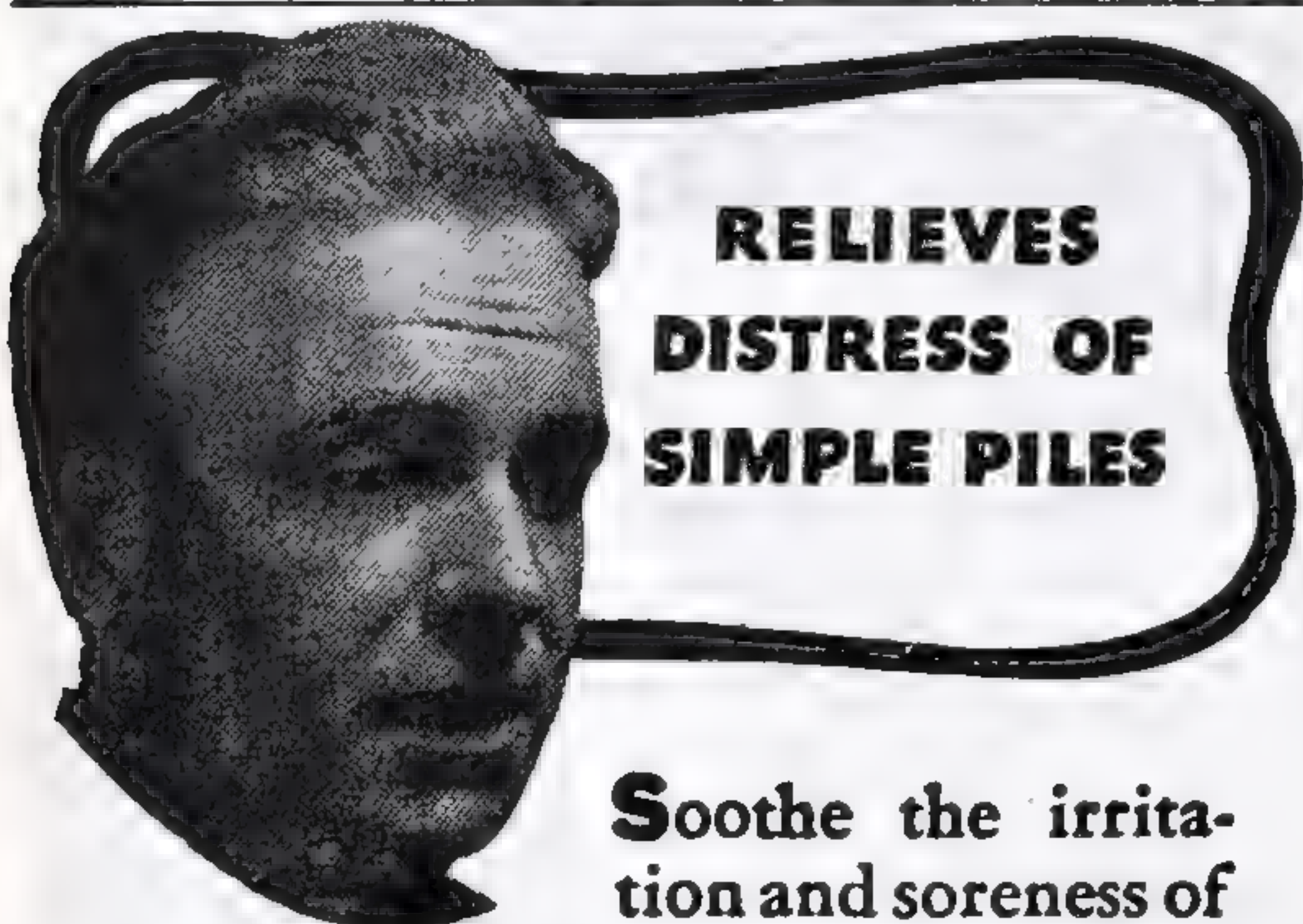
It's wonderful, too, for lightening hair on arms and legs...At all drug counters.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

LADIES ... AVOID MONTHLY SUFFERING!

Just take 1 to 4 tablespoons of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters in a little water—hot or cold. Its gentle relief helps make difficult days easier to bear. Pleasant to take, not habit-forming. Get Angostura at your druggist's.



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SIMPLE PILES**

Soothe the irritation and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids with *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE.

Sanitary... Easy to Use and Inexpensive. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

**UNGUENTINE
RECTAL CONES**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT

This Is The Life (Universal)

THE way Universal keeps Donald O'Connor hopping from one comedy to another in rapid-fire succession is a caution. One scarcely leaves off until another begins and with the familiarity of plot that colors all his pictures, the impression is that life in Hollywood for Mr. O'Connor, now in the Army, was one long continuous singing, dancing, movie.

He's teamed with Susanna Foster and while Miss Foster is beautiful and melodious in her warbling she seems to outweigh and outheight and outglamour her boy friend to the ridiculous point. Why not someone his size, for a change?

Susanna is celebrating her eighteenth birthday when the story opens and deciding she's much too grown up for Donald (see, even she knew it) she brushes him off in favor of Patric Knowles, handsome Major on leave. Of course when Donnie discovers Louise Allbritton, ex-wife of Knowles, still loves him and he loves her, he manages to get the estranged pair reunited and Susie back in his heart.

Oh sure, Peggy Ryan is around with her usual Irish animation. Her numbers with Donald are tres cute.

Dorothy Peterson, Jonathan Hale, Frank Jenks and Eddie Quillan all get tangled up in the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, but what's different about it?

Casts of Current Pictures

ADDRESS UNKNOWN—Columbia: Martin Schulz, Paul Lukas; Baron von Friesche, Carl Esmond; Heinrich Schulz, Peter Van Eyck; Elsa, Mady Christians; Max Eisenstein, Morris Carnovsky; Griselle, K. T. Stevens; Postman, Emory Parnell; Mrs. Delancey, Mary Young; Jimmie Blake, Frank Faylen; Pip-Squeak, Charles Halton; Stage Director, Erwin Kalsner; Professor Schmidt, Frank Reicher; Carl, Dale Cornell; Wilhelm, Peter Newmeyer; Youngest, Larry Joe Olsen; Hugo, Gary Gray.

ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, THE—Warners: Mark Twain, Fredric March; Olivia Langdon, Alexis Smith; J. B. Pond, Donald Crisp; Steve Gillis, Alan Hale; Chancellor, C. Aubrey Smith; Bret Harte, John Carradine; Charles Langdon, Bill Henry; Horace E. Bixby, Robert Barrat; Jervis Langdon, Walter Hampden; Clara, Joyce Reynolds; Joe Goodman, Whitford Kane; Billings, Percy Kilbride; Mrs. Langdon, Nana Bryant; George, Willie Best; H. H. Rogers, George Lessey; Judge Clemens, Frank Wilcox; Jane Clemens, Kay Johnson; Jones, Christian Rub; Higgins, Victor Kilian; Kate Leary, Dorothy Vaughan; Politician, Thurston Hall; Orion, Russell Gleason; William Dean Howells, Douglas Wood; Judge, Chester Conklin; Paige, Francis Pierlot; General Grant, Joseph Crehan; Ben Lake, Norman Willis.

AND THE ANGELS SING—Paramount: Happy Morgan, Fred MacMurray; Nancy Angel, Dorothy Lamour; Bobby Angel, Betty Hutton; Josie Angel, Diana Lynn; Patti Angel, Mimi Chandler; Pop Angel, Raymond Walburn; Fuzzy Johnson, Eddie Foy Jr.; Oliver, Frank Albertson; Schultz, Mikhail Rasumny; Cigarette Girl, Julie Gibson; Mr. Littlefield, Erville Alderson; Saxy, Harry Barris.

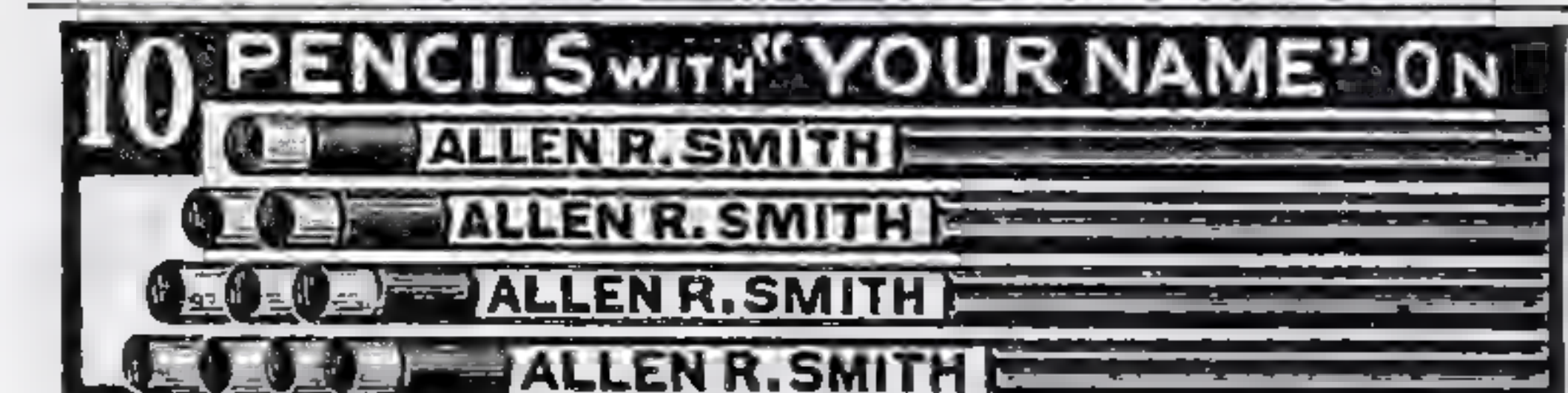
ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE—M-G-M: Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden; Dr. M. J. Standish, Herbert Marshall; Kay Wilson, Bonita Granville; Lee Walker, Lee Wilde; Lyn Walker, Lyn Wilde; Aunt Millie, Sara Haden; Dr. Lee, Keye Luke; Katy Anderson, Jean Porter; Miss Townsend, Marta Linden; Spud, Jackie Moran.

COBRA WOMAN—Universal: Tolea and Nadja, Maria Montez; Ramu, Jon Hall; Kado, Sabu; Hava, Lon Chaney; Martok, Edgar Barrier; Queen, Mary Nash; MacDonald, Moroni Olsen; Veeda, Lois Collier; Father Paul, Samuel S. Hinds; Dancer, Carmen D'Antonio.

HITLER GANG THE—Paramount: Adolf Hitler, Robert Watson; Captain Ernst Roehm, Roman Bohnen; Joseph Goebbels, Martin Kosleck; Rudolf Hess, Victor Varconi; Heinrich Himmler, Luis van Rotten; Hermann Goering, Alexander Pope; Julius Streicher, Alexander Granach; General Ludendorff, Reinhold Schunzel; General von Hindenburg, Sig Ruman; Gregor Strasser, Fritz Kortner; Alfred Rosenberg, Tonio



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Smart, new, yellow gold finish, sweetheart design, Hollywood Locket GIVEN for selling just 10 boxes of our wonderful Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. We trust you. Write today giving your name and address for order. Nothing to buy. YOUR package comes by return mail. GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. 2-L, Jefferson, Iowa

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Read this new book about Plastic Reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations. 125 pages. Only 25c—mail coin or stamps. Glennville Publishers 313 Madison Ave. Dept. AA-D, New York 17, N.Y.



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HOME IN INDIANA—Twentieth Century-Fox: J. F. (Thunder) Bolt, Walter Brennan; *Sparke Thornton*, Lon McCallister; *Char*, Jeanne Crain; *Penny*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Cri-Cri*, June Haver; *Jed Bruce*, Ward Bond; *Godaw Boole*, Charles Dingle; *Gordon Bradley*, Robert Condon; *Jitterbug*, Charles Saggau; *Mo*, Willie Best; *Tuppy*, George Reed; *Fleaflit Dryer*, Noble "Kid" Chissell; *Ed*, Walter Baldwin; *Blacksmith*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Maid*, Libby Taylor; *Old Timer*, Roger Imhof; *Waiter*, Billy Mitchell; *Soft Drink Man*, Tom Dugan; *Swipes*, Sam McDaniel and Emmett Smith.

LUMBERJACK—U. S.-Sherman: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *California Carlson*, Andy Clyde; *Jimmy Rogers*, Jimmy Rogers; *Dan Keefer*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Julie Peters*, Ellen Hall; *Clyde Fenwick*, Francis McDonald; *Abbey Peters*, Ethel Wales; *Taggart*, Hal Taliaferro; *Big Joe Williams*, Charles Morton; *Buck Peters*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Mrs. Williams*, Frances Morris; *Benton C. Jordan*, John Whitney; *Sheriff Miles*, Jack Rockwell.

MOON OVER LAS VEGAS—Universal: *Marian Corbett*, Anne Gwynne; *Richard Corbett*, David Bruce; *Aunt Helen*, Vera Vague; *Grace Towers*, Vivian Austin; *Joe Towers*, Joe Sawyer; *Hal Blake*, Alan Dinehart; *Mrs. Blake*, Lee Patrick; *Jim Bradley*, Milburn Stone.

ONCE UPON A TIME—Columbia: *Jerry Flynn*, Cary Grant; *Jeannie Thompson*, Janet Blair; *The Moke*, James Gleason; *Pinky Thompson*, Ted Donaldson; *McKenzie*, Howard Freeman; *Brandt*, William Demarest; *Gabriel Heatter*, Art Baker; *Dunkill*, Paul Stanton; *Fatso*, Mickey McGuire.

PIN-UP GIRL—Twentieth Century-Fox: *Lorry Jones*, Betty Grable; *Tommy Dooley*, John Harvey; *Marian*, Martha Raye; *Eddie*, Joe E. Brown; *Barney Briggs*, Eugene Pallette; *Skating Vanities*, Themselves; *Kay*, Dorothea Kent; *Dud Miller*, Dave Willock; *Specialty Dancers*, Condos Brothers; *Charlie Spivak and His Orchestra*, Themselves; *Stage Door-man*, Robert Homans; *Headwaiter*, Marcel Dalio; *George*, Roger Clark; *Captain of Waiters*, Leon Belasco; *Window Cleaner*, Irving Bacon; *Scrubwoman*, Ruth Warren; *Red Caps*, Manton Moreland and Charles Moore.

ROSIE THE RIVETER—Republic: *Rosie (the Riveter)* Warren, Jane Frazee; *Charlie Doran*, Frank Albertson; *Vera Watson*, Vera Vague; *Kelly Kennedy*, Frank Jenks; *Clem Prouty*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Wayne Calhoun*, Frank Fenton; *Grandma Quill*, Maude Eburne; *Buzz*, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; *Mabel*, Louise Erickson; *Stella Prouty*, Ellen Lowe; *Sgt. Mulvaney*, Arthur Loft; *Piano Mover*, Tom Kennedy.

SEVEN DAYS ASHORE—RKO: *Dan Arland*, Gordon Oliver; *Monty Stevens*, Wally Brown; *Orval Martin*, Alan Carney; *Annabelle*, Elaine Shepard; *Dot Diamond*, Marcy McGuire; *Lucy Banning*, Amelia Ward; *Carol Dean*, Virginia Mayo; *Jason*, Doolley Wilson; *Mr. Arland*, Alan Dinehart; *Mrs. Arland*, Marjorie Gateson; *Captain Harvey*, Emory Parnell; *Mrs. Croxton-Lynch*, Margaret Dumont; *Hazel*, Miriam Lavelle.

SHOW BUSINESS—RKO: *Eddie Martin*, Eddie Cantor; *George Doane*, George Murphy; *Constance Ford*, Constance Moore; *Joan Mason*, Joan Davis; *Georgia Gaye*, Nancy Kelly; *Charles Lucas*, Don Douglas.

SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC—Universal: *James P. Tuttle*, Leon Errol; *John P. Tuttle*, Leon Errol; *Julie Bryant*, Anne Rooney; *Charley Young*, Eddie Quillan; *Marie Mason*, Betty Kean; *Peggy A'Lure*, Lorraine Krueger; *Joe Bryant*, Ray Malone; *Freddie Jordan*, Lee Bennett; *Hamilton*, Richard Lane; *Valerie*, June Forrest; *Cop*, Donald Novis; *Gypsy Girl*, Lillian Cornell; *The Star Dusters*, Themselves.

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD—U. A.-Charles Rogers: *Charlie McCarthy*, Edgar Bergen, Jane Powell, W. C. Fields, Pat Starling, Sammy Kaye and Orchestra, Themselves; *Bonnie*, Bonita Granville; *Peggy*, Peggy O'Neill; *Jack*, Jackie Moran; *Bill*, Bill Christy; *Director Curtis*, Reginald Denny; *Connors*, Regis Toomey; *Mrs. Powell*, Rose Hobart; *Spolo*, Sig Arno; *Miss Casper*, Irene Tedrow.

STORY OF DR. WASELL, THE—Paramount: *Dr. Corydon M. Wassell*, Gary Cooper; *Madeline*, Laraine Day; *Bettina*, Signe Hasso; *Hopkins (Hoppy)*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Tremartini*, Carol Thurston; *Lieutenant Dirk van Daal*, Carl Esmond; *Murdock*, Paul Kelly; *Anderson (Andy)*, Elliott Reid; *Commander Bill Goggins*, Stanley Ridges; *Johnny*, Renny McEvoy; *Alabam*, Oliver Thorndike; *Ping*, Philip Ahn; *Ruth*, Barbara Britton; *Kraus*, Joel Allen; *Whaley*, James Millican; *Francis*, Melvin Francis; *Borghetti*, Mike Kilian; *Hunter*, Doodles Weaver; *Dr. Wei*, Richard Loo; *Dr. Holmes*, Davidson Clark;

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Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. **DR. MILES NERVINE** (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

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Attractive CLASPED HANDS

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SEND NO MONEY

The latest rage of Broadway and Hollywood. Something new and different, this is a charming ring of romance as well as friendship. Beautifully embossed and exquisitely wrought in precious, genuine, solid Sterling Silver, with clasped hands design (emblem of true love, friendship, and good wishes). You'll love and cherish it the more you wear it. Hands actually clasp and unclasp. Makes a perfect gift. Be the first to wear one! Comes in lovely gift box.



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"GLOW-IN-THE-DARK"
Forget-me-not

With every order, we include this life-like, full size, lovely Forget-Me-Not on comb. Positively enchanting by day—by night, utterly captivating. Soft, leafy, colorful floral exotic design of lasting beauty.

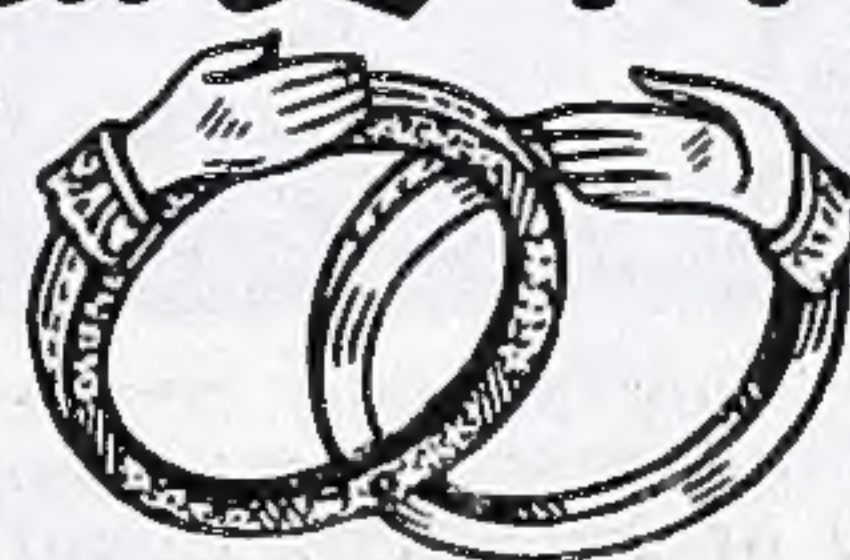
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Two hands actually clasp and unclasp, in true love and friendship.

"I wouldn't believe it until it happened to ME"

Elizabeth MacNear, Registered Nurse of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., finds DuBarry Success Course a way to vital energy

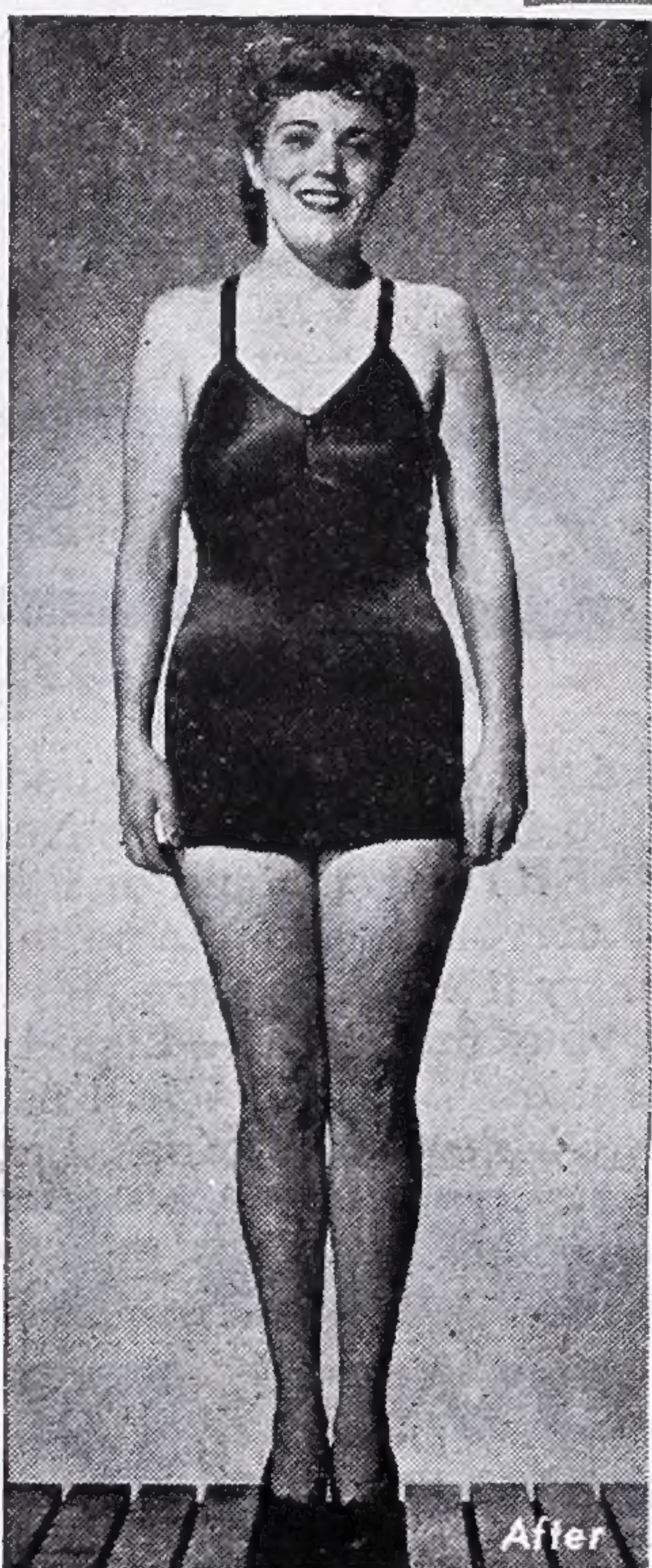
AS EVERY NURSE KNOWS, overweight is a handicap to beauty, a hazard to health. Even though she was nearly five feet seven, Elizabeth MacNear knew that 160 pounds were 25 too many. She decided something had to be done, so she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course.

"Here is what happened," writes Mrs. MacNear. "First of all I was given an understanding analysis of my personal needs, a specific goal and a practical plan for attaining it. In 7 weeks I lost 25 pounds, brought my weight to an ideal 135. Instead of a size 20 dress, I now wear a 16. Today my skin is softer, smoother, clearer than I ever dreamed it could be. My posture has greatly improved and I gained so much energy that I can now spend long hours on my feet without tiring.

"I wouldn't believe it until it happened to me. But now I have proved the value of this splendid Course through my own experience."



Before



After

Nurse charts her own success story. Elizabeth MacNear's measurements tell what happened:

	Before	After	Change
Height	5' 6 3/4"	5' 7"	+1/4"
Weight	160 lbs.	135 lbs.	-25 lbs.
Waist	32"	27 1/2"	-4 1/2"
Hips	40"	36"	-4"
Thigh	24 1/4"	21"	-3 1/4"

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TAMPICO—Twentieth Century-Fox: Captain Bart Manson, Edward G. Robinson; Kathie Hall, Lynn Bari; Fred Adamson, Victor McLaglen; Watson, Robert Bailey; Valdez, Marc Lawrence; Silhouette Man, E. J. Ballantine; Dolores, Mona Maris; Kruger, Tonio Selwart; Mueller, Carl Ekberg; Crawford, Roy Roberts; Stranger, George Sorel; Quartermaster O'Brien, Ralph Byrd; Naval Commander, Nestor Paiva; Rodriguez, Muni Seroff; Photographer, Juan Varro; Dr. Brown, Ben Erway; Mrs. Kelly, Helen Brown; Serra, Martin Garralaga; Proprietor, Margaret Martin; Messenger Boy, David Cota; Navigator, Arno Frey; Waiters, Chris-Pin Martin and Trevor Bardette.

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UNCERTAIN GLORY—Warners: Jean Picard, Errol Flynn; Marcel Bonet, Paul Lukas; Marianne, Jean Sullivan; Mme. Maret, Lucile Watson; Louise, Faye Emerson; Captain Mobile Guard, James Flavin; Police Commissioner, Douglas Dumbrille; Father Le Clerc, Dennis Hoey; Henri Duval, Sheldon Leonard; Mme. Bonet, Odette Myrtil; Prison Priest, Francis Pierlot; Razeau, Wallis Clark; Latour, Victor Kilian; Saboteur, Ivan Triesault; Vitrac, Van Antwerp; Warden, Art Smith; Innkeeper, Carl Harbaugh; Drover's Wife, Mary Servoss; Restaurant Keeper, Charles La Torre; Executioner, Pedro de Cordoba; Pierre Bonet, Bobby Walberg; Drover, Erskine Sanford; German Officer, Felix Basch; Veterinary, Joel Friedkin.

WEIRD WOMAN—Universal: Norman Reed, Lon Chaney; Paula Reed, Anne Gwynne; Illona Carr, Evelyn Ankers; Margaret Mercer, Lois Collier; Milard Sawtelle, Ralph Morgan; Septimus Carr, Samuel Hinds; Evelyn Sawtelle, Elizabeth Russell; Grace Gunnison, Elizabeth Risdon; David Jennings, Phil Brown; Larana, Hanna Kaapa.

The Fashions Shown on Page 66 Are Available in the Following Stores

The Bolero Sun-Back Dress

Akron, Ohio—C. H. Yeager Co.
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Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Dept. Store
New York, N. Y.—Jane Engel 5th Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.
South Bend, Ind.—Ellsworth Store

The Two-Piece Suit-Dress

Baltimore, Md.—Linda Lynn
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Miami, Fla.—Arthur Berel
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach Co.
Washington, D. C.—Lady Lee

The Candy Striped Cotton Dress

Allentown, Pa.—Hess Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Davenport, Ia.—Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—William H. Block Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Adler's
Long Beach, Calif.—Buffum's
Newark, N. J.—Kresge Dept. Store
Oklahoma City, Okla.—J. A. Brown Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Boggs & Buhl
Rochester, New York—McCurdy & Co., Inc.
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